

THE MUNSEY



AUGUST

Munsey's Magazine

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IMPORTANT

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MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

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AUGUST, 1902.

No. 5.

Country Life in England.

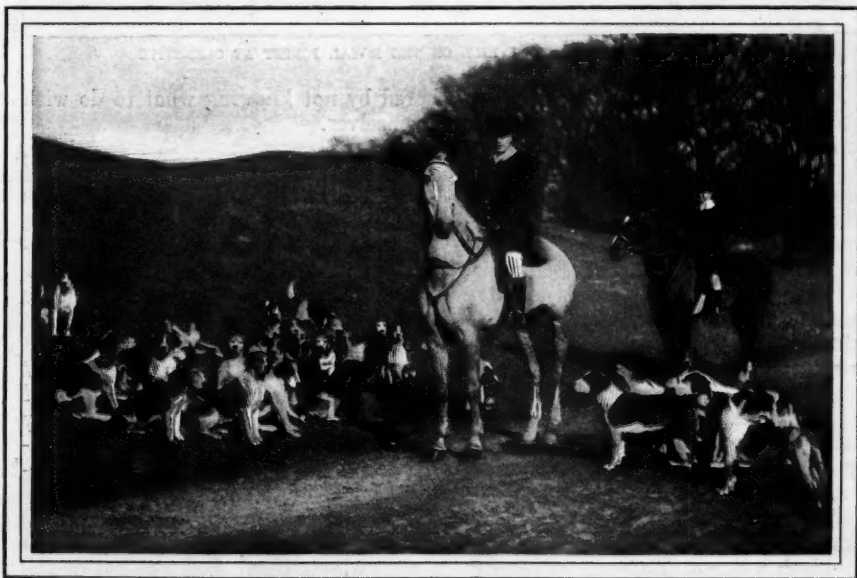
BY LADY COLIN CAMPBELL.

THE LOVE OF THE COUNTRY IS BRED IN THE BONE OF ENGLISHMEN—OTHER NATIONS CALL THEIR TOWN HOUSES "HOME," ENGLISHMEN MAKE OF THEIR COUNTRY SEATS THEIR PERMANENT RESIDENCES; THERE THEY EXERCISE THEIR WARMEST HOSPITALITY, INDULGE IN THEIR FAVORITE SPORTS, MINGLE MOST FREELY WITH THEIR SOCIAL INFERIORS.

THE round of country visits which fills all the autumn and a great part of the winter for the majority of English people in what is known as Society—with a capital S—is an unknown factor in the social life of any other country. It is true that in Germany, Austria, Italy, and France people exchange visits among their respective châteaux; and of

late years in France the snobbery of Anglomania has caused an attempt to develop an imitation of English habits in this as in other respects. But all such attempts are exotics, and do not take kindly to an alien soil.

The love of country life, which has always been inherent in English character of every social grade, and which is an



AN AUTUMN MORNING—HUNTSMEN AND HOUNDS WAITING THE MEET.

entirely different thing to a sentimental admiration of picturesque nature and her "beauty spots," is not a quality which will spring up like a mushroom at the dictates of fashion. It must be bred in the bone of generations, whose interests and habits have been centered in the family properties where their ancestors were nurtured. However much the conditions of society

sure of their surroundings and can allow themselves to be natural.

But there are country houses and country houses. There is the ideal country house—rarely to be met with—where the tact of the hostess inspires her to leave her guests a good deal to themselves, especially before luncheon, and to make her guiding hand only sufficiently felt to prevent their getting



STAG HUNTING IN SCOTLAND—A KILL ON THE ROYAL FOREST AT GLENETIVE.

and life in general may have been altered since the introduction of railways, the innate familiarity with country life remains in England as in no other country.

To the majority of the wealthy land-owners in England the "home" is never the mansion in Mayfair or Belgravia. It is one or other of the family country seats, the "root place" of the clan, to which every member looks back or returns with affection and pride, even if his or her modernity is bored by a stay of any length. In other countries the country house is an outside luxury, like a four in hand or a motor car; something of which to make a parade as a proof of wealth and prestige. In England it is an integral part of family and social life, the place wherein English people are seen at their best, where they are

bored by not knowing what to do with themselves.

THE VAGARIES OF HOSPITALITY.

Such a haven of rest is in delicious contrast to another country house where the guests are expected to appear punctually at breakfast at half past nine. After that meal, while the men escape happily to the smoking room or to the stables and kennels, the unhappy women must spend the morning in their hostess' society, under the combined curses of conversation and needlework! Nobody wants to be conversational in the morning hours. The newspaper, one's correspondence, or a stroll in the gardens brings one to lunch fresh in body and mind, instead of being already jaded and stale with chatter. But woe betide the misguided female who evades these



A TYPICAL ENGLISH COUNTRY HOME—THE HALL AT LILLESALL.

morning symposia in a house of the severely conventional kind! Her non appearance or late appearance at the breakfast table is viewed with manifest suspicion, and her excuse, framed to avoid the "sewing bee," of having to "write letters," only intensifies her unpopularity. If she tries to evade being told off after lunch to help fill a landau full of women on their way to pay afternoon visits to neighboring houses, and openly declares her preference for a walk through the coverts or across the park, then a dark foreboding of "assignments" settles upon the better ordered minds of the occupants of the landau, and the last state of that woman is worse than the first.

In many of the old fashioned English country houses such tyranny was the rule, not the exception; no latitude was allowed for individual taste or selection either in pursuits or companionship. Any attempt to break through the unwritten rules brought the immediate punishment of frigidity from the well starched hostess.

It is in country houses of this type that the habit principally prevails of laying out the contents of the post bag on the hall table, spread abroad for each visitor to choose his or her letters, and, if so inclined, to examine the correspondence of everybody else. The amount of mischief making and gossip that this tactless habit has



THE HOME FARM IS A FEATURE OF ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE, AND MOST LAND OWNERS POSSESS VALUABLE HERDS OF CATTLE.



LADY MARJORIE GREVILLE, DAUGHTER OF THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK, WITH HER COUNTRY PETS AT WARWICK CASTLE.

aroused is beyond human computation; and it seems incredible that such an extraordinarily stupid way of dealing with anything so personal and so important as the private correspondence of the guests should ever be permitted in any decently ordered house. In such houses telegrams of sudden recall were of frequent occurrence; and the hastily summoned guest would depart with secret thankfulness that the resources of civilization could be depended upon to open the prison doors without an explosion from within. Fortunately, such houses grow daily more and more rare.

Even the most self satisfied hostess begins to ask herself the reason why her guests never accept a second invitation, when they return continually to some of her neighbors whose rules are less rigid; and gradually common sense recommends leniency and humanity towards the victims of her hospitality.

THE UNPOPULAR HOUSE.

Another type of country house which is mercifully dying out is that wherein practical jokes were not only permitted, but encouraged. Genial spirits who used to vent their humor in apple pie beds



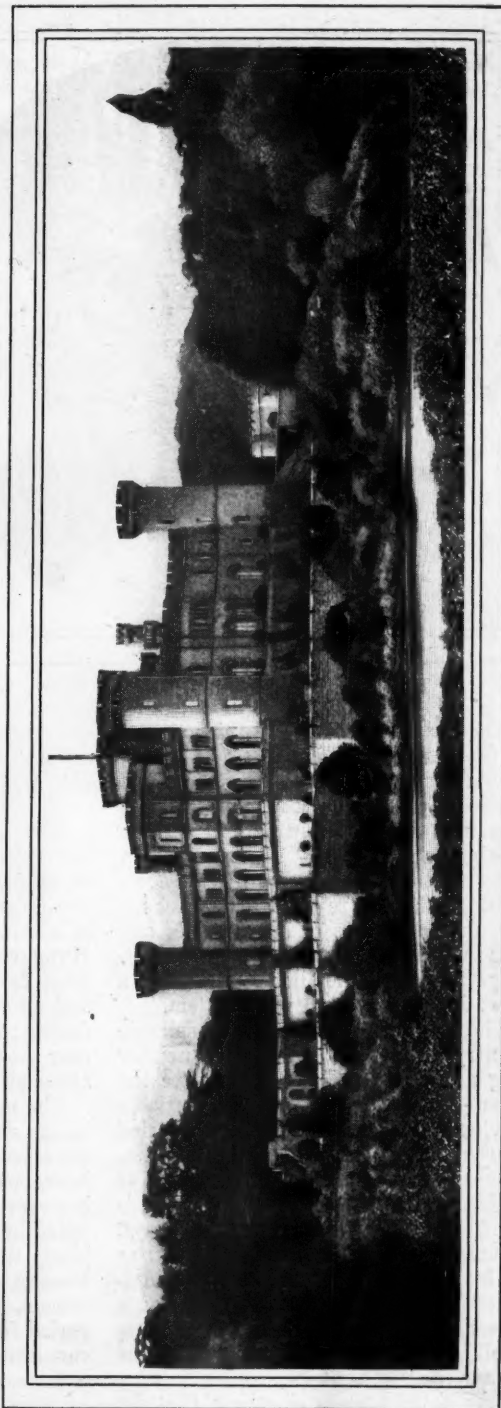
LADY MARJORIE GREVILLE'S HAPPY FAMILY.

strewn with hair brushes and razors; who prepared "booby traps" over doors; who sewed up the sleeves of night gowns and the legs of pajamas; who scattered rice powder along the passages at night; who hid lusty chanticleers, warranted to crow at dawn, on the top of four post beds; who displaced and resorted all the boots and shoes in the corridors—these no longer reap the same triumphant welcome. On the contrary, they are generally voted an evil kind of bore, and are avoided. The growing independence of women, who dislike surprises of this kind, has done much to put down the practical joking which at one time flourished at nearly all country house parties. In this respect the standard of manners has distinctly risen; and "for this relief much thanks."

In the old days, country house visiting was a very different and a more simple matter than it has become of recent years. Then it made but very little difference whether you had friends staying with you or not. They came for a week, or a fortnight, or even a month at a time, dropped easily into the ways of the house, drove and rode, walked and shot, and generally incorporated themselves into the life of the family. A country or hunt ball in winter, a garden party in summer, were probably the only breaks in the daily peaceful routine. There was very little outlay, no fuss, and no display beyond the comfortable, quiet, unostentatious luxury of a well ordered house.

THE WEEK END VISIT.

Now all this serenity has disappeared. The rush of modern fashionable life has



EASTNOR CASTLE—ONE OF THE STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND.



SHOOTING THE COVERTS IN LATE AUTUMN.

hopelessly disturbed these quiet, peaceful backwaters, wherein even the busiest people could rest from their labors and serenely "watch the justice of the king pass by" before again joining in the rushing procession. Most country house visitors share *George Warrington's* opinion, when he replied to *Pen's* ecstasies on the charms of country life and "its long calm days and long calm evenings"—"Yes, devilish long, and a great deal too calm. I've tried 'em."

The days and evenings at hospitable country houses nowadays are neither long nor calm; and the visits have the same characteristics. The insatiable craving for continuous and varied amusement, and the extraordinary restlessness which is characteristic of modern society, have necessarily abolished the long visits of other days. "Come to us for the week end," or "for the inside of a week," run the usual invitations, and this is but natural, for a longer term at such a rate of living would send most hostesses into the county lunatic asylums.

It is on the hostess, of course, that the

brunt of the situation falls. Provided the host is sure of his cellar, his stables, and his gamekeepers, he keeps an untroubled mind; but with the hostess it is different. Her guests expect her to remember all their fads with respect to their rooms, their beds, their tray of nightly refreshment—so much so, in fact, that thoughtful booksellers now provide neatly bound manuscript books with proper headings, wherein the much harried entertainer can set down the fads

and prejudices of each visitor for ready reference.

THE HOSTESS AS ENTERTAINER.

Having thus reduced their hostess to the rôle of a majordomo in a hotel, modern guests let her understand that she must outvie Barnum as a provider of continuous amusement. The Pink Hungarians or the Purple Rumanians must be engaged to play during meals, and in the evening, should the guests desire to dance. There must be amateur theatricals or *tableaux vivants*; and above all there must be bridge!

The men and women for whom cards, in any shape or form have no attraction are absolutely out of it in most country house parties of the present day. But however much these individuals may be bored by the wide spread craze for gambling, the hostess must bless it, for she knows that most of her guests, male and female, will waive all other and more varied forms of amusement if only they can have enough of card playing. In many cases bridge will fill the afternoon as well as the evening, leaving the

hostess with welcome freedom on her hands.

Bridge has been seized on by women, not only to satisfy their gambling mania, but because with it they can keep the society of men. Most country amusements belong to the male sex, who are by no means anxious to share them with women, as it accentuates the rivalry between the sexes and often brings man down from his pedestal of superiority in a way more disconcerting than pleasant. A man does not want women "wiping his eye"

former invitations for "dinner and a play" are now changed to "dinner and bridge"; and though the managers of the playhouses groan both loud and deep, they are powerless to stem the current which sweeps their patrons away from the theaters to the green baize covered tables.

But to return to the question of the hostess and the burden which hospitality means to her. It is very doubtful if any of her guests are sufficiently grateful. Certainly when one hears the typical smart guests—who spend all the



FERRETING RABBITS—A SPORT FOR A QUICK EYE AND A STEADY HAND.

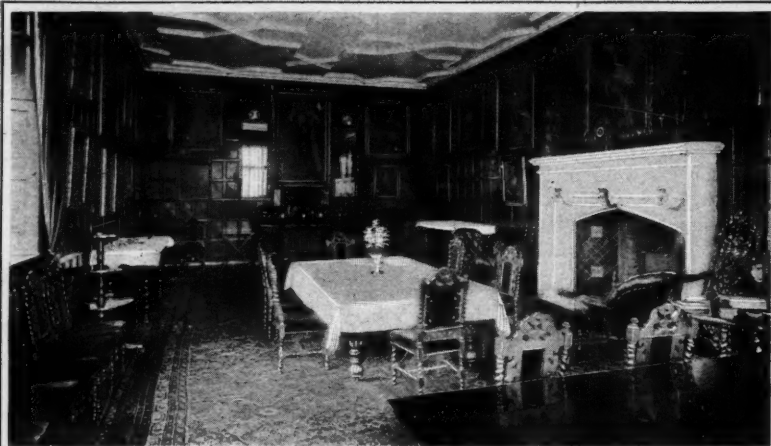
in the coverts or on a grouse moor; he may, in a lordly way, allow them to arrive with the luncheon baskets; but once that meal is over, he has no further need for the presence of petticoats, unless under exceptional circumstances.

HOST AND GUEST.

The dullness of life for women in country house visits during the shooting season used to be beyond description; hence one of the reasons for the welcome of bridge, which is an attraction sufficient to wean many men from outdoor sports, and which they graciously permit the bored females to share. The

autumn and part of the winter "making a round" of fashionable country houses—speak of the places that have sheltered and fed them for half the year, one is not made aware of any feeling of gratitude on their part. "They do you well there," is about the highest praise vouchsafed; and that a trifle grudgingly.

Another factor in the shortening of modern visits, besides the limit to the hostess' powers of endurance, is the unwritten law that no woman can appear twice during her visit in the same evening dress or tea gown. This, of course, for the average woman, places a definite limit on the possible length of her stay; it can only comprise as many evenings as there are frocks in her evening dress trunks, and then she must go on to exhibit them elsewhere. She is like a piano organ whose tunes are ground out in one street, and which is then wheeled on to another where the selfsame tunes are



THE DINING ROOM AT BISHAM ABBEY, WITH ITS ANCESTRAL PORTRAITS AND WIDE FIREPLACE.

ground out again. This is but one of many proofs of the vulgarization of society by the wide spread worship of the golden calf.

THE TYRANNY OF THE COUNTRY.

The well born woman with a limited income strains every nerve, and gets into

as much debt as her dressmakers will allow, in the hopeless effort to vie with the wife of a man who has made his fortune in pork or guano; and as she chooses to give battle on such ground as this, it is not much wonder that, when her ammunition in the shape of frocks and frills comes to an end, she has to



SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LIBRARY AT ABBOTSFORD, WHICH REMAINS AS IN ITS FAMOUS OWNER'S TIME—
A TYPICAL INTERIOR IN A SCOTTISH BARONIAL MANSION.

seek safety in flight. The limited purse cannot "go one better" for long against the unlimited one; and a fresh audience must therefore be sought as soon as the sands have run out of the frocks' hour glass. Why some woman who does not depend upon dress for her charm, and whose costumes draw luster from her own beauty and personality, does not lead a revolt against the blatant vulgarity of this unwritten law it is hard to understand; but such a reformer has yet

friendship," at Easton, is too well known to need description; others have a "Shakspeare garden," containing all the plants and herbs mentioned by the poet, with suitable quotations on the labels; or a "rock garden"; or an "Italian garden"—this latter the revival of a fashion widely popular in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Many are the "wild gardens" which that admirable gardener Miss Jekyll has made the fashion, though none can emulate hers.



THE FIREPLACE IN THE HALL AT BISHAM, ROUND WHICH THE GUESTS GATHER IN THE EVENINGS AND ON INCLEMENT AFTERNOONS.

to be found in smart circles. And yet it would be a victory worth having, in its way! It may also be added that it is but a poor compliment to the hostesses to turn their houses into dressmakers' showrooms.

One of the most charming features of modern English country houses is the revived interest in gardens. Horticulture is at present a fashionable hobby; there is an ever swelling tide of books on the subject; and nearly every hostess has a garden which she has planned—or fondly believes she has, though the head gardener usually differs in opinion—and into which she tries to put some individuality. Lady Warwick's "garden of

This is the most hopeful and charming "fashionable craze" that we have had for many a long day; and long may it continue, for it is appreciated by almost all the guests, as well as by the hostess herself.

MODERN COUNTRY FADS.

Sometimes the passing of guests at a country house helps to make known certain cottage industries or schools of work which only need wider support to make a brave show and to bring prosperity to many a poor cottage and family. Homespun, knitted goods, lace, and basket work are a few of these industries which are carried on in many

of the country villages in England. These would often languish were it not for the constant stream of visitors at the "great house," who are taken by the hostess to visit her pet schools, and who, as a rule, are little loath to purchase hand made goods of good quality. In

many a country seat. Formerly, when people desired to economize, they left London and retired to the country; now when they are "hard hit" by the death duties, a "slump in Kaffirs," or too many and too lengthy bills, they shut up their country houses and take up a perma-



DEER ARE THE MOST PICTURESQUE INHABITANTS OF THE PARKS, AND ARE TO BE FOUND IN THE POLICIES OF MOST OF THE GREAT ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSES.

this way much good is indirectly done by the visitors at country houses. Indeed, all the extra work which their presence entails—the extra housemaids and scullery maids, the extra helpers in the stables, the extra beaters for the big battues—means a dissemination of money in the countryside which does much to ease the burden of what is known as agricultural depression in country districts. All this may or may not be entirely satisfactory to the student of the dismal science of political economy, but it gladdens the heart of the lover of country life and the friend of country folk.

On the other hand, the enormous expense of country house entertaining, as it is understood nowadays, has closed

the door to many a country seat. London is the one city in the world where you can do as you please, entertain or not as you like, spend much or spend little, without any one being in the least interested in the why and wherefore. To live in a great country place and not entertain one's friends is, on the other hand, according to present ideas not possible; and as present ideas also require that such entertaining should be carried out on a scale of millionaire magnificence, the host and hostess may for good and sufficient reasons decide that the game of hospitality is not worth the candle of financial embarrassment.

The "big house" is therefore shut up, or let to *nouveaux riches*; the old feudal ties between landlord and tenant, be-



THE ENGLISHMAN DEARLY LOVES A HORSE, AND HIS STABLES ARE HIS KEENEST PRIDE.

tween master and servant, are broken; the traditions of the family are ignored by the nomadic newcomers, to whom one house is much the same as another. Thus one of the most characteristic fea-

tures of English country and social life is in process of slow disintegration from that corroding love of ostentation and extravagance which is becoming more and more a feature of modern society.

WOODLAND VESPERS.

At eve I climb a vine clad hill,
And, looking toward the west,
I gaze upon a distant slope
With groves of redwood dressed;
It lies across a dark ravine
With cottage lights aglow,
Where faint farm sounds steal up the glen
And down the valley blow.

I have not very long to wait,
When far in Twilightland
An angel sets the evening star
With gently trembling hand;
I hear the wind die down the vale,
The herd bells cease their tune,
And incense unperceived by day
Along the air is strewn.

I watch the star—it slowly falls
Like pentecostal fire,
Down, down until it tips with gold
The tallest redwood spire;
'Tis time to pray an evening prayer
And hum an evening hymn,
Then soon with sleep go, starry led,
Down dream paths cool and dim.

Clarence Urmey.

The Land of the Golden Sands.

BY MADGE ARROWSMITH.

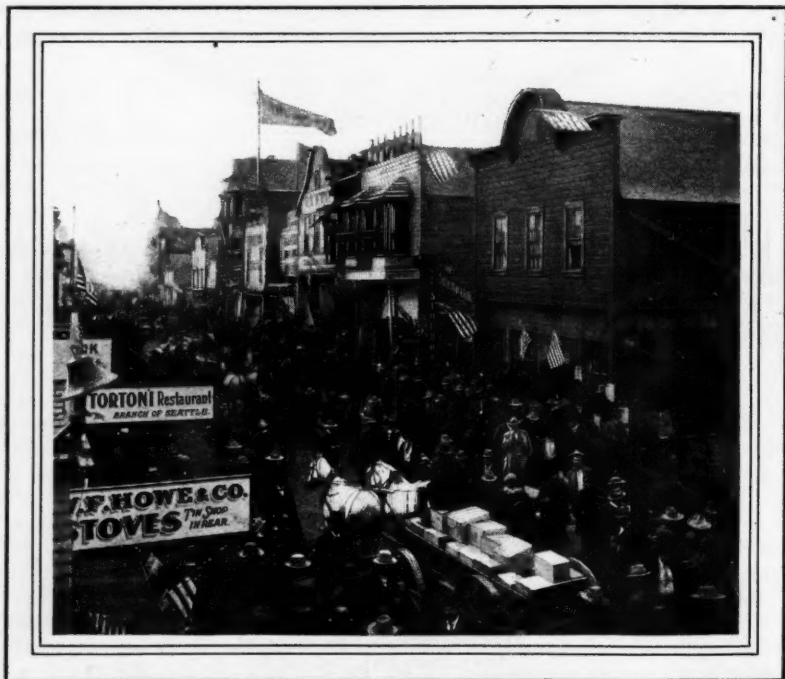
THE AUTHOR, WHO IS HERSELF A PRACTICAL AND SUCCESSFUL MINER IN THE NOME DISTRICT, DESCRIBES ACTUAL CONDITIONS IN THE NEW ELDORADO OF WESTERN ALASKA.

FIVE years ago, in July, 1897, the steamship *Portland* worked her way into the harbor of Seattle laden with virgin gold. She had come from an unknown land, the secret hunting ground of a few fur traders. The Klondike had been discovered, and its rich storehouse of precious mineral opened.

Since then Alaska has become a wonderland for the artist and the tourist. Nothing in Switzerland or in Norway rivals its gaunt mountains, its jade colored rivers, its wide thrown landscapes, its indescribably beautiful sunrises and sunsets. In this marvelous

country of the midnight sun one gazes out over great stretches of earth and sea, canopied by an arctic sky of sapphire blue. From June to September it is a land of ruby noons and amethystine nights, a land in which one wanders alone with God. From September to June it is a land of cowering cold and grim snow storms.

Among its mountains one is greeted by the birds of California and of the Pacific slope. Here they are no longer silent, but sweet songsters thrilling their praise to God. The golden plover wander about one's feet, confident in nature's power to curb the murderous



A SCENE IN NOME CITY DURING THE SUMMER OF 1901.



NOME CITY IN THE SUMMER OF 1900, THE SECOND YEAR OF THE GOLD RUSH TO WESTERN ALASKA.

instinct of man. Over the slush of the tundra and the golden beds of the creeks, water fowl skim at pleasure, hiding themselves in great beds of blue forgetmenot, seeking their food in the clustered patches of salmon berry. It is a land for the poet and the nature lover.

And yet the very great majority of those who have come to Alaska have been brought there by the most sordid of human motives, by the demoralizing greed for gold. Three years ago there was a stretch of forlorn and empty beach where today stands the town of Nome replete with stores, banks, schools, churches, and official buildings, with side-walked streets and electric lighted thoroughfares, with telephones and a funny little railway to connect it with Anvil across the Snake River.

The necromancer that turned God's solitude into man's mining camp was gold.

The sand of the beach was found to be gold bearing. Men shoveled it up in buckets, screened it roughly, and bartered the rich sediment for whisky and the foul pleasures of the gambling hells. The supply was thought to be inexhaustible, and thirty thousand people rushed from the States to the cruel shores of the Behring Sea—most of them to find disappointment and despair. The beach dust had petered out, but the little camp at Nome swelled into a city of tents, a gathering place of gamblers and cut-throats.

Into this chaos order quickly came. Military rule was replaced by that of a mayor and common council. The struggling camp took to itself shape and streets. In place of the improvident beach combers, capital organized labor in the districts that surround Nome. Anvil, Snow Gulch, and Glacier Creek were opened and developed. The Dis-



A NUGGET FOUND IN THE NOME DISTRICT IN SEPTEMBER, 1901—WEIGHT, 107 OUNCES; VALUE, \$1,728. THE ENGRAVING IS REDUCED TO ONE THIRD OF THE NATURAL SIZE.

covery Claim on Anvil alone produced more than five hundred and thirty thousand dollars in gold. The Mattie Claim in Snow Gulch developed some half a million, and the benches on Glacier Creek give promise of even greater returns.

water with Seattle and San Francisco, transport and living in the American city can never reach the outrageous rates of the Klondike.

It is a curious country. One wanders along the seacoast watching the tattooed Eskimos coming and going in their skin



DIGGINGS ON ANVIL CREEK, NEAR NOME CITY—ANVIL IS ONE OF THE RICHEST FIELDS OF THE NOME DISTRICT.

Practical miners have taken the place of the first comers; and even with the crude machinery at their disposal they have accomplished marvels. The rude rockers of the early days are being replaced by sluice boxes where a head of water can be secured. In the course of the present summer hydraulic working will take the place of all these makeshifts. Then gravel can be treated where at present it cannot be handled, and returns will be secured where now the ground lies barren.

With a winter thermometer registering from forty to sixty degrees below zero, washing up is impossible. All the work of the year must be crowded into the three months of summer. When modern machinery makes work possible in all seasons, Nome will develop in importance. In direct communication by

boats, ever hugging the shore, making their resting places under their overturned kayaks. Linger a little where the dumpy manikins of the north have landed, and you will see their women set to work to cook their greasy, smelly meal. A heap of driftwood is rapidly scratched together; over it is poured rancid seal oil; the fire is lighted, and on it their blubber and fish are scorched and broiled. Children of nature though they be—happy, good natured, and smiling—it were well always to view them from the windward.

If one be lucky, he may see among them a woman clad in a rich fur parka, or shirt with hood attachment, accompanied ever by an eight year old toddler, half negro, half Eskimo. The woman is chief of the Eskimos, Sin-rock Mary, the woman to whom the

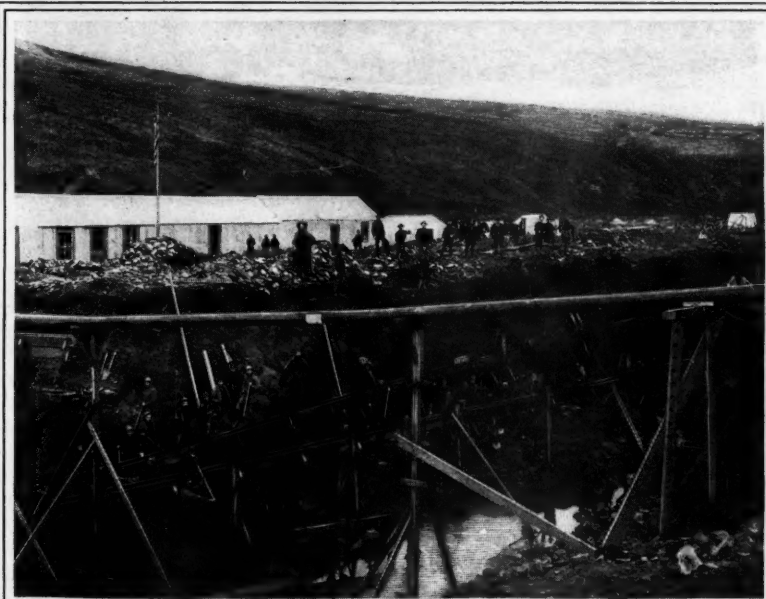


BEACH DIGGINGS NEAR NOME CITY—THE BEACH WAS A RICH AND EASILY WORKED FIELD DURING THE FIRST YEAR OF THE GOLD RUSH, BUT IT IS NOW PRETTY THOROUGHLY DUG OUT.

United States has intrusted the government herd of four hundred reindeer. The papoose is her son and heir. A little queen among her people, Sinrock Mary represents the old life of Alaska. To her and to her native land have come a new people, new influences, new crimes, and new ambitions.

Alaska is no longer a part of the

frozen north. It has taken to itself life and vigor and progressive energy. Out of it will come much to add to the prosperity of the nation, much to justify its title of the Golden North. It calls to the traveler and the painter with a voice that has not yet lost all its sweetness in the gambling hells and the dance halls of the mining camps.



DEEP DIGGINGS ON ANVIL CREEK—THE ONLY RAILROAD IN WESTERN ALASKA RUNS FROM NOME CITY TO ANVIL.



THE SIREN OF THE TRACKS—ETHEL APPLETON WAS SITTING OUT ON THE LAWN, WITH HER DEVOTED ADMIRER STANDING BESIDE HER.

The Siren of the Tracks.

THE TRAGICOMIC STORY OF WILLIE HOWE'S GRAND PASSION.

BY HUGH LOGAN.

I.

IT'S a mighty bad thing to get silly or sentimental over a woman who follows the races. Most men discover it sooner or later, but Willie Howe was young, and a jockey. He was a pretty boy, too, either in the silks of the Green River Stable or in his street clothes. He was getting a princely salary for riding the Green River mounts exclusively; and the stable was in such good trim, and Willie in such good form, that he was quite the turf hero of the season.

In his tie there glistened a diamond horseshoe, a token of Colonel Hart's regard for his services, and on the middle finger of his left hand flashed a large and pure rayed solitaire, a present from Mrs. Hart. Willie had not always had diamonds and fine raiment. There had been a time, not so long before, when he slept in a stable loft, owned one pair of trousers, and took his morning ablutions in a feed bucket.

When Willie walked past the grand stand after his day's duties were over, the handsomely gowned women in the boxes whispered to each other, "There goes Willie Howe, Colonel Hart's jockey. Isn't he nice looking?" Willie would be sent for, and asked up to have a bit of luncheon or a glass of champagne. This turned his head, just a little, in course of time. He was an honest boy, and as cool a lad as ever sat in a saddle, but he began to take a few more chances and to wait a little longer in the stretch to win by a head in a desperate finish, when he might have won easily and by open daylight.

All this was apparent enough to those level headed racegoers who follow the turf for a livelihood, and whose hands are too busy with the binoculars to applaud.

Willie was in love. Mayhap it wasn't because of the grand stand ap-

plause he drew his finishes so fine, but because the eyes of Ethel Appleton were upon him. Willie was in love with her, head and heart, but if she knew it she never gave a sign. It was not hard to read Willie's eyes, however, when she was near, and straight to her side he went every afternoon when out of the "old gold, cherry, and black stripes" of the Green River Stable.

Attendance at the races was a profession, not a pastime, with Ethel Appleton. It never was too hot, too cold, or too wet to keep her from the track. She was nice to owners, trainers, and jockeys for what she could learn from them, not because their manners or habits or dress pleased her. But Willie didn't know all that.

Ethel Appleton was a clever woman, and she was as attractive as she was clever. Her gowns could not be excelled by any in the grand stand, her jewels were simple but elegant, and her dark eyes were so captivating that many a man felt a strange dizziness when he tried to return their gaze. Those eyes, a sweet smile, and the cordial grasp of a tiny, gloved hand won Willie's heart when he was introduced to her by Frank Douglass, a club house commissioner.

Ethel Appleton scorned the boxes and grand stand chairs. She said the foolish women up there annoyed her, and she hated women, any way—never had seen one yet who could be trusted. So a settee on the club house lawn was her throne, and there she daily held court, among a gathering of horsemen and their followers. Her glasses never missed a single detail in a race, and her opinion of this or that thoroughbred's chances was looked upon with genuine respect.

In Willie Howe Ethel Appleton found a willing slave and a valuable knight errant, so she gave him her

sweetest smiles and most languishing glances. Willie didn't stop to think whether he was betraying stable secrets, but even Colonel Hart's trainer knew no better than she the results of the Green River horses' workouts. But the colonel and Dick Burden, his trainer, occasionally were perplexed to find their entry the favorite in the betting when they had expected a fancy price; but they never knew and never suspected, and much less did Willie.

Nobody could decide definitely in his own mind just what Ethel Appleton's age was. "She's a mystery," Jack Taylor told a group in the club house bar, where she was under discussion. "She might be twenty, and she might be thirty five, but I've given up trying to guess. Any way, she's pretty, and she's got a lot more sound sense than most of the smart people who think they know all about horses."

A close observer might have discovered a few gray hairs in Ethel Appleton's brown locks, but they were concealed so deftly that Willie Howe never saw them. Sometimes he thought she must be very old. She talked wisely and gave him advice that was very good for a youth who needs a clear head and steady wits—for Willie had thought he was being honored highly when fine gentlemen insisted upon his drinking with them and smoking expensive cigars.

II.

Two days before the Woodside Handicap, at Claremont Park, Ethel Appleton was sitting out on the lawn, with her devoted admirer standing beside her. The restless horses were at the post for the sixth race, but instead of watching them she was listening to his boyish prattle.

Willie had no mounts after the fourth event, so he had more time than usual to spend at his charmer's side.

"Worked Raymond C. over the Withers Mile in one forty one, with a hundred and twenty pounds up, this morning, and he only galloped," said Willie, to break a momentary lull in the conversation.

"Raymond C.? Why, I thought his legs were bad! Does he go in the Woodside?" asked Ethel carelessly, never lowering her glasses.

"His legs are all right," asserted Willie. "I guess Burden told that to some of those smart railbirds who are always rubbering around. I had double wraps on him, and he was fighting for his head all the way. I think the race is in now."

"He ought to be a good price if Heartsease and Skyline go," mused Ethel.

"Well, he's got them beat," said Willie with all the earnestness of youth. "Heartsease is coughing, and Skyline has such an ugly temper he'll sulk and won't try another yard if anything bumps into him."

Ethel allowed Willie to put her glasses away as the horses dashed by the finish. A smile of satisfaction hovered about her lips.

"Win your bet?" asked Willie.

"Didn't have a cent on this race. Too big a field," said Ethel.

"Miss Appleton, I—I'd like to take you to dinner tonight. Mayn't I?" pleaded Willie, as the crowds hurried to the trains and trolleys.

"Why, yes, Willie, you may," she assented with sudden graciousness.

"Where shall it be?"

"Let's go to Shanley's, up town," said Willie. "There's always a lot of people there, and—and I'll wear my new Tuxedo."

"All right," said Ethel laughingly. "I'll be there at half past seven, near the window on the up town side." Then they parted.

III.

THE day of the Woodside Handicap dawned with lowering skies and a wind that smelled and felt of rain. Before noon the clouds let forth their torrents, and at post time for the first race the track was a quagmire.

"This is a great day for Raymond C.," chuckled Ethel on the way to the track, clad in heavy boots and a tan colored mackintosh that reached to her heels. "He's out of Sugardrop, and she used just to eat mud."

The rain forced Ethel to seek shelter in the lower end of the grand stand, but she caught a glimpse of Willie in the door of the jockeys' room, a long rain coat thrown over his colors. She waved her hand to him, but Willie wasn't in the best of humors. The nasty weather meant that he must forego wearing the new silks Colonel Hart had had made especially to top Raymond C. in the handicap. That worried Willie more than the outcome of the race.

Well, everybody remembers how the Green River candidate galloped home alone that day, eight lengths to the good, with Willie Howe sitting still in the saddle and looking back over his shoulder to see the other horses flounder in the mud. There wasn't a speck on him when he weighed in, and from the middle of the backstretch to the winning post there wasn't a horse near enough to take the mud from Raymond C.'s flying heels.

Ethel Appleton's commissioners had been busy enough before the race. They had taken a large slice of the ten to one against Raymond C. when the prices were first put up in the betting ring. They also took eight and six and five against him, and were still taking fours, with nods and upraised fingers, when the barrier went up and the starter's bit of red bunting descended. How much more the price would have gone down had there been a longer delay at the post can only be conjectured. At any rate, it was a day and a race long to be remembered by the bookmakers, many of whom lost their "rolls" and remained "on the ground" for a good while.

"Willie, you're a darling!" exclaimed Ethel as Raymond C.'s jockey came up to her box, clad in his street clothes, after the race. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, regardless of the stares of her surprised neighbors.

"Didn't I tell you?" piped in Willie between hugs, almost too flustered by the demonstration to speak. "That old horse just came home on the bit with his ears cocked. Cracky, but the colonel and Dick are pleased!"

"Oh, Willie, here's something I al-

most forgot about!" exclaimed Ethel, taking a little oblong box from her chatelaine and handing it to him. Willie's eyes sparkled as they rested upon a scarf pin in the form of a jockey's cap, made of old gold, the quarters enameled in black and cherry. In the center a diamond as large as a good sized pea formed the button.

"It's my colors, and just what I wanted!" exclaimed Willie, but the guileless boy never dreamed for a minute why the gift happened to be ready for presentation so soon after his great victory.

Where all the "wise money" bet on Raymond C. came from, and where it went back to, with its manifold winnings, was always a mystery to the bookmakers. But Ethel Appleton knew; also certain quiet, low voiced men who held a short conference with her before the race.

IV.

"WILLIE, I'm thinking of sailing for England on the Campania, Saturday, to see the Derby run," said Ethel as Willie sat at her side that afternoon. "I'll get to London a few days before the race, and have time to rest up after the voyage. You've been a very good boy, and I want you to come up to my house and have dinner with me on Friday night. Will you come?"

Willie was distinctly shocked by this sudden information. His eyes almost filled before he thought. He accepted the invitation, but there was just a little quaver in his voice as he did so.

"When will you be back?" he asked.

"Not before fall," said Ethel. "I am going to take a good long rest, but I shall probably see some races in France and Austria. You won't miss me much, will you?"

"Deed I will, Miss Appleton! I'll be dreadfully lonesome!" Willie wanted to say a lot more, but there was a lump in his throat that was almost choking him.

"Here is my address, Willie," said Ethel, as she tore off a portion of her program and scribbled the street and number upon it. "I'll not be at the track tomorrow, as I'll be busy packing,

but be sure to come at seven o'clock, if I don't see you before."

V.

FRIDAY evening found Willie, clad in his finest raiment, on his way to Ethel Appleton's address, a fashionable apartment house on the upper west side. The elevator man graciously rang the door bell for him, and a maid ushered him into the parlor. A moment later Ethel entered and greeted him cordially.

"Gee, you're a stunner!" exclaimed Willie as he surveyed her.

In her low necked gown of pale blue silk she was far more charming than she had appeared at the track. Ethel laughed as they seated themselves on a low divan. They chatted about the races and the horses for a few minutes, and then dinner was announced.

"Why, you have company, haven't you?" said Willie as they entered the diningroom. Standing about the table were a tall, dark man, middle aged, and with iron gray hair; a boy about Willie's size and age, and a sweet faced girl, some years older. Willie looked from one to the other with a quizzical expression on his countenance.

"Willie, this is my husband," said Ethel, indicating the tall, dark man. "My son, George; and Helen, my daughter," she said as she turned in their direction. "This is Willie Howe, my friend of the track," she went on with a steely little laugh.

Willie felt something give away within him, and he reached for the back of a chair to keep from dropping to the floor.

All took great interest in the diminutive jockey, and tried to engage him in conversation; but Willie could not talk, much less eat. He felt faint and dizzy, and made excuses for leaving as soon as he possibly could. He felt as if he would faint if he could not get out into the open air.

"Why, I thought you were going to spend a pleasant evening with us," said Ethel. "Remember, you won't see me again for a long, long time!"

But Willie mumbled something about having to get up early in the morning to gallop the horses, took his hat and coat, and made for the door.

"Good luck to you this summer, Willie!" cried Ethel as he disappeared in the elevator. "You won't fall in love while I'm away, will you?"

THE DECLINE OF SUMMER.

THE roses o'er the garden walks
Have strewn their fragrant dyes;
The hollyhocks upon their stalks,
With wide and wondering eyes,
Look on the summer passing by
Half smilingly, half mournfully.

The primrose lights the twilight hour
With its translucent gold;
The zinnia lifts its dome capped tower
Above the sun browned mold;
The green is burning sere upon
The boughs that erst so vernal shone.

There is a sadness in the wind—
A low, regretful note;
A quavering something, undefined,
Sounds in the thrush's throat;
But love abides! Why should we sigh
To see the summer passing by?

Clinton Scollard.

The World's Greatest Bachelors.

BY MARIAN WEST.

MANY OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST MEN—POETS, PHILOSOPHERS, MUSICIANS, MEN OF SCIENCE AND OF ACTION—HAVE NEVER MARRIED. THE QUESTION IS, DOES GENIUS THRIVE BEST IN SINGLE BLESSEDNESS?

IT is one of the world's dearest beliefs that the great man's power is doubled by the help of a good wife. We look for the happy love story everywhere, even in the biography of a scientist, and hail its discovery as a matter for congratulation, no matter what the circumstances. Yet many of the men who have traveled farthest towards greatness have traveled alone, and sometimes their careers have been inspired by the very fact that the love story did not end happily—or that there was no love story.

Of course greatness is strengthened and supplemented by home adulation, such as is offered by a Calphurnia—of whom Pliny boasted: "She reads my writings, studies them, and even gets them by heart. If I recite anything in public, she cannot refrain from placing herself privately in some corner to hear, where, with the utmost delight, she feasts upon my applauses. Sometimes she sings my verses. Her affection is not founded on my youth and person, which must gradually decay; but she is in love with the immortal part of me, my glory and reputation."

GENIUS VERSUS DOMESTICITY.

Pliny might well have risen to new heights under such daily food. But often the cares of domestic life have clipped wings that might have soared. It has been said that the difference between genius and talent is that genius, forced to make choice, will throw aside wife and child and cleave only to its art, while talent stays by its duties and affections. But the border line between the two states is shadowy, and many a divine spark has been crushed out by the demands and stress of domestic life.

Take a man like Sir Isaac Newton, whose gifts to the world came out of the very singleness of his devotion to science. It was not the fall of the apple that discovered to him the law of gravitation; for apples had been falling since the days of Adam, and had given mankind no hint. It was to the untrammelled mind, the perfect freedom of the attention, that the discovery was due. His babies might have tumbled about him indefinitely without giving rise to scientific deductions, for he would have had their dinners and their little boots and their immortal souls on his mind—perfect, pure contemplation would have been an impossibility. But when he was kept up at night, it was by a comet rather than by a teething son. And so at twenty seven science owed to him some of its greatest victories—the dissection of white light into its primary colors, the law of gravity, and the reflecting telescope.

The average wife might not have had perfect patience with Newton. If a thought struck him between rising and breakfast, he would sit half dressed for hours, his eyes fixed on the face of the mystery. He seldom was quite fully dressed under any conditions, going about with buttons undone and strings dangling, an unkempt figure that would have tried the soul of the housewife. Moreover, till he was fifty three, he was unappreciated and desperately poor. Would she have had faith?

To be sure, Newton's young days were not without their romance. While he was still merely an ingenious boy, tinkering at clocks and waterwheels and testing natural forces by methods of his own invention, he fell in love with a Miss Storey, young and attractive, but

no heiress. He was too poor to marry her, but his devotion lasted all his life. Though she was twice married, he never passed near her home without going to see her, and later he helped her with money. Fame, wealth, knighthood, all honors came to him in his middle age. When he was past sixty, he wrote a very naïve letter to the widow of Sir William Norris, begging to be accepted as her fourth husband. We have not her answer, but, as the marriage did not take place, we may assume that the lady had had enough of matrimony.

A WIFE IN HIS ART.

It was once said to Michelangelo that he ought to marry and leave children to inherit the fruit of his toils. Out of the Italian master's stern, unhappy nature came his answer: "I have only too much of a wife in my art, and she has given me trouble enough. As to my children, they are the works that I shall leave; and if they are not worth much, they will at least live for some time. Woe to Lorenzo Ghiberti if he had not made the gates of San Giovanni; for his children and grandchildren have sold or squandered all that he left; but the gates are still in their place."

Perhaps the builder of St. Peter's would not have been quite so pessimistic of family ties if he had not had a pack of helpless, good for nothing relatives who hung on him without scruple and kept him poor. It is good to know that a warm feminine sympathy came into his life before its close. At sixty one he met his love, the wonderful Vittoria Colonna, his friend and inspiration for the eleven years of her life that followed.

Rafael, the gentle and sweet souled, owned no wife before the world, because one day he looked over a garden wall. He was at that time painting "La Disputa" for Pope Julius in the Vatican, and his daily walk took him past a certain garden. On the day that he looked in, Margherita sat on the edge of the fountain, bathing her pretty feet in its water; and from that moment he loved her. She was but the daughter of a soda manufacturer, and better things than that were planned for the famous young painter. The great

niece of a cardinal was duly apportioned him, and finally, most reluctantly, he was betrothed to her. The poor lady could not have had a very roseate engagement, for Rafael's heart was frankly with Margherita, and the marriage was deferred and deferred until finally the great lady died, and no more attempts were made to take Rafael away from his sweetheart of the garden. Margherita's face lives for us in that of the Sistine Madonna.

THE LAWLESS LOVES OF MUSICIANS.

Musical genius is perhaps less fitted than any other to domestic life, and many of the world's greatest musicians seem to have recognized this. They have loved recklessly, without law or bond—thereby supplying the fuel for their masterpieces; for love is the first great element in creative work of this kind. Judged by conventional standards—but it would be a narrow soul that would clamor for conventional standards, in the face of harmonies that were perhaps born of this very lawlessness—we cannot say aloud that genius is a law unto itself. Too many would straightway claim the immunity of genius. We can admit it with reasonable safety only in the case of specific geniuses who are safely dead.

It was George Sand who said that "to understand all is to forgive all," and he who has once deeply understood these irresponsible children of passion and sentiment can feel only the need of sympathy and the futility of judgment. There was Chopin, who lived his strange romance with George Sand in the isle of Majorca; List, the melancholy boy, who loved without scruple, and died a holy man; and Beethoven with his restless cry, "Oh, God, let me at length find her—her who may strengthen me in virtue—who may lawfully be mine!"

There was, above all, the violin's greatest master, Nicolo Paganini, one of the strangest figures that have crossed life's stage. To some he suggested a ghost, to some a devil, to some an ape—this thin, long, grotesque, halting figure, whose fantastic appearance often drew laughter from uncourteous audiences—until he laid his bow across the strings! There was no sound after that till his

marvelous music ended. Men and women went mad over him, stirred by his genius and mystified by his personality. At nine he made his first concert appearance; at fifteen he was leading the life of a reckless, dissipated man of the world. He had an inconsequent way of getting figs from thistles—good from his own evil. It is said that his perfection on the G string was due to a term in prison for killing a rival in love, when his only companion was a violin lacking three of its strings. The three years from 1801 to 1804 he spent at the chateau of a beautiful Bolognese who was infatuated with him, and, the guitar being her favorite instrument, he took to playing on it, and there composed twelve of his finest sonatas for guitar and violin. Irritable, vain, intolerant, a miser with glaring bursts of generosity, a genius with a touch of the charlatan—whether it was well or ill for him that he did not marry, one suspects that it was an exceedingly fortunate thing for the possible Signora Paganini. Take away the genius—only a caricature of a man remained.

SCHOPENHAUER'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

Those who are moved to resentment by the implacable theories of that stanch old woman scorner, Schopenhauer, find a certain satisfaction in the knowledge that once, early in life, he did want to marry, and the lady would not have him. That in itself should have raised his opinion of the sex which he came to regard as a child bearing adjunct to the race. He denied woman morality, intellect of any appreciable order, even beauty, her charms being purely an illusion of physiological attraction. By the power of his famous "detachment," his mind sat coolly aloft and looked on in contempt while his bodily self led the life of other coarse and violent natures. His spirit—that of the ascetic, the world contemner—scorned the insistence of his lower nature, and the two fought long and bitterly, the second usually winning a miserable triumph—miserable, since a love that owes nothing to brain and fancy can have but one effect: Only his philosophy and his poodle followed him into his old age—a shy, eccentric, wonderful old German,

who had thought great thoughts, but who had for all that led a stripped and barren life.

CHARLES LAMB AND HIS SISTER.

But the bachelorhood of great men has not always seemed to be for the best. It is one of the world's pities that the sweetness and devotion of Charles Lamb could not have been given to a family of his own. Not that one would belittle his love for his sister Mary; but this affection was always a source of burden and sorrow. They suffered too much in each other, and cleaved too closely, growing saddened out of their mutual sympathy. There is no more touching picture in the history of human lives than that of Mary, warned of a coming attack, going across the fields to the asylum, her hand clasped in her brother's, and both crying bitterly.

For thirty five years they lived together in their "dual loneliness," and Lamb grew more shy, more eccentric in manner, more difficult with outsiders. He too often came home "smoky and drinky," as Mary says. Yet one feels all along that under happier influences there would have been much to give to the right woman, and that he would have taken warm satisfaction in the things that his life denied him.

His first love was the *Anna* of the sonnets, the *Alice W—n* of the letters and essays, the *Rosamund* of the "yellow Hertfordshire hair." Then came his own brief madness, which lasted but six weeks, and left him never to return. Close upon that was the day of tragedy in 1796, when Mary went insane and killed her mother. "I have something more to do than to feel," he said. Yet that he did feel, and felt to the end, shows in all his writings—in none more than the lines:

I loved a love once, fairest among women.
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

At Pentonville, in 1800, he fell in love again, and for the last time. He never spoke to the young Quakeress; merely watched her and dreamed about her till death took her away. In his devotion to his sister, he has left a monument as great as all his works; yet no one can read much of him without a warm desire

to turn back the years, and, forgiving him all his faults, to put simple, human happiness into his life.

THE BLANK IN WHITTIER'S LIFE.

Of the poet Whittier, too, one feels that there was human happiness missed. He was so devoted to children, and knew so well how to play with them. One can picture the shy, white haired poet sitting in the grass with little Phoebe, spelling dog "dorg" that she might have the joy of beating him for a dull scholar. Yet, if there was a love story in his life, we have no hint of it, except in the poem "Memories," beginning:

How thrills once more the lengthening chain
Of memory at the thought of thee!
and concluding,

Yet hath thy spirit left on me
An impress time hath not worn out,
A something of myself in thee.

The poem certainly suggests a real experience, the more so as his talent was not often turned to sentimental poetry—rather to moral sentiment and to nature, and—his "best gifts on thy shrine"—freedom.

PETRARCH'S INSPIRATION.

To jump back into the fourteenth century, Petrarch in sunny Avignon was blessed in his deprivation. For had *Laura* been humanly warm and yielding, some of his loveliest poems would never have come into being—and he himself would have missed a good deal of refined enjoyment; for the tender melancholy in which he reveled is a luxury denied to those who are providing bread and butter for the beloved. It was on Good Friday of 1327, when he was in his twenty fourth year and she in her thirteenth, that he first saw *Laura*. Twenty one years from that fated Good Friday, *Laura* died, and the poet's grief was poured out in sonnets and songs that are classics. And so Petrarch was left with the beauty of his own sorrows as his consolation, and one of the world's loveliest romances was not cheapened and spoiled by a happy ending.

SWINBURNE AS A MISOGYNIST.

Another bachelor poet is Algernon Charles Swinburne, who, to use Stevenson's phrase, is the least autobiograph-

ical of men. In one way, no other poet has written himself so thoroughly into his works; in another way, of no other modern poet do we know so little. Biographers can unearth only the barest facts of his existence, for he has "dwelt apart" in a way hardly contemplated by Wordsworth. The world knows his songs, his theories of art, and his passionate iconoclasm, but the man himself scarcely any one knows, and of late years scarcely any one has seen. Why Mr. Swinburne never married, probably only Mr. Swinburne himself and one faithful friend can tell. His confirmed bachelorhood and his isolation have been from time to time the subject of much romantic dreaming, passing current as authentic narrative.

One story tells of an early love for a beautiful young woman who died, and this misfortune is supposed to account for the persistent melancholy of his mental mood, and for his frequent choice of death as the subject of his poems. At another time a rarely handsome and vivacious woman is supposed to have won his heart, and, proving false, to have been the origin of such poems as "*Fragoletta*," "*Faustine*," and "*An Interlude*." Still another story recites an unhappy love affair with a young Italian countess. There is probably not the slightest foundation for any of these tales. When a man is eminent through his works and leads a retired life as does Swinburne, inevitably he is the target for the inventive shafts of all the gossips.

While there is ample evidence in his poems that Swinburne has been in love, there is no conclusive evidence that his affair was very serious. In his youth he was a *Romeo* in the *Rosaline* stage of his affections, one in love with love. The question is, did he ever meet his *Juliet*?

In recent years Mr. Swinburne is reported to have developed a disagreeable attitude towards the fair sex. A handsome young American woman discovered this in a particularly annoying way. It was at the beginning of the South African war. Her husband was a British officer, and she was arranging an entertainment on behalf of the war fund. She thought it advisable to have a poet to grace the occasion, and some

one suggesting Swinburne as a pretty good specimen, she took carriage one day and so to Putney to enlist his services. The servants at The Pines are strictly enjoined not to admit any visitor, but not so was the American to be rebuffed. Pushing aside all that stood in her way, she plunged into the study and discovered Swinburne in an aged dressing gown, deep in his translation of Aristophanes. He gazed in amazement at the strange apparition. The visitor attempted to explain herself and her errand, but without waiting to hear her the recluse sprang to his feet and began remarks of his own. They must have been of an emphatic order of speech, for the startled lady lost no time in her departure for her carriage, whither she was preceded by her escort—a youthful peer of the realm—in full flight.

Yet when an appeal to this same irascible poet was made by a starving woman fighting the hard fight with her pen, and driven desperate by flinty hearted publishers, he took her manuscript, revised it, carried it to a publisher, and remarked: "Here, publish this," and thereby established her fame. It is characteristic of him that afterwards, when a friend attempted to praise him for this generous act, he calmly repudiated the whole incident.

The companionship that other men find in married life Swinburne finds in his touching and noble friendship for Theodore Watts Dunton. There at the retired villa in Putney live these two artists, emulating in this prosaic day the

comradeship of Beaumont and Fletcher in the golden age, who "lived ten years in one house on the Bankside, having all things in common."

SOME OTHER FAMOUS BACHELORS.

Of the famous men of today, one of the most sternly single is Lord Kitchener. Of him George Steevens wrote: "He has no age but the prime of life, no body but one to carry his mind, no face but one to keep his brain behind. His precision is so inhumanly unerring, you feel he is more like a machine than a man. During all the years of preparation and achievement, the man has disappeared; only the Sirdar, neither asking affection nor giving it. He will have no married officers in his army—marriage interferes with work. Steadfast, cold, and inflexible; the man who has cut out his human heart to retake Khartum."

Names of every sort could be added to this list of great men who have traveled alone. There was Cecil Rhodes, whose attitude to women was as cold as Kitchener's; there was Phillips Brooks, lover of all human souls rather than of one woman; there were Alfred de Musset and Voltaire, with their twisted, unscrupulous sexual relations; Tilden, the scientist; John Burroughs, the naturalist; Buchanan, the only bachelor President of the United States; Lord Leighton, president of the Royal Academy; Walt Whitman, Lewis Carroll, and Henry James, all vowed to singleness.

Verily, there is some evidence in favor of great men's bachelorism.

FOREFATHERS' GRAVES.

BENEATH the roots of tangled weeds,
Afar in country graveyards, lie
The men whose unrecorded deeds
Have stamped this nation's destiny.

We praise the present stock and man;
But have we ever thought to praise
The strong, still, humble lives that ran
The deep cut channels of these days?

Beneath those tottering slabs of slate,
Whose tribute moss and mold efface,
Sleeps the calm dust that made us great,
The true substratum of our race!

James Buckham.

The Girl Opposite.

WHAT BRADLEY FOUND ON HIS WAY BACK TO CIVILIZATION.

BY H. T. GEORGE.

BRADLEY, reaching the outposts of civilization, hailed the girl in the opposite section as a courier sent to bid him welcome. Hitherto he had progressed somewhat apprehensively towards the new old order of things—always eager to reach it, always fearful of its strangeness—or of his. But the girl in the opposite section was not at all alarming. She met his unconventional greeting with a composure which assured him of his standing in the world's great guild of the possible.

It was in the fall that Bradley began his journey southward; too late in the fall for him to overtake many of the lady tourists who, earlier in the season, flit eagerly homeward with nuggets of gold—the gold for which strong men die—swinging gaily from their watch fobs, with furs worn ostentatiously when the climate has softened into summer, and with carefully rehearsed tales of their "little run in Alaska" for the envious friends who have spent a conventional summer in Europe. Bradley, coming hesitatingly out of his long exile in a north so far that lady tourists did not dream of reaching it, overtook none of these picturesque travelers to speak to him of home and give him confidence. Instead, he saw only men like himself—young men grown strangely old in the long, cold twilights, aged by their hard fight in a hard land; men who had forgotten the little amenities of life, as he had done—except that he remembered to notice how the others forgot.

As the steamer plowed its way southward, Bradley told himself that it was all a mistake, this home coming. A man's lifetime is short; a year in it is a big unit; five of them constitute a small existence. The bleak land of his adoption—that was home to him. He began to call it so now, as the sun drew

nearer and he sat on deck without his ulster. He began to yearn for its austerities with a child's homesick yearning—for the toil and the cold, for the blank uncertainty, and the black failure, and the delirious hour of success. He began to envy those of his fellow travelers who had not succeeded, and would go back in the spring, shaking hands again, like men, with fate. But for him, because he had succeeded, there was no return.

So dolorously did he dwell upon the invidious thought that at last, by a conscious effort of will, he snapped open his watch and studied her portrait carefully. He forced himself to remember that it was to her he was coming back, that she was to be his portion for the rest of his life—for the rest of his lazy, opulent, well fed life.

It was a portrait she had sent him two years before. He remembered how her beauty had cut like a steel through the shabby gloom of their cabin. His partner, on the impulse of the moment, had laid aside his pipe, and his partner's halfbred wife had let the salt pork burn in the frying pan, while she admired reverently. And Bradley, fur muffled from his ten mile tramp for the mail, with the icicles thawing on his shaggy beard, and the smell of the frying pork in his nostrils, had looked at her dainty sweetness, at the proud young throat and the round bare shoulders, and had seen the veil of a great uncomprehension roll suddenly between her life and his.

In a week he would see her. In two weeks, probably—since she would have received his three months old letter, and those mysterious preparations which women love would have been completed—they would be married. And then, from his office chair, with his finger on the pulse of the market, he

would set himself to the task of multiplying the gold he had wrenched primitively from the crude earth.

He looked down at his hands. They were disgustingly brown, and the nails were broken. In the mirror at the end of the sleeper his clothing seemed to cry out in its newness. His lately shaven jaw and upper lip showed ludicrously white against the dull red of his lean face.

Suppose Helen should care that he was changed—not in aspect alone, but in himself, in his way of looking at things? Suppose this nervous dread should be a premonition, and he should actually fail to fit into the old smooth niche by Helen's side?

Just then the girl across the aisle caught the woe in his eyes, and smiled at him, because it was so manifestly absurd that one so big and strong and good to look upon should be frowning so fiercely at his own image in a mirror. Bradley flashed an answer to her smile, and then—either because he had lived so long away from the conventionalities that he forgot, or because, trusting to the smile, he wilfully refused to remember—out of his loneliness he reached to her with words.

From her keen woman's instinct she answered him frankly—this big fellow with the child's eyes; and her trust wakened a new hope in him. Perhaps, after all, he was not so tightly wrapped in the chrysalis of his five years' exile, since this girl could see beneath his acquired barbarities and recognize the hallmark of the gentleman. He plumed himself proudly upon remembered courtesies, flourishing little tricks of inherited good breeding which had once been as natural to him as breathing, or as eating with a fork.

It was not until he rolled ponderously from his berth next morning and found her section empty that there swept upon him the crude enormity of his offense in addressing her the day before. The sweat of abject humiliation stood upon his brow. One could speak to women in the north—for the most part women with painted cheeks above their furs—with the goodly fellowship of a common solitude. But this was not the north, and the girl—his

face flamed at thought of the insult he had offered her. He, who had been so proud of his *savoir faire*, had stamped himself either as a knave or as a boor. Probably she thought him the latter, and so smiled indulgently at his innocence. There is nothing makes six feet one feel smaller.

He wondered if she had gone into the next car to be rid of his unwelcome advances. He thought of writing her a note, sending it by the porter, and then getting off at the next station. He composed the note mentally, making it very contrite and self condemnatory; but she came back to her place before it had reached its remorseful climax.

Hestified himself blankly. Perhaps he could make her believe that he did not recognize her; then she might consider him addicted to moments of temporary irresponsibility. But the girl swayed down the lunging car towards him, and smiled upon him with a radiance which held no detracting note of forgiveness.

"Good morning," she said blithely. "You sleep like the proverbial innocent child, don't you? Now, I have breakfasted, and this—yes, this is the last call. You'd better hurry."

As Bradley swallowed his lonely cup of coffee he caught himself shamefully wondering if the girl he was to marry would approve of this other girl who bade strangers good morning so radiantly. And then he called himself by epithets that he would have borne from no man, because he had dared to doubt her in her gay good fellowship.

Another thought struck him with startling force. A fortnight away from his marriage day he had been too busy analyzing another girl to think of his bride. Wherefore he opened his watch, looked at the high bred, cool eyed face in the cover, and bestowed a dutiful thought upon it as he drained his coffee cup hastily. Then he went back to the girl in the sleeper, and brazenly asked permission to share her section.

The girl looked up at him with eyes that blazed angrily, so that he winced, and grew uncertain again, and swore at himself in his cowed heart. She was sealing a letter that lay on the portfolio in her lap. She sealed it with a mighty

thump of a ludicrously feminine little fist, and then the baleful glare in the brown eyes softened into inquiry.

"I beg your pardon? Oh, yes—do, please. I've been writing an awfully disagreeable letter, and if you talk to me nicely you may make me forget it. I hate to hate people, don't you?"

"As a general proposition, yes," he said, settling his long legs behind the barrier of her dress suit case. "Individually, no. It's fun."

There were other things in life that were fun, too, he thought contentedly; incidentally, the fact that it was nearly a week's journey across the continent.

The girl turned the letter on the portfolio and stamped it; and the name, written boldly on the gray envelope, was the very uncommon name of the girl he was to marry.

"No," the girl said decidedly. "It isn't fun to hate people. Not people you know you ought to love. And I do hate so hard—and I love so hard!" She put the letter and a quarter in the porter's hand. "I used to love that girl so. She was my dearest friend."

Out of the mist of his unwelcome discovery Bradley noticed the curve of her round chin, propped despondently on her pink palm, and the wistful resentment in her eyes. It occurred to him that girls' quarrels were easily mended, and if she and his wife were friends he could see her often—as often as he wished, perhaps; or as often—

He turned his eyes resolutely from the honest young face opposite. As often as he—did not wish, perhaps.

In any case, the trick of fortune irritated him. Even if the quarrel were un-mended, he might hear her name. It would be a pretty name, he was sure, but he did not wish to hear it. Memories are safer when they are nameless.

"She's going to be married," the girl went on, with that note of unwilling interest in her voice which belongs to the word marriage on a woman's lips.

Bradley smiled faintly. "It is a common offense," he pleaded. "Or, perhaps"—his smile grew mischievous—"perhaps you object to the man she has chosen."

"I do!" The girl screwed her pen viciously tight. "I never saw him, but

—she has no right. It is cruel, it is barbarous, it is shameful!"

Her face flushed with the energy of her resentment, and Bradley's took on an accompanying crimson. A vague idea possessed him that she had recognized him; but the girl he was to marry had no recognizable picture.

"She is supposed to be an object of pity, then?" he asked drily.

"No," the girl said decidedly. "She deserves all she could possibly suffer. Oh, he isn't bad; he'll be too good to her. A little pink eyed man, they say—a man who has never done anything, never been any one, in his whole life. And to think of the other—oh, I wrote her what I thought of it all! She'll never speak to me again; and I'm glad!"

Bradley, who had flushed in a uniformly deepening hue at the beginning of her speech, grew suddenly white and dry lipped at the close of it. The queer breathlessness that seizes us when life is wrung instantly dry of its illusions left him literally gasping while the girl put away her portfolio.

"The—the other?" he asked unsteadily. How merciless she was, this girl with the angry young eyes, and yet—

"Yes, there was another one—a man! I never saw him, either, but she's told me about him, and she's read me his letters—splendid letters. And he is coming home, think of it! He is on his way home to marry her. He has waited five years—waited and worked and loved her! And now—he will meet the news that she is married."

The girl's voice shook with indignation, but Bradley's was very calm.

"Probably she has found that she made a mistake," he said. "It is surely best to rectify mistakes." He pulled the tasseled curtain cord idly. There came to him the memory of a white day in the north, when there swept an evil thirst upon him, and the lips of his partner's halfbreed wife had tempted him. She was not his partner's wife then; her lips were free for him as for any man. But he—he was tied, and because of the girl he was to marry he set his face away from that other and tramped over the weary snow stretches

till his heart was clean in him and his breath scant. He remembered that as he said: "It is surely best to rectify mistakes."

"It is not!" the girl cried defiantly. "Not at the other man's cost. Listen! He had loved her in college; they were to be married. Then his father died, and he found he was too poor—at least, he thought so, and she agreed—too poor to ask her to share his poverty. So he went away to Alaska. He didn't try to make money in easier ways—by cheating other men. He worked for it. Think of the work! Five years of it, so far north that letters only reached him after months. Think of the loneliness—of the sacrifice!"

"Did he complain of that?" Bradley asked a little shamefacedly. A great self pity filled him; but he remembered uneasily how much they had laughed together, he and his partner and the halfbreed, in those long winter months.

"Complain of it? That's just what he didn't! That's just where the heroism lies. He was so brave! I used to read his letters, when he said his fingers were so cold they couldn't hold the pen—and once it was a pencil when the ink was frozen. Always there was a joke at the last. Oh, I could love a man like that—a brave, strong man like that!"

Bradley's eyes glowed upon the tilted face, the adorable round chin, the honest eyes of her; but suddenly he remembered that it was not his rôle to glow with such unbecoming happiness. The shock had been genuine enough; his hopes, so old that they had become staid expectations, had fallen with a crash that for a moment jarred him into numb dismay.

But after the moment he shook off the shame of his discovery. The girl had suffered no qualms. Why should he be loath to confess to himself the sudden great expansion of life before him? After all, it had been not distrust of the old life that had weighed so heavily upon him, but distrust of the life to be, with the girl he was to marry. He drew a great deep breath. "How I could love a man like that!" the girl had cried, and his eyes thanked her riotously.

"Evidently your friend is wiser," he said. "But it seems to me that even wisdom might be kind. She might have told him before—or will the scene be more dramatic if she waits?"

"Ah, that's the shame of it," the girl stormed. "You see, he has never told her just how rich he is; and so she hesitated. But when she got his letter, saying that he was coming, she was frightened, and ran her chances. She wants it over before he comes, and then, you see, he can't even reproach her, because he is a gentleman—she dares to count on that!—and she will be Norman's wife. I hope, oh, I hope he will be richer than Norman ever dreamed of being. Only, if I loved him, what would I care? I could starve with a man who writes such letters—a man who is not afraid to work—a man like that!"

In a swift cataclysmal vision Bradley saw himself—and one other—beside Norman and his wife. He knew Norman, a little anemic man with an inherited income and a tendency to consumption. Why, he could buy Norman a hundred times; and Norman's wife—perhaps Bradley was not quite the gentleman she thought him—should know it in the ways that women learn most easily. He had a vision of *his* wife in barbaric jewels and laces; he loaded her in extravagant fancy with robes too luxurious for an Indian princess; and then he laughed with a sudden happy realization of his own daring.

His wife!

The girl smiled, too, a little uncertainly. "Oh, you may laugh!" she said. "I know it's funny to see me so excited. But it is all so cruel! I am so sorry for him! I wish I could see him, and break it to him, and show him how unworthy she is; and then—find him some other girl who could understand and whom he could love!"

Bradley's heart was throbbing near his throat. They were all so absurd, the trammels of civilization and conventionality. He wanted to lift her up in his arms, to kiss her repletly, to tell her—as an anticlimax, certainly—how wholly good and sweet and womanly she was, fresh and honest as a summer day in his north land.

Instead, he drew his watch from his pocket, and deliberately snapped back the cover. The girl he was to have married looked out impartially between them.

The girl opposite gasped a little, grew a little pale, and then suddenly leaned across to him and put her hands on his.

"Oh, Harry!" she cried sobbingly. "I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry!"

His given name on her lips sent little thrills of ecstasy shivering through him. The touch of her hands on his drew his soul to his finger tips and unthroned his reason. He whose rôle should have been despair, resignation, bitterness—any rôle under heaven but triumph—said softly and gladly:

"But the other girl, you know? You are to help me to find her."

The girl's hand was withdrawn swiftly. She sat up very stiffly on the seat across from him.

"You could be so easily consoled?" she asked sharply. And then she thought she understood, and her voice softened tenderly. "It is brave of you to take it so," she said admiringly. "It is like you. And, oh, you mustn't mind! Indeed, indeed, she isn't worth grieving for." Then she flushed suddenly. "I

hate to say that, for I—I am her brother's wife, you see. But it is true. Oh, I am sure you will find the other girl!"

But Bradley stared fixedly out into the flying landscape.

After a while she put her hand again in his. "Don't be so unhappy," she whispered brokenly. "In a year or two you—oh, but I won't try to comfort you. I can't—I can't!"

Bradley gripped the little hand hard for a moment.

"No," he said unsteadily, "you can't. Unfortunately, you can't. But—if you will pardon me—I think a smoke may. I'll try it."

And at the next station he came to her to say good by.

She reasoned with patience and pleaded with a hint of tears, but he was obdurate.

"I will go back," he said. The north called him back—the north, with the great white stillness of its unspoken sympathy.

And so she bade him good by, wistfully; and she did not know—how should she?—that the reason of his going was not the girl he was to have married, but the other girl.

RAGNAR THE BOLD.

RAGNAR the bold with his Viking crew
Has come from the northern sea;
Fair hamlets smoke on the English coast,
And the inland towns will blaze, they boast,
For 'tis grim Thor's decree.

Up with the sail and the black crossed flag!
Cover the boat with shields!
Drink to the soul of the Viking true,
To the God of the winds and the waters blue,
And death to the foe that yields!

Ragnar the bold in the captured hall
Feasted his light haired crew;
'Mid the clang of sword and shield the song
Of a hoary scald rose weird and strong,
Inspired by victory new.

Ragnar the bold with his warriors slain
Stood on the bloody shore;
"Valhalla, my home, my all!" he cried,
Rushed on encircling spears, and died
Amid the battle roar.

Kenneth Bruce.

Artists Their Own Models.

BY DOUGLAS STORY.

PAINTERS, POETS, AND MUSICIANS INTERPRET BEST THAT WHICH THEY UNDERSTAND BEST—IN CHOOSING THEIR MODELS, PAINTERS HAVE FOUND IN THEIR LOVERS, THEIR MOTHERS, THEMSELVES, THE INSPIRATION OF THEIR FINEST WORK—THE GREAT ARTISTS HAVE PAINTED THE BEST PORTRAITS OF THEMSELVES.

IT was Rossetti who remarked that a picture was the joint product of painter and model. The axiom is true of every aspect of art. The musician who never heard the birds sing, the waters ripple, the winds sigh through the trees and the standing corn, cannot write a symphony. The writer who never saw the sun's dying glory, who never viewed the springtime's freshness, who never gazed upon the sea in calm and in tempest, cannot write a poem. To them, as to the painter, a model is necessary, and the greatest is he whose interpretation conveys most of the original to us.

All of art is but an interpretation; and music, poetry, painting, are but different modes of expressing what each man comprehends of the divine idea of the universe. Nature and the soul are one. The more we know of one, the more we understand the other. Art is this knowledge expressed in the most intelligible language. We delude ourselves into believing the necessity of accepting the tenets of Cicero, of Locke, of Bacon, in order to be scholars. We imagine it is essential to know the works of Bach, of Beethoven, of Chopin, in order to be musicians. We fancy we must be familiar with the paintings of Titian, of Rembrandt, of Velasquez, in order to be painters. But that is to become but the absorber of ideas, to cease being the man thinking, or the man composing or the man painting—to lose the power to create.

The model for all artists is nature. The great artist is the great interpreter. There is a legend from the days of Osiris, and Isis, and Typhon

telling how the gods in the beginning divided man into men that he might be more helpful to himself, just as the hand was split up into fingers. The pursuer of any calling or profession is not a farmer or a carpenter, but man at the plow or man at the bench. The artist is the man interpreting.

So it comes that the great artist is the man who understands his model, who is in sympathy with its every variation of light and shade, who knows the motives influencing its expression, who is at one with nature. The merest sign painter knows the difference between a model with whom he is in sympathy and one whose soul is not attuned with his. The finer the perception of the artist, the more binding becomes this essential of sympathy. Great masters, in despair of ever understanding outsiders, have chosen their models from their mothers, their wives, and their daughters. The greatest have chosen themselves.

MEN AND MEN.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has said that a man is at least four people—the man the world knows, the man his friends know, the man he himself knows, and the man God knows. Of those four classes the most intimate knowledge, humanly speaking, is possessed of the man by himself. This was realized by Shakspeare when he wrote "Hamlet," by Tschaikowsky when he composed the "Symphonie Pathetique," by Rembrandt when he painted his "Portrait of a Man." The Greeks knew it when they chose as their motto, "*Gnothi seauton*"—"Know thyself." The Pre-

raphaelites knew it when they went back from that "temper of imitation, prosaic acceptance, pseudo classicism, and domestic materialism" to the "temper of wonder, reverence, and awe." Emerson knew it when he wrote: "The world is nothing, the man is all; in yourself is the law of all nature, and you know not yet how a globule of sap ascends; in yourself slumbers the whole of reason, it is for you to know all, it is for you to dare all." The difference between art and photography is the difference between interpretation and imitation.

The artist paints best that which he understands best, and the great ones have painted themselves. Goethe, Carlyle, Emerson—and Goethe primarily—have all shown the great possibility of studying the whole in the part, the great in the small. The drop is the small ocean; and who understands it in its entirety understands all. The artist who has reproduced himself has reproduced mankind.

There is, then, a strange psychological interest in the portraits of artists by themselves. They reveal more truly the man who lived than could the work of any contemporary artist. Whatever of exaggeration they contain is an exaggeration full of significance—an exaggeration that is in itself a full toned confession.

RAFAEL THE WELL BELOVED.

In Rafael's portrait of himself one sees the deep thinking, ambitious boy, the boy brought up among the ancient sculptures of Rome, the boy dedicated by Bramante to the completion of the great cathedral of St. Peter. Dead at thirty seven—on his birthday, the Good Friday of 1520—Rafael was the best loved man of his time, perhaps the greatest artist of all time. In the portrait of himself is the wistful yearning of the youth whose social ambition was not sufficiently strong to permit of his accepting the offer of an alliance with the niece of the Cardinal da Bibbiena, since it carried with it the renunciation of his boyhood's love for La Bella Fornarina, the baker's daughter of Rome.

Apart from his own portrait, Rafael demonstrated the necessity of a strong

sympathy between himself and his model by painting the Fornarina in most of his Madonnas, and in his picture of St. Cecilia at Bologna. Sweet tempered through life, he died thanking God that he had been born in an age that gave birth to his rival, Michelangelo Buonarroti. Much of this generosity of character is painted into the portrait he left us.

DA VINCI THE UNIVERSALIST.

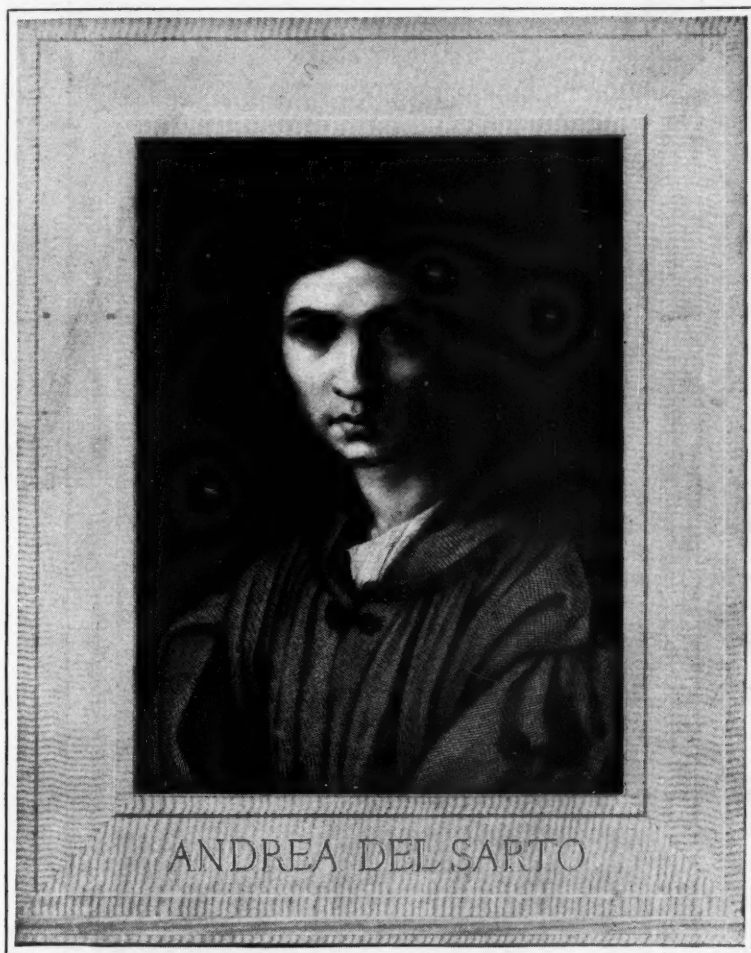
Eleven months before the death of Rafael, Leonardo da Vinci had finished his life of sixty seven years, and had died in the arms of Francis I, at Fontainebleau. In the portrait we accept as having been painted by himself are limned the characteristics of the man of great thought, of profound learning, of marvelous inspiration. Painter, sculptor, and architect, da Vinci was also poet, musician, mathematician, mechanic, botanist, astronomer, horseman, and fencer. The friend of all men, he earned the historic acknowledgment of the King of France—"I can make as many laws as I please, but God alone can make a Leonardo da Vinci."

Da Vinci, like Rafael, felt the need of understanding between himself and his model. It required four years for him to paint his portrait of Mona Lisa Giocondo. For his undying work, "The Last Supper," painted for the refectory of the Dominican fathers at Milan, he lived with the men he immortalized as apostles, spending a whole year in his search for a model for his Judas. For months his painting remained unfinished—a supper without a Judas. The prior of the convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie grew impatient at the delay, stormed at the artist, and reported the matter to his patron, the Grand Duke Lodovico Sforza.

The duke haled da Vinci before him, and quoted the friar's statement that the artist had not been near the convent in twelve months. Da Vinci replied: "It is true I have not entered the convent for a long time, but it is not less true that I have been employed every day at least two hours upon the picture. The head of Judas remains to be executed; and in order to give it a physiognomy suitable to the excessive wicked-

ness of the character, I have for more than a year past been daily frequenting the Borghetto, morning and evening, where the lowest of the refuse of the capital live, but I have not yet found the features of which I am in search.

The duke accepted the explanation, and da Vinci continued his search for the vilest of mankind. The gentle humor of the master gathers as truly around the lips as does his broad intellectuality around the eyes and on the



ANDREA D'ANGELO DI FRANCESCO, CALLED "DEL SARTO" ("SON OF THE TAILOR"), THE FAMOUS FLORENTINE PAINTER OF FRESCOES (1486-1531).

From the portrait in the National Gallery, London, painted by himself.

These once found, the picture shall be finished in a day. If, however, I remain unsuccessful in my search, I shall rest satisfied with the face of the prior himself—which would suit my purpose extremely well, only I have hesitated before taking such a liberty with him in his own convent."

3 M

forehead of the portrait painted by himself.

TITIAN THE COLORIST.

In the little upland village of Cadore, Tiziano Vecelli—whom men call Titian—was born, of a family famed in the nobility of Italy. A boy of ten, he was

brought down by his father to Venice to be apprenticed an artisan in mosaics. He entered the studio of Sebastiano Zuccati, and wrought there a couple of

quaintance. Bellini was then the most noted artist in Venice, and when Titian was twelve years old he received an invitation from the master to install him-



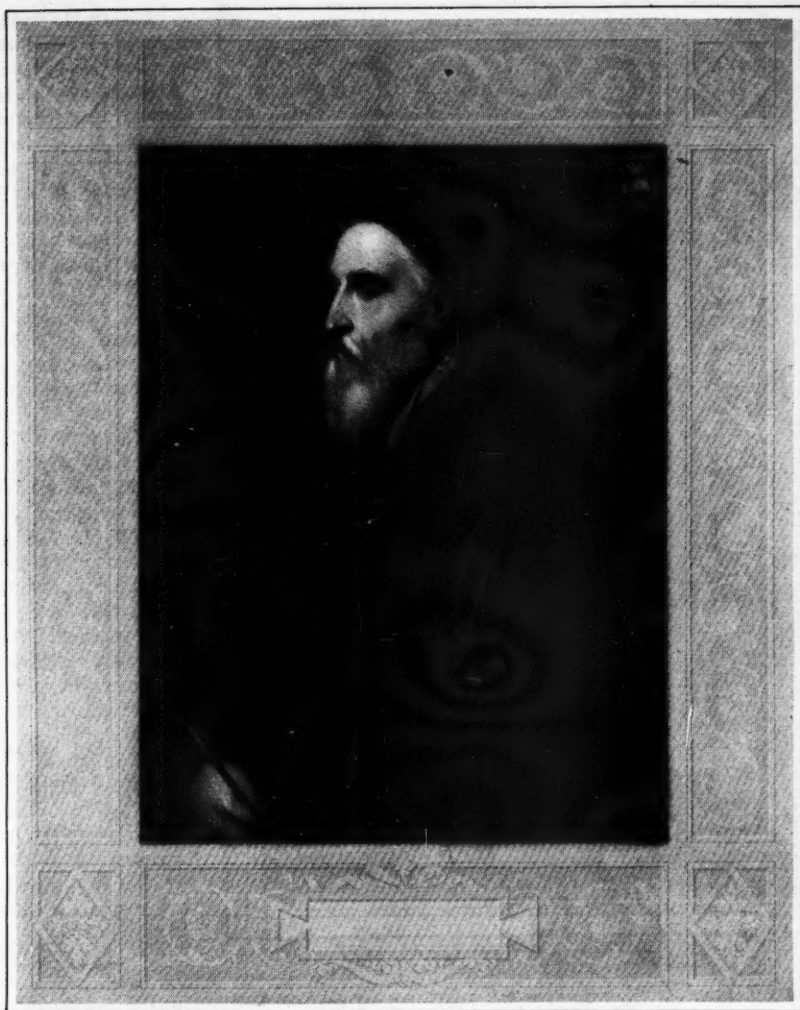
LEONARDO DA VINCI (1452-1519), ARTIST, ARCHITECT, SCULPTOR, ENGINEER, AND MUSICIAN, FAMOUS AS THE PAINTER OF "THE LAST SUPPER."

From an engraving by Morghen after the portrait in the Uffizi, Florence, painted by da Vinci.

years, piecing the little segments of colored glass into the designs made by the painters. One of these designers was Giovanni Bellini, and with him young Titian scraped a respectful ac-

quaintance. He had ceased to be an artisan, had become an artist.

In the studio of Bellini was a boy a few months younger than Titian—a dreamy, musicianly, sensitive lad, Gior-



TITIAN (TIZIANO VECELLI, 1477-1576), THE GREATEST MASTER OF THE VENETIAN SCHOOL.

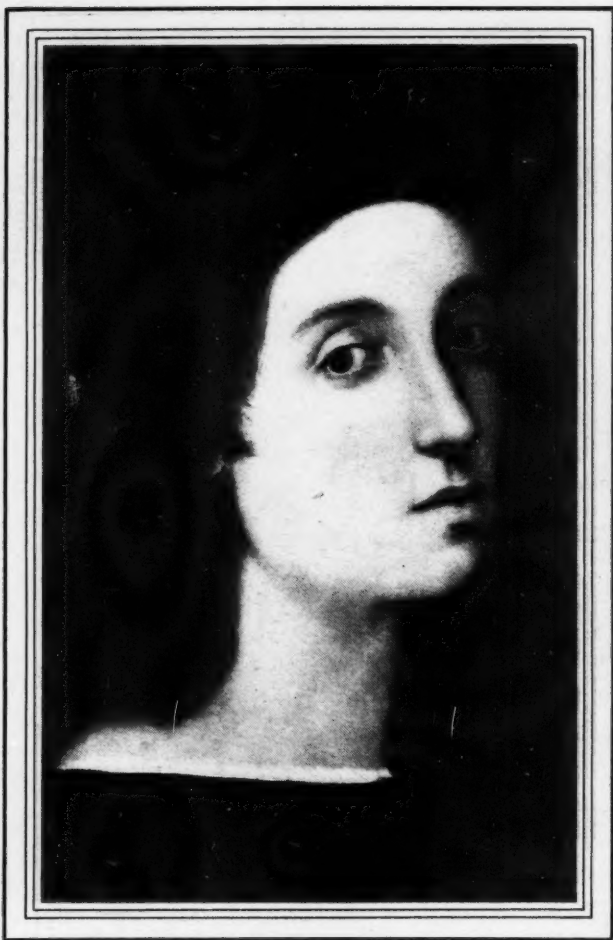
From an engraving by François after the portrait painted by Titian.

gio Barbarelli. The two became friends, and Giorgione, whose art matured the earlier, became the greatest artist of his time in Venice. Titian observed, admired, copied, and excelled, till the art jealousy in his fellow pupil's soul awakened and the friendship ended. But the boy from Cadore worked steadily at his canvases, copying the brush work of Giorgione, and putting his own vitality into the conceptions.

In 1511 Giorgione died. A young man of thirty three, handsome as a

Greek god, sensitive as a woman, he died of a broken heart at the faithlessness of a girl he had loved, bequeathing involuntarily to Tiziano Vecelli his freedom of outline, his rich depth of color. On his deathbed, tradition says, he instructed his servants to prevent Titian from attending his funeral—only he spoke of him as “that painter fellow from Cadore.”

But Titian had a tougher skin than his fellow student of the Bellini atelier; and when the executors of Giorgione



RAFAEL SANZIO (1483-1520), THE MOST FAMOUS PAINTER OF THE
ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the portrait in the Uffizi, Florence, painted by Rafael.

Barbarelli begged him to complete the unfinished canvases of the dead artist, he accepted the task, appropriated his rival's pallet and brushes, and signed Giorgione's name in the corner.

In his own time Titian—the greatest of the Venetian painters, the man who inspired Rubens—enjoyed a reputation that has been equaled in their lives only by those of Michelangelo, Rafael, and da Vinci. As the span of his life was one hundred years, lacking six months, to him was granted the rare privilege of measuring his standing to the third generation.

In 1576 the plague claimed him, and Tiziano Vecelli sank to his grave, the victim of the grim, mysterious black death. Senility had never enfeebled him. He walked firmly to the brink of the grave.

Into his portrait of himself Titian has worked the gathered experience of a long life, something of the senile jealousy that made him scratch upon his picture of the Annunciation, in the Church of San Salvatore, "*Tizianus fecit, fecit*," when he was told it was not the equal of his younger work. Titian was courtier as well as painter, the friend of that emperor who picked up his fallen brush and said, "It becomes Cæsar to serve Titian." Much of the courtly ease of the noble is present in the portrait that remains to us.

RUBENS THE COURTIER.

A man of a curiously different stamp, whose name

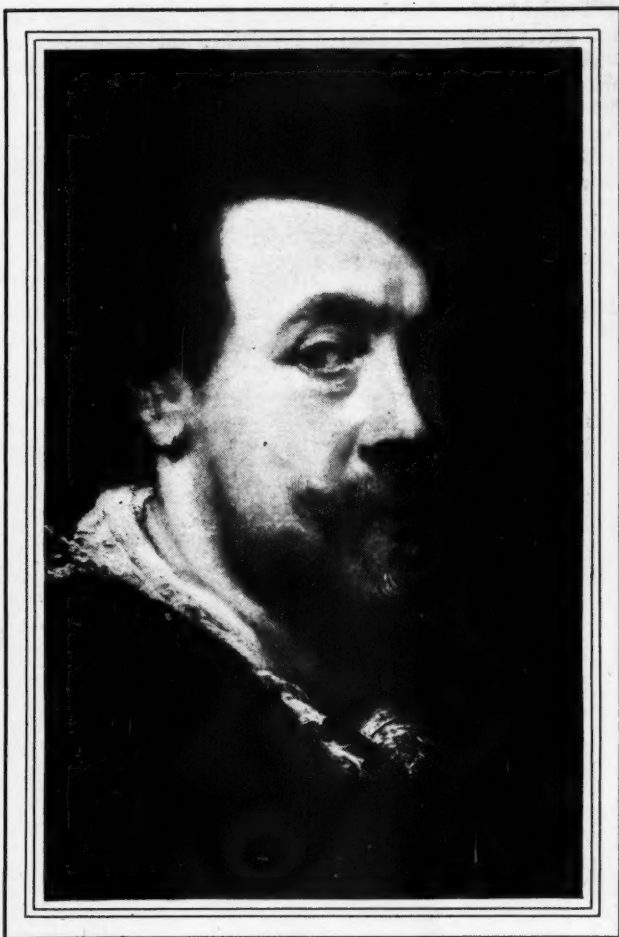
inevitably occurs to one in connection with that of Titian, is Peter Paul Rubens. Born at Siegen in 1577, on the feast day of St. Peter and St. Paul, Rubens learned much of his art, and all of his coloring, from the works of Titian. Like his Italian master, courtier and diplomat, Rubens was known all through the courts of Europe, was Sir Peter Paul Rubens in the knighthood of Great Britain. In his life were two women, Isabella, his first wife, and Helena Fourment, whom he afterwards married. These two women appear in all the compositions of

Rubens. He knew them, and understood them, and used them as models. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, is a copy of that portrait of his wife which hangs in the Vienna Gallery; and the Susannah of his "Susannah and the Elders," in the Marquand collection, is Helena Fourment, his second wife.

The portrait of Rubens by himself is that of the man we would expect to see, the man of grace and pleasing manner, with wide open, seeing eyes and mobile, sensual mouth—preeminently the man of the artistic temperament.

VANDYKE THE ARTIST.

Pupil of Rubens, lover of Rubens' wife, handsome Anthony Vandyke has left us a portrait of an ambitious, artistic cavalier. Born at Antwerp in 1599, Vandyke graduated in the studio of Rubens—the most famous teaching school of Europe. It is told how, when Rubens had left his private studio for his afternoon ride, the pupils climbed in and amused themselves with horse play. On an easel stood his great picture, "The Descent from the Cross," still wet from the brush. Diepenbeck, a clumsy Dutchman, stumbled against the canvas, smudged the face of the Holy Virgin and the arm of Mary Magdalen. The romping youngsters stood around appalled—the master's masterpiece was ruined! Then Vandyke seized a brush, painted in the portions that had been destroyed, and so left the



PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577-1640), THE MOST FAMOUS PAINTER OF THE FLEMISH SCHOOL.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the portrait in the Uffizi, Florence, painted by Rubens.

picture, hoping Rubens might not detect the alteration. Next morning Rubens stood long at gaze, then demanded an explanation. Vandyke tremblingly acknowledged his sacrilege, expecting immediate dismissal, but Rubens was generous hearted and a painter. He turned to the class and said, "Behold my master!"

Later, when Vandyke's attentions to Rubens' wife rendered his removal advisable, the master presented him with his favorite horse, a purse of gold, and the advice to go to Italy, where the old masters would teach him what he him-

self might have failed to impart. He was twenty when he started for Italy, and a glance at his portrait explains why, at his first setting out, he got no further than Saveltheim, where the beauty of Anna van Ophem held him prisoner. It was there, for the little church of the village, he painted his St. Martin on horseback, using himself for the saint and Rubens' horse for the charger. There also he painted the "Holy Family" with Anna as the Madonna and her father as the Joseph. Gallant and debonair, Vandyke rode on to Italy, capturing hearts and painting

masterpieces—among them his portrait of himself.

To this period belongs his best work. In after years he became a court portrait painter, a flatterer of the nobles of Charles I of England. While those later canvases remain for us the most familiar of his work, they do not equal what he did in his early life at the time when he painted his portrait of himself.

REMBRANDT THE SOLITARY.

From Vandyke it is strange to turn to that uncourtly Dutchman, Rembrandt van Ryn. Rembrandt was no

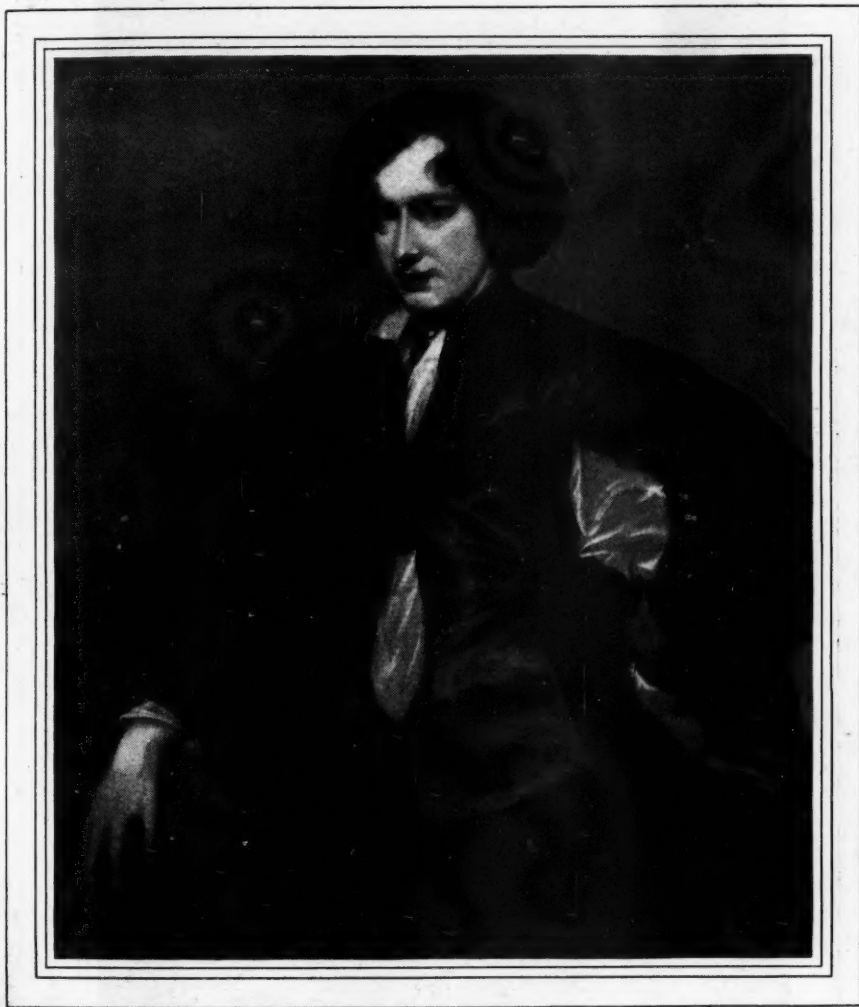


REMBRANDT HERMANZOOM VAN RYN (1607-1669), THE MOST FAMOUS ARTIST OF THE DUTCH SCHOOL, WHO PAINTED MORE THAN FORTY PORTRAITS OF HIMSELF.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the portrait in the Berlin Museum painted by Rembrandt.

flatterer, but he was a portrait painter whose equal the world has never known. On the walls of the Metropolitan Mu-

Rembrandt had but two satisfactory models—his mother and himself. Sometimes his sister, sometimes his father—



SIR ANTHONY VANDYKE (1599-1641), PUPIL OF RUBENS, AND COURT PAINTER TO CHARLES I OF ENGLAND.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the portrait in the Hermitage, St. Petersburg, painted by Vandyke.

seum of Art, in the Marquand collection, hangs the portrait of a man, lean and hungry, with great sorrow worn eyes glowing out from under a broad brimmed Flemish hat. It is a portrait of Rembrandt painted in the last sad five years of his life, when ill fortune had descended upon him.

frequently, in her too brief wifedom, Saskia took their places on the dais; but, in the end—mother dead, wife dead, children dead—lonely and forlorn, without a home, without a penny, Rembrandt had but himself to picture.

In the world weary face of this "Portrait of a Man" is it too much to read



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723-1792), FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, AND THE GREATEST OF THE ENGLISH PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the portrait in the Uffizi, Florence, painted by Reynolds.

something of the misery of Rembrandt Hermanzoon van Ryn a few months before he lay down to his last long sleep in the charity grave of Amsterdam?

wistful eyes of the Marquand portrait looked back from the last few hungry years of the artist's life, when, hidden under another's name, he scratched pic-



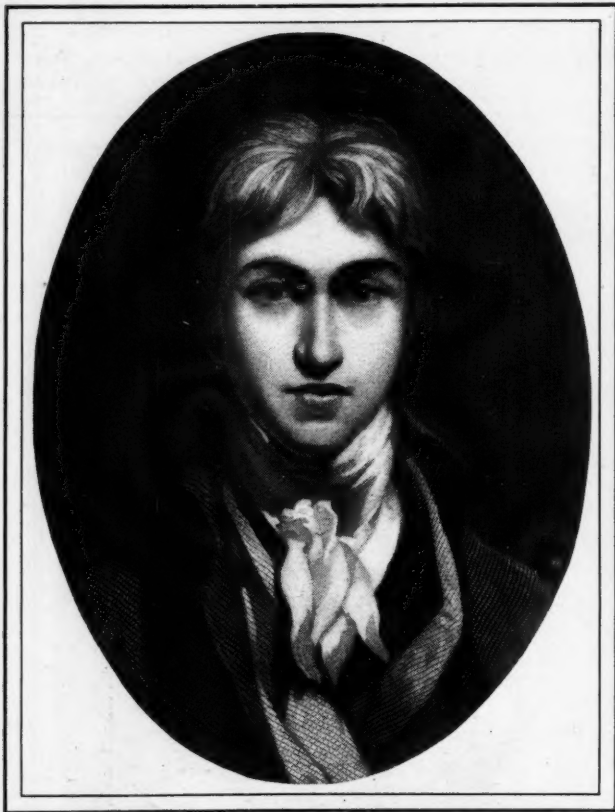
MARIE ANNE ELISABETH VIGÉE LEBRUN (1755-1842) AND HER DAUGHTER.

From the portrait in the Louvre, Paris, painted by Mme. Lebrun.

It is not a portrait of Rembrandt as we know him, but Rembrandt loved to take impressions of himself, disguising his form as best seemed to him at the moment. To me it appears that those

tures on the pavement for a crust, with the soul of Rembrandt van Ryn behind them.

From these great ones of the remoter past it is with a feeling almost of famil-



JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER (1775-1851), THE GREATEST ENGLISH LANDSCAPE PAINTER, WHOSE FAME IS LARGELY DUE TO THE LAUDATION OF RUSKIN.

From an engraving after the portrait painted by himself in 1802.

ilarity that one turns to the great ones of a more recent yesterday. One longs to linger with Sir Joshua Reynolds; to journey with him up the creaking Temple stairs to the chambers of happy, poverty stricken Oliver Goldsmith, or to those others of sententious, polysyllabic Samuel Johnson; to sit with him at his well furnished table in Leicester Square, rubbing shoulders with Percy, the collector of ballads; with Oliver Goldsmith in his plum colored coat; with Dr. Johnson, snuffy and brown vested; with Burke, the orator; and Davy Garrick, full of the happenings at Drury Lane. But space grows niggardly and it behooves one to rush on to others who have painted themselves.

A line, however, may be spared us to

recall how Reynolds, true to his model, painted Samuel Johnson nearsightedly reading. Johnson, ugly and vain, remonstrated with the first president of the Royal Academy, saying: "It is not friendly to hand down to posterity the imperfections of any man." But Reynolds knew his duty to his art, and so we have Samuel Johnson as he was, not as he in his self conceit would have had himself appear. Sir Joshua painted a portrait of himself for Mrs. Thrale replete with his ear trumpet. Even that failed to mollify the man made immortal by a Scotsman; for, when he saw it, he remarked, "Reynolds may paint himself as deaf as he chooses, but he shall not paint me as blinking Sam!" Thank heaven, Reynolds had the courage of his convictions! The truth of his portraiture remains today his monument.

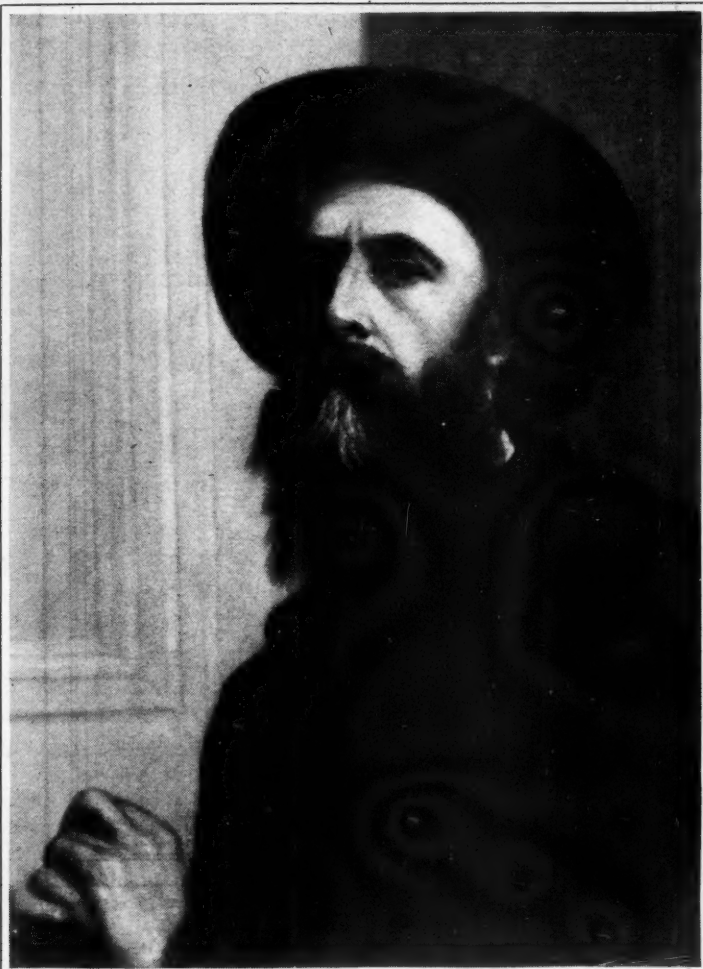
TURNER THE DREAMER.

The barber's son of Covent Garden, Joseph Mallord William Turner, was an artist who broke away from the prevailing conventionality of his time to find in nature the model he understood and could interpret. Nothing one can write can express more truthfully the meaning of his portrait of himself than the famous appreciation of John Ruskin:

The great distinctive passion of Turner's nature—that which separates him from all other modern landscape painters—is his sympathy with sorrow, deepened by his continual sense of the power of death. Colossal in power, he was also tender and delicate in harmony of tint and subtlety of drawing. He had a perfect grasp of English scenery, and

shrank from no labor in expressing details. Glorious in conception—unfathomable in knowledge—solitary in power—with the elements waiting upon his will, and the night and morning obedient to his call, sent as a prophet of God to reveal to men the

Greatest of the Preraphaelites, most poetic of British painters, finest of modern poets in color, is George Frederick Watts. In his portrait of himself



GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS (BORN 1820), THE FAMOUS ENGLISH PAINTER OF PORTRAITS AND ALLEGORICAL AND HISTORICAL PICTURES.

From the portrait painted by himself.

mysteries of a universe; standing like a great angel of the Apocalypse, clothed with a cloud, and with a rainbow upon his head, and with the sun and the stars given into his hand.

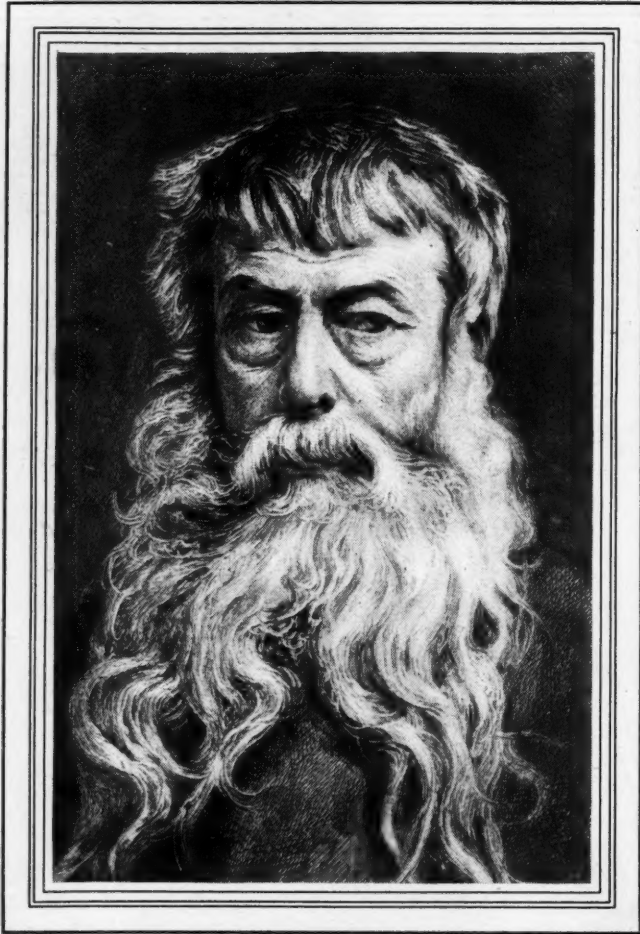
Such was Turner as Ruskin knew him, Turner as his portrait portrays him.

one knows the man to love him. His great soul shows through his face, the strength of his personality remains with him.

Eleven years ago there died, in Paris, Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier, the

painter who, of all others, received most honor in his lifetime, most respect after his death. An old man of seventy

In those self portraits of artists are biographies of the men who painted, more truly written, more shrewdly



JEAN LOUIS ERNEST MEISSONIER (1815-1891), "THE GREAT PAINTER OF LITTLE PICTURES."

From the etching by Rajon after the portrait painted by Meissonier in 1881.

six, Meissonier passed away bearing medals of honor from every school of arts to which he was eligible as a member. Poor in his youth, Meissonier struggled to a prosperous prime, a triumphant old age. In his portrait of himself are written all the early combat, the warm affection, the deep patriotism, the painstaking honesty, of the man who painted "La Rixe," and our own "Friedland, 1807."

analytical, than any that could have emanated from their dearest friend or most vigilant contemporary. They are epitaphs to great men, more true than those last rhymed words of Oliver Goldsmith:

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind;
His pencil was striking, resistless and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part—
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.



MINUET DANCERS IN "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW," AS PRESENTED BY THE SENIOR CLASS AT SMITH, 1901.

College Girls' Dramatics.

BY ALICE KATHARINE FALLOWS.

THE AMBITIOUS AND REMARKABLY SUCCESSFUL THEATRICAL PERFORMANCES THAT ARE A FEATURE OF UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT VASSAR, SMITH, WELLESLEY, AND BRYN MAWR.

TO an outsider, not used to the quick workings of a college universe, the evolution of a college play is little short of a miracle. Some enthusiastic sophomore with bright eyes and square, capable chin says at the breakfast table in the morning:

"Oh, girls, let's give a play!"

That is the beginning. Elsewhere, the next steps would include an elaborate system of calls, discussions, postal card appointments for rehearsal, and anxious visits to a costumer. At college, the necessary girls are corralled on their way to chapel. In the idle half hour after dinner they rehearse; the next day, at the same time, they rehearse again. Then they descend upon the property box, borrow from their friends,

and in thirty minutes gather together from the four corners of the campus a costume combining all the necessary features of beauty and utility. Not more than three days after the breakfast table suggestion, an audience invited to see the play pronounces it "awfully good," the costumes are returned piecemeal to their various owners, and with a maximum record of a few half hours' work for each actor, the episode closes and the college hurries on to the next thing.

The concentration of college interests makes the tax on time slight, even when the play is elaborate and requires more rehearsals. In the mean time the star, with her ease in facing an audience, is gaining a new grip on social self control,

while even the most humble of the scene shifters, toiling ingloriously in a shirt waist where others reap applause, is learning patience and self sacrifice that will not come amiss in other situations.

THE PLAY AT VASSAR.

At Vassar, the dramatic freshman usually looks on and listens while her betters speak. Her quickest way to

interesting, the first one, in the eyes of the college, is the most important. It is put into the hands of a committee of three elected the spring before, so that when college opens in the fall, earnest work may begin at once. Assigning the parts is no easy problem, but when it is solved, the committee's task is just begun. It is an honor, of course, to be asked to act in the play; but stars will be



THE TAILOR SCENE FROM "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW," SMITH, 1901.

fame is through the doors of "Phil," the college dramatic society, and into one of its four chapters. Any one may belong to the society by paying her dues; but a general member's only privilege is to sit in state and watch the plays as they come, instead of attending the dress rehearsals reserved for non members, maids, and the other retainers of the college. Only chapter members act. As freshmen are not eligible, sophomore year becomes a time of breathless suspense to the embryo star until Theta, or Beta, or one of the other chapters, says the "open sesame" that gathers her in.

Though all the plays of the year are

stars everywhere, and in the many rehearsals the committee's members, turned critics, must suggest changes with discrimination and tact.

Scholarship restrictions make another difficulty for the committee of three. Very rigid they are, and should the star be found wanting in the last minute of the eleventh hour, off she would go, and on would come a substitute. The committee guards itself by picking a cast from the ranks of the good students, and such a catastrophe has never yet come to pass; but it might. The fear is wholesome, and no girl who values her position in the play intends to be caught

napping. So she excels herself if anything in her college work, perfects herself in her part, and learns her lesson in all round excellence.

The scenery is another enigma. The committee cannot say: "Go ahead, Mr. Scene Painter. Do what we want. Charge what you will. The management will foot the bill."

Money is scarce with the college girl. The grant made to the committee is small. The faculty do not encourage large expenditures, and the faithful members must make ingenuity do duty for dollars.

But when the curtain rises on the play no outsider in the audience knows the cheap devices that make up the beautiful whole—the beards of cotton wool, the wash tub fountains, and the rest—except last year's seniors. Those veterans come from near and far on the slightest of excuses. Their presence is what makes the occasion so momentous. They have a dinner beforehand at a flower strewn table in the center of the big diningroom, under a canopy of their own



GIRL WARRIORS IN A SMITH SENIOR PLAY.



GIRL WARRIORS IN A SMITH SENIOR PLAY.

class color, caught to the table with ropes of smilax and flowers. They review their college memories, give the new seniors the benefit of three months' experience in the great world, then adjourn to the hall to pass judgment on the play. They form a court from which there is no appeal. They understand the advantages and the disadvantages under which a play is wrought out, and on their verdict hangs the happiness of the actors.

These hall plays are always more or less ambitious. Sometimes they are original, the result of a prize competition among the four chapters for a silver cup awarded yearly to the chapter presenting the best literary composition. The form of the composition is not specified, but a play is usually chosen. One of these prize performances is a thing to be remembered.

BRYN MAWR PLAYS.

Bryn Mawr, unlike Vassar, puts its freshmen on duty at once. They scarcely pass the Rubicon of entrance examinations before they begin to think

of their play. As an example, however, the sophomores give them a model performance at the end of their first fortnight of college life. On the night of the sophs' play, the fun begins at dinner in Pembroke. The oldest alumnae present, few but valiant, sing their class song with the help of the undergraduates. Class after class follows with its special songs, until even the sophomores have sung themselves out. There is a pause. Then a new song breaks the silence, and a new freshman class sings to itself and finds its way into college citizenship. At the end, pandemonium breaks loose, and each class cheers the freshmen, and the freshmen respond with their cheer—never heard before—and then, armed with a class song and a class cheer, they march over to the gymnasium with the rest of the college, sit in seats of honor, and watch the play which the sophomores are acting for their special benefit. "London Assurance" was given for a recent freshman class; "The Adventure of Lady Ursula" charmed another; "The Rivals" and "As You Like It" both scored success out of doors.

The freshmen have only a brief respite before they return the compliment to their recent hostesses with their own play. This time it must be original. Playwrights produce their best, parts are assigned, costumes made out of nothing, rehearsals held, and the whole performance made ready in an incredibly

short space of time. Very appropriately, the play given in the latter part of November is a tribute of thanksgiving to the sophomores for their courtesies.

Bryn Mawr has fewer plays than some of the other colleges; but not one of

them all can point back in its history to anything so elaborate as Bryn Mawr's May Day fête two years ago. The nineteenth century was lost for the day, and among the stately buildings of the campus were played the games and sports, the farces and the masks, of "merrie England." From graduate to freshman, every girl in college doffed her cap and gown and transformed herself into some old world figure. Heralds blew on soundless horns, pretty Maypole dancers tripped about with their ribbons. Archers, shepherds, milkmaids, peddlers, morris dancers, ballad mongers, chimney sweeps, were here, there, and every-



PETRUCHIO AND KATHERINE IN "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW," SMITH, 1901.

where on the college grounds.

Plays were given in different parts of the campus; *Maid Marian* held court; *Robin Hood* gathered his foresters about him. *Will Scarlet*, *Friar Tuck*—not one of the old world characters was lacking on this college May Day. Artistically, the fête was one of the best representations of ancient England that has ever been given. Financially, the entertainment was quite worth the time and labor spent upon it. The throngs of guests left behind in entrance fees six thousand dollars towards the students' building, where the joys of that day will

some time be perpetuated in bricks, mortar, and the gratitude of other college generations.

WELLESLEY'S PRODUCTIONS.

Wellesley's dramatic program is a full one. With its fixed events and its extras, it provides the joys of anticipation from September until Commencement. The juniors each year must make themselves candidates for college approval with a welcoming play to the freshmen. This is an important affair. The class feels its responsibility. It has a trainer from Boston to help, and does its level best, not only for the honor of its guests, but as preparation for a senior future full of obligations as well as pleasures.

Tree Day in the spring is an out of door dramatic fête, wonderful to behold. The outside world knows it only by description; for neither title, friendship, cajolery, nor bribery will give a guest entrance to the campus. Rumors of one class dressed as cards of a pack that played a game with itself; of another dignified class transformed into "Alice in Wonderland" characters; of the exquisite senior and freshmen dances each year—these are all the public may ever hope to learn of Tree Day. The seniors who give their last entertainment, and the freshmen who give their first, are friendly rivals. But for the freshmen, the day is most significant, since not until after it may they dare to have a cheer or a song, or a freshman soul to call their own.

The graduating class is always treated as an honored guest during its last half year, and is entertained and fêted, collectively and individually, until the last diploma is handed down and college is over. But to balance the social account, the seniors invite all their younger college sisters to a play, sometimes modern, sometimes as old as the twelfth century love story, "Aucassin and Nicolette," dramatized by ambitious seniors a year or two ago.

This senior play comes early in the spring. Sometimes the freshmen about the same time take charge of an entertainment for the Barn Swallows—the quaint name given to a society made up of the whole college, which meets for fun and recreation once in three weeks. Last

year the freshmen for their first dramatic attempt gave "M'sieu Beaucaire" astonishingly well, and made the older classes feel that they must look out for their laurels with unusual care.

At Commencement the senior play is repeated for the guests of the graduates. But nothing in all that week of pictures—not even the repetition of the exquisite senior Tree Day dances, with their twining and intertwining, swaying, sweeping, rainbow tinted figures—is lovelier than the Shakspeare play.

On a fragrant June night, a Forest of Arden with velvety grass and real trees, a beautiful *Rosalind*, a poetic *Orlando*, a charming *Celia*, suddenly flashed out of the darkness within the arc of a great calcium light, is a most exquisite surprise.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream," "A Winter's Tale," or anything else given in this ideal setting, has a charm that makes each recurring set of commencement guests thankful that Wellesley has a Shakspeare society and a campus, with talented girls to make use of them for the pleasure of a willing audience.

SMITH'S STAGE PLAYS.

At Smith the goal of the dramatic girl's ambition is the Commencement play. She dimly realizes it from the day when college opens. But when she goes to the seniors' dress rehearsal, at the end of her freshman year, she realizes that she must be a star in her own senior play, or never reach the zenith of her happiness.

Preliminary practice is made easy for this amateur aspirant. Her first appearance is in one of the little farces given so frequently at her college house on Wednesday or Saturday evening. She asserts her right to consideration on the first night as a "perfectly dandy man"—no easy task with a long, feminine braid tucked under a coat collar, and sleeves six inches too long—as a comic success, or as a "simply sweet" heroine. She has a chance to cultivate her peculiar talent in other small plays given by clubs and societies. Then if her house has a turn at dramatics in the "gym" that year, she may have the opportunity to win new laurels while the audience below, and the favored few in

the gallery boxes above, made of screens and sofa cushions, clap their approval and whisper nice things to one another.

To be one of the senior cast is another matter. Like wedlock, it is a state not to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly. The senior play is the most important dramatic occurrence of the four years, and is the most ambitious and finished production given by any of the women's colleges. A class feels that it must live up to the traditions of the past, and while still young in its junior year begins to think about "the play."

Towards spring a committee is appointed to recommend a suitable drama, and the task makes a Hercules' labor seem small. The committee plows through mountains of theatrical literature before the college year is over. In vacation, its members carry dog eared plays stealthily on sailing parties, and keep them under the table during meals until an impatient family rebels. Ninety nine one hundredths of what they read seems inappropriate for one reason or another, and is rejected. When September comes, after a laborious process of sifting, the choice has narrowed to three or four plays. These are put before the class for final decision. For a number of years the majority has always voted for Shakspeare; and if the last vote were the first, the committee would be saved its course in dramatic literature. But no class could be satisfied without exhausting all other possibilities first, and when the work is over the committee has little reason to grudge its knowledge of the plays of many lands.

Soon after the play is chosen, practice begins. Any girl who feels that she can act learns some of the lines of several characters, for which she, or her friends,

or those of the faculty who oversee the play, think she is fitted. Then, behind closed doors, curious or unscrupulous undergraduates may hear the different characters of the play speaking their parts in dulcet tones or in as bluff and masculine a voice as the feminine larynx can command.

Next the candidates appear before the committee, and the utterly hopeless ones are thrown out. Those who pass are heard again by the committee reinforced by the professors of elocution. Judged worthy by this tribunal, they do their parts before the trainer, who comes up from New York soon after Christmas. He has his choice among several who are trying for the same character; and on his recommendation, the final cast is chosen from the best of these.

Once on the cast, the girls realize that theirs is not a holiday task. An intellectual conception of the play, such as Smith chooses to present, requires understanding and vigorous thought. Then there are exercises to make the body supple, rehearsal after rehearsal in their rooms, in the "gym," in the opera house, singly, in groups, and with the multitude, when mountain and river and sunny skies are luring them to idleness.

But the reward is worthy of it all. In the brightness and glitter of the little white and gold opera house is the "well done" of the appreciative audience of friends and classmates. It is a welcome tribute. But when the theater rang with applause last June, sweetest of all to pretty *Juliet* and lover-like *Romeo* was the knowledge that the honor of dear old nineteen two, put in their keeping, had been kept well. It is laurels won for the class that make the surviving joy of college dramatics.

THE DIFFERENCE.

HER mouth is like a crimson rose,
A dream of beauty, love, and bliss;
Yet he alone its fragrance knows
To whom she yields a kiss.

For one it was a sheath of red
Whence leapt, invisible as breath,
The dagger word that lovers dread,
And stabbed his love to death!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE GOLD WOLF.*

THE STORY OF A MAN AND HIS MONEY.

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

DUDLEY HATTON, who at the age of thirty seven is accounted the fifth richest man in the world, is persuaded by his friend Pat Foxall to consult Dr. Chaplin in regard to a nervous malady with which he is afflicted. The physician tells him that if he does not give up business absolutely and at once he is likely to become an inmate of a madhouse in six months. Hatton cannot bring himself to follow the advice, but nevertheless the doctor's warning causes him much anxiety. He is in his library when his wife comes home, late that evening, and he resolves to confide in her, hoping thus to elicit some trace of love or sympathy; for husband and wife have long been estranged. She is the daughter of the Earl of Lyndon, and while she enjoys the luxuries afforded by her husband's money, she can feel no sympathy with him in his, to her, sordid struggle to amass great wealth. At first it seems as though Dudley will have his way, but one injudicious taunt is followed by another, and the quarrel culminates in Hatton's temporarily losing his reason, flinging his wife violently from him, and then sinking senseless to the floor. When he recovers consciousness, two hours later, the events through which he has passed gradually become clear to him and he is stricken with remorse. But when he seeks his wife in her apartments he finds her dead. He staggers from the room, crying pitifully for help.

VII.

THE house awoke. Whispered voices, on the landing above, passed the fateful news and called others to hear it. Courvoisier, the valet, half dressed when he came down, was the first to hear his master's cry and the first to answer it. Other servants came from other rooms and stood timidly at the stair head. Courvoisier alone had all his wits about him.

"What has happened, sir? What is it?" he asked quietly, as Dudley staggered towards him and tried to tell the story. He had never seen his master like this. Trembling like a frightened child, Dudley leaned against the balustrade of the staircase and put both hands upon it for support.

"My wife is ill—dying!" he gasped. "Call Dr. Hadley, her own doctor—good God, why don't you go? I tell you she is dying!"

The valet went at once, without word or sign of emotion. Servants began to hurry to and fro; some to the kitchens, some to the street door. Dudley himself, seeking courage in a supreme effort, returned to Hermine's side and knelt there. He knew not, he dared not ask, what the true story of the night might be. Figures moved about him, but he was unconscious of their presence; lights danced before his eyes, but he shut them out with burning fingers.

From the first, the great dread haunted him. What had he done? Why did his wife lie dead? He could have cried aloud with the agony of doubt, but his tongue failed him; and distractedly, blindly, he rose and began to pace the room, praying God that Hermine still lived.

There is no suffering more acute, no impatience which borders so near upon an agony, as that which attends these moments of delay when those dear to us lie waiting the last aid which medical skill can give them. The child stricken suddenly—will it live, will it die ere help can come? The man we have loved, the woman without whom life has no story, is there hope for him or her, or must the truth be this?

Dudley suffered as he had never suffered in all his life while he waited for Dr. Hadley's coming. Afraid at one moment to look upon his dead wife's face, at another his arms were closed about the inanimate figure; and he clung to it, weefully, passionately, in the madness of his grief. Hermine was not dead—it could not be! The night lied to him; but day would bring the truth. What mattered it now that they had drifted apart, that wild words had been spoken or vain threats uttered? Let them be forgotten, blotted out, before this grief supreme. Ah, if she lived, how he would atone! He would win her love by a life's devotion.

* Copyright, 1902, by Max Pemberton.—This story began in the July number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

He vowed it a hundred times as he listened with strained ear for the doctor's bell and prayed that Hermine lived. All might yet be redeemed, he said, all made new. There was a life's drama in the pathos of that doubt.

* * * *

Rupert Hadley reached the house a quarter of an hour after Courvoisier had left it. He came in a hansom cab, and carried a bag of instruments in his hand, for they told him there had been an accident. He was a young, ambitious man, and it may be that he saw some prospect of advancement in such a distinguished case. From the first his manner was entirely professional, and to Dudley's almost incoherent questions he answered distantly, "I cannot tell you yet." In truth, he knew at a glance that his patient was dead. It remained only to ascertain the cause of her death; and with this desire he began to interrogate those who stood about him.

"Was there any one with Lady Hermine when she fell?"

The maid, a Frenchwoman, who had run down at the first outcry and troubled all the house with her hysterical lamentation, answered sobbingly:

"Madame was quite alone."

The doctor bent over the prone figure and turned back the eyelids. It was but a pretense, but he went on with it doggedly. All the common tests answered "death." There was no pulse; breathing had ceased; the face wore already the calm aspect of one who had ceased to live.

"Your mistress was at the Albert Hall last night, I believe?" he suggested while he worked. "You can see that she did not undress, and she is still wearing her jewels. You were not here when Lady Hermine came home?"

"Milady told me not to wait up. She was very kind and good. Ah, *mon Dieu*, that I shall speak of it!"

She turned away, weeping bitterly. The doctor ordered the others to leave the room. He knew that they could not help him. He wished to be alone with Dudley, that he might tell him all.

"Tell me, please, just what happened," he asked; "I must know everything."

Dudley, who had watched his every movement, his eyes, his hands, the play of his face, as one watches a messenger of life or death, did not dare to ask the supreme question, "Does she live?" He tried to speak in a natural way; but his tongue was parched as with a fever, and he conversed excitedly.

"My wife came home at one o'clock,"

he said. "I was in the study, and she came up to me. You know that I have been unwell and much worried; and I think that I was unreasonable. We quarreled, and she went to bed. She was excited, and not herself. The next that I saw of her was here in this room; she was lying by the sofa like one in a faint. I picked her up and sent for you. If it is the heart, she will be better presently. I am sure you will admit that, doctor? You can tell me that she will be better?"

Nothing was to be gained by evasion now. Rupert Hadley spoke plainly and quietly.

"She will never be better," he said.

"She is dead, Mr. Hatton."

Dudley did not move. No figure of stone could have been more immobile. The deathly pallor of his face was hardly to be seen in the dim light.

None but a close observer would have seen that his hands were twitching, his lips moving convulsively.

"She is dead?" he repeated.

The doctor, fearing that he would succumb to the shock, drew near and put a hand upon his arm.

"Mr. Hatton," he said, very kindly, "yes, she is dead."

Still Dudley did not move. He heard every word that was spoken, perceived the figures clearly, both that of his dead wife and of the man who stood at his side. But the scene was unreal to him. He played no part in it. It was just as if he had become the indifferent spectator of a tragedy.

"She is dead!" he repeated. "But why—why, doctor?"

"She has died of heart disease," was the answer. "At least, I feel sure it is that. The inquest will tell us more."

Dudley turned sharply at the word.

"Inquest! You would not have an inquest in my house?"

The younger man had anticipated some such outburst as this. From the first he had thought, "It will be difficult to give a certificate, and there will be trouble;" but Dudley's cry of surprise astounded him.

"The merest formality," he said reassuringly. "Five minutes will dispose of it. I am quite convinced that it is a heart complaint. But there is a mark on the throat which is a little perplexing. I wonder if your wife bruised herself as she fell?"

Dudley pushed him aside and strode towards the bed. The bruise of which he had spoken was plainly to be seen beneath the circlet of diamonds wound about the

throat. The flesh there was blue and discolored; it might have been hurt by a man's fingers.

Dudley had never lived through such a moment in his life. All the supreme doubt, that doubt which to name was in itself terrible, returned to him, magnified a thousandfold. What had happened, then? What had he done last night? Was this brutality the charge against him? Might it even be that Hermine had died as imagination, in a mood most awful, would suggest? His brain reeled when he thought of it; the room swam before his eyes.

"She must have fallen," he stammered wildly; "she struck her shoulder when she fell. She was excited, doctor—and we quarreled. Oh, that it should end like this!"

He seemed to grope his way blindly from the bedside; but the doctor caught the outstretched hand and led him from the room. Together they went to the study down stairs, as if upon a mutual understanding. When some minutes had passed, Dudley recovered his self possession, and the mood of overwhelming dread left him. It left him cold as a stone, but with a clear brain and a determination which prudence could not alter. There must not be an inquest; a certificate should be given.

"Dr. Hadley," he asked with some composure, "are you convinced that my wife died of heart disease?"

The doctor shuffled with it. Professional tradition hampered him. He liked Dudley Hatton, and would gladly have served him; but he must yet pay some respect to regularity.

"It is my strong conviction," he said slowly; "but, of course, one cannot be sure."

"Would you gain anything, then, by distressing me in the way you speak of?"

"Oh, you must not look at it so! I have attended Lady Hatton, certainly, and perhaps, if I were less methodical, I could do what you wish; but, you see, it would not be quite right."

Dudley laughed a little scornfully. This young man, he felt, hesitated already, and by hesitation would be lost. He would, at any time, have scorned the thought of tempting him; but the shock had left him pitiless and at his wits' end.

"Come," he said, "is it so very necessary to be regular?"

Rupert Hadley could not answer. He was much as other men—anxious for his own advancement and the rewards of his profession. Why, after all, should he

make trouble? Dudley Hatton, he remembered, could establish his fortunes in that city of the rich called Mayfair. Why should he make an enemy of a man who might be his benefactor? To do him justice, he had no grave doubt as to the manner of Lady Hatton's death; indeed, he thought that he could tell the whole story—the quarrel, it might even be actual violence, and upon that a weak woman's death from shock. The graver suggestion was preposterous.

"It is necessary to be regular when one is uncertain," he said, at last. "Of course I see that this would be a great annoyance to you. I have attended Lady Hatton for heart attacks, and I think that I might without—"

He hesitated for the word; and in that moment of hesitation, Dudley opened a drawer and took out his check book.

"You are acting as a friend," he said with some emotion. "Nothing that I can do would reward you for all your care of my dead wife. Let me endeavor, at least, to show my gratitude, doctor."

Rupert Hadley took up the check from the blotting pad, and looked at it with astonished eyes.

"I am much obliged to you," he said slowly. "You shall have the certificate early in the morning."

VIII.

In a little restaurant off Wardour Street, at six o'clock upon a January day, six months after London had heard of Lady Hatton's death, Patrick Foxall expounded to a learned circle those mysteries of horse racing which are not for every common man. A close observer, perhaps, might have complained that the gallant Irishman's plumage, usually so brilliant, betrayed those migratory habits of which we have treated in another chapter. Certainly, some of Patrick's old smartness had deserted him; and while his flaming scarlet waistcoat was no less remarkable than before, and his light frock coat did not lack the fashionable cut, nevertheless brass buttons missing from the one and the frayed lapels of the other gave small support to those stories of good luck with which he delighted his diminishing satellites.

Times, indeed, had changed for Patrick Foxall. No longer did a throne in the splendid restaurant by the Strand serve as his place of homage. He spoke, as ever, of his great friends; of the confidence my Lord This or the Earl of That reposed in him, of the familiar days he

had enjoyed in princely houses; but discovery stalked close behind him, and the avidity with which he snapped up the stray cigar, and the pains he took to borrow even the humble half crown were in themselves eloquent of his true condition. This, be it known, was not the fault of the system by which Patrick should have made his fortune at the gaming tables. The bank at Monte Carlo would certainly have been broken had he found capital to back him. But friends were reticent and strangers unbelieving; and Pat came to the conclusion that it was a dismal world.

"Faith, me and Jack Farrer worked it out together, and not a figure could ye find fault with! I was off to Monte the next day, and the whole town heard of my winnings. The gold that I have fingered, gentlemen! There wasn't a portmanteau that could keep the lids av it shut to be bought in the town! Twenty four times did I stake the maximum and win it, as the papers told ye. 'Twas a sensation not to be forgotten!"

He looked about him for applause, and the "pigeons," delighting in his bombast, helped it willingly on its way.

"A nine days' wonder, Pat!" was Lord Alfred's gentle insinuation. Patrick heard him with mingled feelings of scorn and regret.

"'Tis the curse of the country, is this same gambling spirit," he continued sagely; "if Parliament was wise, they'd pass a bill and put it down. I'll ask you what you'd have done with red called forty two times, and forty one down on the paper! Where's a prudent man in the face of it? Nowhere, me bhoys, just nowhere! There's Jack, that was the reserve for the Tripos at Cambridge, and me that is a wonder at the *x y's*; and will ye believe that the pair of us was wrong? Faith, it's nonsense entirely! There's a system here in this pocket that would make the fortune of the Rothschilds themselves if I had the mind to part with it. But I'm one of the old sort. I stand shoulder to shoulder with me friends, and they shall share with me at a pony a man! 'Tis the want of capital, bedad, that ruins every honest industry."

He crossed his legs and looked profoundly wise; but his hearers shook their heads, for they had heard of Patrick's system before.

"They broke you up, Pat, didn't they? Sent you home carriage paid?" one of them asked.

"Faith, I came home third class—me that has traveled with princes! There was a young man at Cannes that had a fancy

to play piquet, and no second father could have treated him more kindly. He paid the fare to Paris; and Maurice, the costumier, the Lord be good to him, was the gentleman altogether. 'You'll mention me name in the papers you honor with your contributions,' says he; and, 'Bedad,' says I, 'tis columns I'll fill!' So are the mighty fallen, gentlemen; so is Patrick Foxhall become a footstool to his enemies!"

He permitted a tear to drop into his whisky; and observing a certain coldness on the part of those who feared that he was about to borrow money of them, he persisted with his reminiscences.

"But he will rise again," he said, after a contemplative pause; "like the Phoenix, the ancient Patrick will emerge from the ashes. He will be glorious in resurrection, gentlemen. His philosophy is the poet Tennyson's. He would have been a poet himself had he the mind."

He stared about him fiercely, and then, like a child repeating a verse, he began to recite:

I hold in truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise, by timely loans,
From I O U's to right good things.

He wound up with an expressive "Bow wow!" and the verse being an inspiration, it brought to his recollection something he had quite forgotten.

"Which reminds me," said he, before the applause had died away, "I have a tip for the Spring Handicap I would not utter aloud in this room—not for a bag of gold! You will not be wanting to hear it, gentlemen. 'Tis the curse of the country, this same gambling, and you'll take a warning by old Patrick!"

He spoke very playfully, knowing his audience. The pigeons, in their turn, no sooner heard the word "tip" than they were all ears. Patrick, every one said, had been born under a lucky star. He was shabby and down at heel today, but tomorrow would find him in a blaze of splendor; and his tips were "real good things." So his hearers became all generosity. One filled his glass, another whispered that "if a sovereign—" He received their worship kindly and unbent to them.

"I am off to Cambridge tomorrow," said he, "and I'll send ye a wire when I get to Newmarket if it's all right. Barton, the trainer, goes to the last shirt button on the chance. I know me friend, Lord William, is in it, for his confidential letter tells me as much. You shall all share, me bhoys, and old Pat no luckier

than the rest of them; though he needs it, bedad! The star of his firmament is temporarily obscured, and clouds enshroud him. He needs all the luck he will be getting just now!"

It is to be observed that the excellent Patrick was careful not to name the horse which was to work these wonders; and fearing that his hearers might press the point, he changed the subject cleverly.

"Tell me now," he asked as though remembering it suddenly; "have any of ye seen or heard of me friend Dudley Hatton?" 'Tis a question I meant to ask ye long ago. I hear strange stories, gentlemen, and I'd know if they are true or false. What's become of Dudley, what's keeping him out of London? Some of you will inform us, though 'tis not Pat Foxall, faith! Here am I that was own brother to him and better, wanting word from him these twenty weeks or more. 'Tis a mystery entirely; and his fortune going to the devil, I hear!"

Lord Alfred, who made it a business to remember all the unpleasant things said about his friends, could be loquacious enough when scandal was the topic.

"Hatton's in Scotland, I believe," he said. "No one quite knows, but I think that's the place. He went away the day after the funeral, and there's not a man in London has seen him since. Of course people talk. If it's true that he was on the verge of bankruptcy, you could understand it all. I am not speaking of my own knowledge; but there is every reason to believe that Lady Hatton died under very curious circumstances. They say she was hunted by the Jews; and when he could not pay, the crash came. Of course it may not be true; but if it is, I should like to know why Dudley Hatton disappeared."

This profound disclosure moved the company greatly. While the speaker dropped the ashes from his cigarette with the air of a man who is thinking very deeply and is gravely affected by his own story, others, who knew nothing whatever of it, gave their version, and added ornament to the original. Old Pat alone was silent.

"If Hatton & Hatton are going to smash, they're a long time about it," said one youth, a little wiser than the others. "All sorts of rumors are afloat in the City; but nothing comes of them. Of course Jan Beckstein and the American houses are delighted. Dudley Hatton would have held them if he'd remained in London; but when he shut up shop, they got their innings."

"Men don't beggar themselves for grief," put in another; "I expect Hatton must have been hard pressed, or he wouldn't have chucked up the sponge. They say that the Great Southern Railway finished him. He made that a personal affair, you remember, and he was hit pretty badly when it didn't go. The American crowd had a finger in it, of course. I always thought that the combine would settle him. One man can't hope to fight twenty and win all along the line. The miracle of it is that his house still stands."

"It's no miracle," said another, whose worldly goods amounted, perhaps, to fifteen shillings and a cigarette holder. "I hear confidentially that the Rothschilds dare not let it go. The smash would ruin half the banks in London. Of course this was told to me privately, and I don't want it to go any further."

"They are saying in the clubs that Hatton's lost his reason," was another masterpiece, followed by the sage question: "I wonder if it is true! He certainly went up like a rocket and came down like the stick. I suppose he felt his wife's death very much—at least, that's the only explanation."

"They say that he will never come back to London," said Troon, in a manner which should have decided it. "He's a ruined man, and he's done for. It's a case of 'next, please.' After all, we can spare a millionaire or two. They are just as cheap as balls on a Christmas tree—and not much prettier. I can't really pretend to say I care twopence whether Hatton goes or stays."

Old Pat heard the slander with a contempt he was at no pains to conceal. Like all his race, he was a stanch friend, an unrelenting enemy.

"Some of you knew Dudley, I think?" he asked, when the tongues had ceased to wag, and the company settled down to a pious memory of the departed. "He did a turn for one or two of you, I think?"

They shuffled at the recollection and the truth of it.

"As an acquaintance," said Lord Alfred, "he was a very pleasant man."

Patrick began to drum with his fingers upon the marble table. He was very angry, and his temper would out.

"Aye," he said ironically, "'twas not backward ye were at the champagne when his house was open! Since you've all had your say, I'll put in my word! Let me be kind to you, gentlemen, and tell you, as I have told you before, that you are very pretty liars, every one of you!"

He blew out the match which he struck to light a new cigarette; and while they uttered exclamations of protest, and tried to make a jest of it, he drew his chair nearer to the table and beat it with his fists until the glasses shook.

"No!" he went on proudly. "Dudley Hatton's not in Scotland; and he's a thousand miles from the bankruptcy court! Aye, if there was one of you that had the money to buy his postage stamps, he'd be a rich man! Tell your friends, the Rothschilds, that I, Patrick Foxall, say it. Tell them I'm here to help a man that's been a brother to me. Say that Dudley Hatton's coming back to London; 'twill be true, I swear it. He comes with me. We'll give you the lie together, me bhoys!"

He turned a defiant gaze upon them. Surprised at the onslaught, they began to excuse themselves. If this earnestness of friendship was a rare mood with him, it was none the less estimable. The pigeons said that Pat certainly knew something of the mystery attending Dudley Hatton's disappearance, and that, even at the price of this fiery invective, they must hear it. They would tell it tonight to astonished diners.

"What do you know, Pat?" Lord Alfred asked him. "You must know a good deal, or you wouldn't be so angry. Tell us all about it. You owe it to Dudley."

Patrick, in sooth, knew nothing at all, except at second hand; but the old pride of acquaintanceship followed him even in adversity; and unwilling to confess his ignorance, but very desirous of applause, he evaded the direct issue cleverly.

"A pretty piece of mendacity you'd make of it if I opened my lips," he snapped, unloosing his collar and wiping his face with a monstrous blue handkerchief. "'Tis the way of the world all the time. Let a man turn his back for a moment upon those that knew him, and there'll be chalk marks all over it before he shows his face again. Nice friends ye are to Dudley Hatton! I'll tell him so when I see him Thursday!"

"You are going to see him Thursday, Pat?"

"Indeed and I am!"

"But you say that he's not in Scotland?"

"'Tis a true word."

"Perhaps he's at Newmarket," said a youth with a tallow candle face and a tremendous stock.

"He's not in Newmarket and he's not in Scotland!" was the retort. "He's just

in the west of England, and 'tis a hermit's life he's living. I had it by intimate letter this very day. Believe it or not, as ye please; but Dudley Hatton is just a wild man of the woods. He's living in a hut; and there's no man has spoken to him since he left this same London. My letter tells me that a figure of marble could not close its lips tighter or be less to the world. But we shall change all that, gentlemen; we shall give Jan Beckstein and his gang a bit of news they'll not be wanting at all! 'Tis me, Patrick, that says it—me, that is Dudley's friend!"

He buttoned his coat with the air of a man who had solved a nation's difficulty. The plain truth was that Patrick had been as ignorant as the rest of Dudley's whereabouts until that very morning, when chance had brought him face to face, in Regent Street, with Lady Hermine's maid, and he had stood to gossip with her. How, or by what means, she possessed the secret of Hatton's disappearance, Pat could not then discover; but a few of his magnificent compliments, the promise of theater tickets, and a delicate reference to her enhanced beauty, had accomplished much. The girl said that her master was in Cornwall. Pat determined that very instant that he would go to Cornwall, too.

"Mark me words," he said proudly, standing before them as a judge omnipotent, "Dudley Hatton will come back; and those that have forgotten him will be taught to remember. I say no more. 'Tis a fool's paradise his enemies are living, and they'll need wings to crawl out of it presently. Tell your great friends that; say that Patrick Foxall has spoken!"

He strode from the room defiantly. The pigeons, remembering how many of their cigars he had smoked, how many glasses he had emptied, hurried after him vainly. The tip for the Spring Handicap—Pat had forgotten all about that!

And is it possible that there was no trainer at Newmarket, no secret and valuable intelligence, no tip after all? Had Patrick invented it? His enemies might say so with justice.

IX.

THE rugged Cornish cliff was steep and forbidding, but Beryl Garth climbed its winding path with a child's nimble feet; and so soon as she was at the summit, she espied her friend awaiting her, and ran up to him breathlessly.

It was already late of a February afternoon; and the aureole of the west spread, with diminishing splendor of its golden arc, the last glory of the day. No human thing could be seen upon the lonely moor which shelved away from the desolate headlands. There was no token of life about the upstanding castle wherein Beryl lived. Fishing boats drifted lazily on the windless sea. No sounds were in the air, none but that rolling music of the beach which neither storm nor calm might hush. The glow of the western flame touched all things in its mellow path. The day went out with the tide to the rhythm of a wordless song.

Beryl found Dudley Hatton just where she had expected him to be, sitting upon a rude stone bench whence you could look across the moor to her own house, and eastward to the distant villages beyond Black Head. He wore, as he often did, a riding coat of black and breeches to match, and one of those soft felt hats which the South African war bequeathed to a comfort loving nation. Beryl did not know what Dudley might be; but she thought sometimes that he was an officer from Plymouth who had come to Black Head for a holiday. And an officer stood at present for her only fashion of hero.

The child crossed the grassy slope at a gallop. Regarding her new acquaintance a little apprehensively, she remembered that she was very late. When she had recovered her breath she told him what had kept her.

"I'm sure I'm late," she said in her grown up way, which delighted him by its artlessness; "that's the worst of being late; you are always sure of it. When I was running down the hill, I said, 'He'll think I have forgotten and go away.' But you didn't think it and you didn't go away; and I'm glad."

Beryl was fifteen; but she had lived all her life on this wild Cornish coast, had got her education as she could, and was the oddest mixture of the matron and the child that a man might find between London and St. Ives. While at one moment she would speak of household cares as if the fortunes of her home depended upon that little wise head, at another she would be looking for the fairies in the placid, weedy pools of the sleeping bay. Her simplicity was no less engaging than her girlish curiosity. She had found Dudley out when he had been but a week in this newly discovered solitude; and he, who had wished to shut himself away from men, became, he knew not how, the guardian of her pretty confidence.

"What shall we talk about, Beryl?" he asked, while he watched her bright eyes and the flush of excitement which gave new color to her healthy cheeks. He would not tell her how much a child's voice meant to him in those hours of the reckoning.

"My father is ill," she said, the words running away with her as they always did; "not very ill, you know, but angry with the clergyman. He rode away to Bodmin, and says he won't be back until Thursday. I know it isn't true, because Dave Evans was at the house just now; and when Dave Evans comes, father always gets better. They'll be up all night and wake me; they do that often. I can just see the boats under my window, and I wonder, I wonder, wonder why— But you'd never like Dave Evans," she went on at a breath; "his hands are big and red as—as crabs! And when he says, 'You'll look well the morning, miss!' I could box his ears for making such a noise. And he doesn't like you, Mr. Hatton; he says that you're mysterious—I wonder if you are? As if one cannot live where one likes without asking other people!"

Dudley was interested in this unflattering description of Dave Evans. He anticipated that such a life as he led among the sparse people of this fishing village would give employment to its busybodies. Courteous and kindly to all, no hermit dwelt more absolutely alone. The cottage which harbored him was the humblest of its kind. The faithful Courvoisier, installed in the nearest inn, was not to be bribed with the ale and the cider of a gossip loving village. Not a word could be drawn from him. The fishers were left to their own inventions; and while some said that Dudley was a lawyer from London, wanting to buy the land, others shook their heads and were profoundly mysterious.

Black Head had no need of a mystery. The castle on the headland, wherein Beryl's father lived, was food enough for any curious appetite. Gossips asked questions about it every day; and the questions were never answered.

"I am sorry that I give so little satisfaction to Mr. Evans," Dudley said, when Beryl had finished her story. "Perhaps he has a house to let and would like me to take it. I must see the old man for myself. These people have nothing else to do but to talk about some one, I suppose. Well, it doesn't hurt me, and it doesn't hurt you, Beryl; so let them talk as they please."

Beryl hastened to correct him.

"Oh, they've a lot to do," she said; "they work so hard. Sometimes it's in the day time, sometimes it isn't. I hear them all night under my window; and they walk about just like shadows. Then the boats go away and it is all quiet, and if I'm frightened, I don't tell any one. Of course it is silly, but you can't help it. If your father is in trouble——"

"You never told me about that, Beryl."

"I can't tell you everything, and—and you wouldn't care. Father's bothered about a lot of things, but he never says anything to me, except when breakfast isn't ready. I know he's in trouble just because he doesn't tell me; and it is lonely up there, and—and—I wish you were my father, Mr. Hatton!"

She said it with a child's earnestness; and in it might be read the whole story of one whose life had lacked both love and light. The pathetic look which passed into the man's eyes when she spoke, the sudden distraction of his manner, were lost to her in the sense of her own loneliness and isolation. There had been no event in her life so memorable as this coming of a stranger to Black Head. Her chance encounter with him on the lonely moor, his gentleness, his friendship, surpassed in wonder the fables of the fairy tales. That day dream could not last, Beryl said. As happiness had come, so would it go, without warning or farewell.

"Yes," she went on, looking away over the flaming sea as if thither lay his home, "I wish you were my father. You would never go to London again then; and, of course, you will go now. People only come here because they want to go away. It is for change, and it does them good. I never get any change, and it doesn't do me good. When you go to London I shall think all day, and look in the pool to see if you are coming back again. And the pool will say, 'Never! Never!' I shall go on looking, but there won't be any one there, for of course there couldn't! It's all nonsense, and yet we do it. If I were old, thirty or forty, I believe I should still look in the pool."

"Is thirty or forty so very old, then, Beryl?"

"Oh, it's lots! Of course you are not thirty or forty. I should say—let me see—yes, that's it! I should say you were twenty three."

He smiled at her conception of youth.

"I am thirty seven, Beryl; think of it—thirty seven! That makes me an old man, you know, a very old man! I am just like one who has all my life behind

me, and nothing, nothing to look forward to! And you—you have all the world before you; and some day you will go to London, and you will see it all, and you will think of these days and perhaps regret them."

He was speaking more to himself than to her; but Beryl did not like this kind of talk at all, and she hastened to quarrel with it.

"I should like to go to London because you'd be there, and we could see things," she said quickly. "When the books come you shall read me all about it. My father never reads; I don't believe he knows what books are. A girl's place is in the dairy, he says; and so I go away and lie on the grass and dream all day. You couldn't do that in London, because there is no grass; Amelia, our servant, used to say so. There were only policemen and soldiers in London, she said; but, of course, she didn't know."

Dudley scarcely heard her. For six months he had shut London from his thoughts as a man shuts an evil memory. This childish prattle was opening vivid scenes to his mental vision. He beheld a great city, the strife and stress of it, the glitter and the light, the ill and the good. And he thought that nevermore would the gate of it be open to him.

"In London," he said, as if speaking his thoughts aloud—"in London, little Beryl, are all the riches of the world. In London men stoop to gather gold all the day, and their hands are hurt and their eyes are blinded. They do not see the sun, and the treasure turns to ashes in their hands."

Beryl opened wondering eyes. This story, surely, would not be in the books.

"Oh, but it's very silly of them," she said, after she had thought about it for quite a long time. "Do they do it if they don't like it? Aren't there the shops and the theaters and things? I'm sure I shouldn't like London if there are such silly people in it! Let's talk about something else—the books. You promised me!"

Dudley came out of the shadows with an effort, and remembered that Beryl was speaking. Her philosophy amused him, as a child's philosophy always did.

"Of course we will," he said brightly; "every day when the sun shines. I've sent to London, Beryl, and old Port, the postman, will surprise you some morning. There is something else, too. What do you think of a bicycle, little Beryl?"

"No!" she said, her eyes blazing. "You never thought of that—never!"

"It should be here tomorrow—at least, I hope it will. I'll teach you how to ride, and we can go to Falmouth together and see the shops. That will be jolly. I hope your father won't mind. We must talk to him about it."

She became grave at this mention of her father, as if the word were some blot upon her happiness.

"Oh," she said coldly, "father will not mind. No one cares about me—no one at all!"

Dudley took the child's hand in his, and, rising, began to cross the cliff path with her. The sun had set now. A hazy mist loomed above the moor. The night struck damp and chilly, and his heart sank with the day.

"Little Beryl," he exclaimed, as if some great impulse of a forgotten love compelled him to speak, "do you really wish that I were your father?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" she said gladly.

"I wish it, too!" he exclaimed fervently. And, bending down, he kissed her forehead.

* * * *

Dudley left Beryl at the crossroads, after promising her that tomorrow would find him at the rendezvous. Her home, the Headland House, as the fisher folk called it, was plainly to be seen from this place; and its gloomy outline, black against the western sky, seemed typical of the silence and unfriendliness to be found within its inhospitable doors. Beryl said that her father would not return to-night, and that she would be very lonely until tomorrow came. "But there is always Amelia and there is always the dog," she remembered; "and you can talk to them."

Dudley, accustomed to her wayward moods, consoled the child with the old promises. He, too, was going to a lonely house. In this, indeed, he found a bond of sympathy between little Beryl and himself. The world had cast them out to this fellowship of sea and moorland, and each could bear something of the other's necessity. If any one had told him six months ago that these February days would find him alone and forgotten, exiled by his own act, thrown down from the ladder of life, the silent mystery of a Cornish village, it would have sounded utterly impossible. But so it came to pass. He had fled from men, and journeyed hither, thither, to shut the vision from his eyes. He had failed, failed utterly; the night brought him the vision still; and by day he found no rest.

He watched Beryl until the shadows

hid her, and then struck out across the narrow path by which his own cottage must be reached. Night began to close in upon him as he walked; the wind was rising, sea mists loomed up above the barren moor. In such a place, at such a time, a man might well believe that he had found the ultimate solitude of his desire, and had become the master of it.

The moaning blasts, which swept the valley, echoed Dudley's heartbroken lament. The gathering darkness enveloped him as the shadow of his oblivion. None could see him here, none assail him, none console him. The voice of the accuser was his own. He walked with the dead woman's figure at his side, and knew not how she had died.

A lamp burned in the sittingroom of the cottage, and as Dudley drew near he perceived Courvoisier's shadow upon the blind. Nothing could change the fidelity of this prince of servants, or send him to better employment. City or solitude, palace or hut, it mattered nothing to Courvoisier. He followed his master like a dog, asked nothing, did not complain. If he had a grievance just now, because he must find a lodging in the village, and not, as he would have wished, under Dudley's roof, he never spoke of it. Night and morning he was ready with his skillful service; and but for him his master might have lived on no better fare than the bread and the milk which the farmers sent.

Dudley surprised Courvoisier tonight, arranging the letters and papers upon the writing table which stood in the one bay window of the cottage. From time to time the valet held an envelope very close to the candle, and examined it with a minute scrutiny. Some men would have suspected an action so unnecessary; but Dudley thought nothing of it. "He does not wish me to be troubled by busybodies," his master said. Courvoisier was undoubtedly a treasure.

In the cottage itself were many signs of the man's foresight and attention. A poor cabin of a place that it was, Courvoisier had done marvels with it. His had been the letter which brought the snowy linen, the rare cut glass, from London; his had been the order to the shopkeepers at Plymouth for the little secretaire, the comfortable lounge, and the pictures which hid the time stained walls. Nomads he and his master might be, but Courvoisier would put soft carpets under their feet and show what kind of courier he was.

Dudley remembered that cottage in

after years, and wondered if in all England there was one like it; but he would not have revisited it for a fortune.

It was about five o'clock when he had taken leave of Beryl, and a quarter of an hour later, perhaps, when he opened the cottage gate and waited a moment, as if some light would shine out to him from the black house on the headland. Though he had no reason for it, an unusual anxiety for the child troubled him tonight. If the village gossips were to be believed, Roderick Garth's fortunes were precarious to the last degree. Dudley asked himself what would happen if ruin overtook the Headland House and little Beryl were driven out. She would come to him, of course; there was no other of whom she might ask help. And where would he harbor her, what provision could he make for her? How different six months ago, when the gold world had been his kingdom, and he the master of it!

He entered the house, and found Courvoisier busy with the teacups. A bright fire burned in the little grate; a kettle hissed cheerily upon the old fashioned hob. There were lights everywhere, for Courvoisier understood his master's dislike of darkness, and wisely provided against it. A table in the bay window had an orderly litter of newspapers and letters, and even telegrams from London. Dudley regarded them wistfully, but knew that he would not answer them. James Macalister, his right hand in the affairs of Hatton & Hatton, had been the one man who had heard from him since his wife died. But Macalister knew his determination now, and rarely troubled him. A clever, shrewd man, he did his best in those untoward circumstances which threatened their fortunes. But he understood that the guiding brain had ceased to think, that the creative genius was with them no longer; that in the end the house must fall, the harvest of ruin be reaped.

Dudley, on his part, thought that he had ceased to care. What had money to give him now? Could it lift the shadows and show him the hidden truth, could it banish the torment and the doubt? He said that it could not. He would have bartered all his possessions for that gift of self acquittal which the truth about Hermine's death alone could purchase. For the rest, he shunned the world; he sent no message, even to those who had called themselves his intimates. And Courvoisier abetted him; he hid the letters when they had been one day upon the table.

"A telegram from Cambridge from Mr. Romer," the valet remarked when his master came in. "The reply was prepaid and I said: 'Writing.' I thought you'd wish that, sir."

Dudley, throwing his soft hat into the corner, drew a chair to the fire and poured himself out a cup of tea.

"The boy wants money, I suppose," he commented dryly. "He would hardly take the trouble to write to me if he did not."

Courvoisier snuffed the wick of a candle, and, being a just man, endeavored to do justice to Dudley's nephew.

"There are a good many letters from him up stairs," he said quietly. "They tell me he's called three times in Park Lane; I always found him a very nice gentleman, sir."

Dudley's face lost its hard look. He had forgotten that big, merry English lad in these months of exile; but he remembered him now, his boyish light heartedness, his manly common sense, and all the attributes of the public school boy. And, all said and done, he believed that "Bous," as they called Romer at Cambridge, was fond of him.

"I will write tomorrow," he said in a kindly voice. "Remind me, Courvoisier. Is there any one else, anything of interest?"

"Miss Mary sends down a comforter and some home made jam. She's at Chiselhurst with her friends, sir."

"Please God she'll stop there!" said Dudley, poking the fire impatiently. "Does Mr. Macalister write today?"

"There's a telegram here, sir; I could not deal with that."

Dudley took the yellow paper in his hand, and read the message twice before he took its meaning. It concerned the Great Southern Railway, in whose fortunes he had so heavily interested himself. What would happen to the Great Southern now? How long since he had asked himself that question? Macalister said that the shares had fallen two points that day. Dudley tossed the telegram into the fire angrily.

"They will fall a good many points yet," he thought.

"Is that all, Courvoisier? Nothing in the village, nothing new?"

Courvoisier, spreading a white cloth upon the dining table, showed his contempt for the village of Black Head with a gesture.

"There's not been anything new in this village since Adam, and he's about the latest!" he replied a little contemptu-

ously. "We've poor company at the inn, I do assure you, sir; mere gossip, and vulgar at that!"

Dudley pulled the cushion up behind his back while he smiled at his servant's notion of vulgarity.

"I was thinking of Roderick Garth," he suggested interrogatively. "He's a little later than Adam, is he not?"

Courvoisier hastened to correct himself.

"Oh, yes, if it's of him you are speaking, sir. Mr. Garth, to be sure, is a curious gentleman. You will hear plenty about him down at the Blue Dragon; and no wonder, too, seeing the way he greases their wheels!"

"What do you mean by that, Courvoisier?"

The valet balanced a silver fork upon an outstretched finger and fixed his eyes upon it. He had not words enough to explain himself by useful evasion.

"Well, sir, it's over delicate to speak of. There are some who say that he gets his brandy too cheap, and some that it might be dearer. I don't know nothing about that myself, but it's good brandy, regular fine champagne—and not over priced, when you know where to get it!"

"And you are a connoisseur, eh, Courvoisier?"

"Well, sir, I do know a glass of good brandy when I taste it—and, excusing the liberty, I have brought a bottle for your own particular use."

Dudley had heard nothing so amusing for a long time.

"What," he cried, "you would make a smuggler of me?"

"Not that, sir; it's bought and paid for, I do assure you. And there's little more to be got where that came from. The excise is precious sharp with these poor fisher folk, sir."

"But Mr. Garth isn't a poor fisher folk; he's a magistrate, you know."

"That's it, sir; and his brother, who died last month, was excise officer down here. I won't say nothing about putting two and two together, because they don't make four in these parts, not by a long way. But it's not forbidden to draw an interference, and that the people will do, sir."

Dudley knew that he meant "interference," but he would not have corrected Courvoisier for the world.

"Does the village, then, seriously suggest that Garth is a smuggler?"

"Oh, no, not that, sir. The village takes what it can get and is thankful. But the old house is a queer place, all said and done. The cliff's full of cellars,

as the story goes, and the late Mr. Garth was fond of port wine, particular fond of it. This one's fancy seems to be old brandy. If a poor fisherman comes over from France with a bottle or two, or a keg, maybe, in his cuddy, it's natural he should look to the gentleman of the district. I do hear that Mr. Garth has done a wonderful trade in brandy these five year or more."

"His brother being an exciseman, and he a magistrate! It is lucky we live in a free country, Courvoisier."

Courvoisier shook his head.

"Not so free, begging your pardon, sir. The new officer is a teetotaler, they tell me, and no gentleman. We have all our troubles, and I suppose Mr. Garth has his. They say down in the village that a writ's out against him; I do hope it isn't true, sir, I do, indeed. There is no such brandy anywhere hereabouts, as the best judges say."

"And the vendor on his way to prison! Is that what you mean, Courvoisier?"

The valet protested in his humble way against a conclusion so unpleasant.

"Indeed, sir, I hope not. Mr. Garth is a wild gentleman, but I should be very sorry to see misfortune overtake him. And the young lady, too, Miss Beryl—I would not have it happen for worlds!"

Dudley was silent at the mention of little Beryl. "Yes," he said to himself, "it is always the children who pay, in these cases, be they great or small." For the rest, he gave little thought to the story. It was quite possible, he imagined, that many a keg of brandy came ashore, duty free, on that wild coast; but that a magistrate and a petty lord of the manor should use his house for systematic fraud upon the excise seemed to him a fairy tale worthy of Black Head. Roderick Garth would be clever enough to avoid the law. Little Beryl would remain in the bleak house on the hill, and he, Dudley—he would go, aye, God knew whither!

"A pretty scandal, upon my word, Courvoisier," he said at length. "Let's hope, with the man who heard about Noah's flood, that it isn't all true. You can bring me another story tomorrow morning; I am interested."

Dudley dressed for dinner at a quarter to eight, and at nine o'clock Courvoisier left him. Even here in this Cornish waste the old habits of civilization were thus far respected. He lived in a cottage, but the fashion was that of Mayfair. Though he professed no longer to value money, money ministered daily to his comfort. And Courvoisier's was the ministering

hand. The far seeing seneschal ordered all things well in that bandbox of a house. In attendance almost with the daylight, he did not quit the cottage until the last duty of the night had been performed. There upon the table would be the daily papers nicely cut; the fire blazed cheerily, a kettle hissed merrily on the hob; there were bottles and glasses on the dining table. Thick curtains shut out the view of the distant sea and the bleak house on the hill. Lamps and candles made the little room as bright as day.

No man could do more, Dudley would say sometimes; and yet Courvoisier had a good deal more to do. No sooner had he quitted the house on this particular evening, than he slammed the garden gate ostentatiously, and, this done, ran back to peer through a crevice of the window curtains which he purposely had folded. For quite a long time he stood there, a still figure in the deep shadow of the night. Every act, every movement his master made, could be seen by the patient servant. How much he would have given to know of what that silent man was thinking! And yet Dudley remained inscrutable. For an hour, at least, he neither moved in his chair nor looked once towards the window. When, in the end, he stood up and began to put out the candles one by one, and the firelight shone brightly upon his troubled face, Courvoisier started back and fled from the place as from a house accursed.

"He's dreaming still," he said; "he's dreaming still. Well, let him dream! It's worth a fortune to me!"

Dudley, in truth, was dreaming, and his valet, it may be, was the one man in all the world who read those dreams aright. Here, in the silence of the night, when the curtains shut out the west wind's doleful blast, and men and cities were far away, and he thought that none watched him, and sea and moor and village were alike forgotten, he lived again through the feverish hours of his life's great tragedy. Nothing could shut that picture out; no force of will destroy it. From every flame of the clinging fire, from every shadow of the room, the eyes looked out to his as if to question him. He wrestled, like one in an agony, for the truth he had lost; but the truth defied him. And the visions were about him always. They recreated the past, compelled him to live through it, stifled his cries, put an iron hand upon his heart. Resist them as he would, they carried him back to the evening of the day when Oliver Chaplin had warned him, and he had known that

the end of his ambition was at hand—all waggered, all lost, in that lust of gold.

Every detail of that terrible night thrust itself upon his awakened brain. He remembered how he had dined at his club, had returned to his home, and had wished to speak to Hermine—the love which animated him, the sympathy he craved. And he had failed to win any response from her; she had closed the treasure of a woman's heart, and for him it was not to be opened. The moments of that scene recurred one by one, the pity of it, the end! He saw the woman he had loved lying dead before him. Once more he knelt and kissed the lips which never would answer him again. Once more he cried passionately, "Hermine, why do you not speak to me!"

He recollected how servants had come to the room, and he had heard whispered voices, and a figure had thrust itself between him and the dead. But none of these things was the truth. Why had she died? In what way had he contributed to her death? Might it even be that he was a murderer?

Dudley trembled at the thought; he bent low over the fire. The figure of his dead wife stood at his side; he tried to speak to her, but his lips could not utter the words. He touched her hand; it was cold as stone. But the eyes, which had no message for him in life, did not reproach him now that she was dead. He thought they looked down upon him with the love that he had known in the forgotten years. And he would have drawn the figure to him and pressed it close, that Hermine might say, "You are not guilty;" but the spell was upon him, he could not cast it off.

When, at last, with one supreme effort, he recalled his reason and started up with a loud cry, the picture vanished as it had come. The fire had burned itself to ashes; the room was in darkness, the long night at its zenith.

X.

DUDLEY was stiff and cramped in every limb when he awoke; and his first thought was of bed and sleep. Usually these dreams left him weak and unstrung, and his experience upon this November night did not prove an exception. His hand trembled when he groped for the candle, and he struck several matches unavailingly before he could get a light.

Dreams such as his were potent in their continuing impressions; and even when the candle was lighted and he had peered

into every corner of the room, the idea still remained to him that he was not alone. The figure of his sleep hovered about him. Nervous and troubled, he imagined that he could feel a cold breath on his cheek, and the velvet touch of an unseen hand upon his own.

This hallucination he conquered with difficulty, and was about to quit the room, when a sound from the still world without arrested him, and he became aware that a horse was being galloped upon the cliff road to the north, and that the rider, whoever he might be, must pass the cottage gate. Such an event at such an hour was rare enough in that bleak place. Dudley remembered what Beryl had told him of trouble in her house, and of her father's journey to Bodmin; and wondering if the horseman were in any way connected with it, he slipped on his fur coat and went out to the garden.

A bitter blast of the night slammed the door behind him and extinguished the candle he had lighted. He could hear the thud of hoofs upon the road very clearly now, and they approached him rapidly. But this was not the most surprising thing; for when he looked over to the headland he saw lights in the windows of Garth's house, and, more wonderful still, the lanterns of some big ship upon the sea.

From the vessel, anon, a searchlight flashed out; and, showing all the heights, the great cliff and the waves breaking in the bay, the stony moor and the sleeping grassland, it fell upon the figure of the galloping horseman, and made it plain that others pursued him. Dudley knew in a moment, then, that Roderick Garth had not been to Bodmin, and that here was the story of his trouble. The man was riding for his liberty. Could he but gain the crest of the ridge and strike the shelving country behind it, he might yet go free.

Dudley had seen no race so pretty since he left Cambridge. After all, he remembered, it is not so terrible an offense to defraud the excise. He wished heartily that the fugitive might escape.

Roderick Garth's horse was all of a sweat when he came up to the cottage gate, and the man himself had the wild look of one who knows that discovery is at his heels. He wore a short seaman's jacket and farmer's breeches beneath; but the wind had robbed him of his hat, and his curly black hair was blown like a woman's about his face. So powerful was the ship's light that the man and the horse

stood silhouetted there like a statue against the background of the hills.

"Is that you, Mr. Hatton? I thought I saw a light from down yonder. Well, I'm riding to Bodmin, and may not be back for a day or two. Will you look after my little girl so long? Yon chaps are hunting me for a keg or two of good brandy. Time I make the moor, I'll lead them a dance, surely! Good night to you, Mr. Hatton—you will not forget Beryl?"

Garth's horse was champing and rearing while he spoke, and he did not wait for an answer. Behind him, in the hollow of the cliff, mounted police urged forward at all their speed. Dudley had lost sight of them as they went down; but now the searchlight showed him their peak caps rising on the crest, and he feared that Garth would be taken.

"Ride, man, for God's sake!" he said. "They are right on your heels!"

Garth laughed bitterly as he let the horse go again.

"Aye," he said, "the brandy burn their throats! But I'll teach them yet, Mr. Hatton, I'll teach them yet! Good night, and good luck!"

He raised his whip, and his horse plunged forward at the gallop. Every acre of that ground was known to him, and he rode a perilous course where others would have fallen. The police, on their part, believed that he was already taken. They rode by the cottage door as men sure of their prey.

"What's the matter, sergeant?" Hatton asked them. "What's the charge?"

The sergeant answered him over his shoulder.

"Murder, likely enough! That's the charge!"

Dudley turned up the collar of his heavy fur coat, and leaned against the railings, waiting for the end. He could see Roderick Garth at this time not more than fifty yards ahead of his pursuers. They appeared to gain upon him, and yet it was difficult to judge distances by such a light. At one moment he thought the man was taken, at another that he was free.

It was years since Dudley had been at a coursing match, but this wild ride recalled it to his memory. Here were quarry and dogs; the shadows were the warren. Let Garth make them, and he was safe. But would he make them? No, his horse was down! Headlong, man and beast went rolling together. It was impossible to believe that the fugitive had yet a chance of escape.

(To be continued.)

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

A Lee Monument in Washington.

In the notable address which he delivered a few weeks ago to the Phi Beta Kappa Society of the University of Chicago, Charles Francis Adams expressed the confident hope that a monument to General Lee would before long be erected in Washington. Such a recognition, by the bearer of a historic Massachusetts name, of the great Virginian soldier's claim to a place among our national heroes is both interesting and significant.

"Today," said the great grandson of the second President, "the bronze effigy of Oliver Cromwell, massive in size, rugged in feature, characteristic in attitude, stands defiantly in the yard of that Westminster Hall from a pole on the top of which, twelvescore years ago, the flesh crumbled from his skull." And the speaker predicted that in the not distant future "the bronze effigy of Robert E. Lee, mounted on his charger and with the insignia of his Confederate rank, will from its pedestal in the nation's capital look across the Potomac to his old home at Arlington."

The American mind is nimbler than the British, and mental development everywhere is more rapid today than of old; but it is scarcely credible that within forty years of the ending of our Civil War the reunited nation should be ready to pay the same honors to the chief captain of the defeated side that England has paid to Cromwell two and a half centuries after his death. Mr. Adams' broad minded and truly patriotic suggestion is probably somewhat premature.

The New American Republic.

When Congress voted what was practically a declaration of war with Spain, it added to the order for forcible intervention in Cuba one of the most remarkable pledges ever adopted by any

legislature. The so called Teller resolution, binding the United States to "leave the government and control of the island to its people," was adopted in a moment of enthusiasm. Sober second thought regarded it with growing doubt. It committed us to a charitable enterprise of colossal proportions. It compelled us to wage a costly war with no prospect of adequate recompense. It was a piece of noble generosity to the distressed Cubans, but its fairness to the United States was problematical; and in politics, as in some other things, it is generally considered advisable to be just before one is generous.

The strange chapter of history that began with Mr. Teller's self denying ordinance ended four years later—on the 20th of last May—when, having freed Cuba from her foreign masters, having set the island in order and done all that could be done to prepare her for the task of self government, we formally presented her with her independence. It had cost us many hundreds of lives and many millions of dollars; we gave it to her as a free gift. No foreign observer had believed that our pledge would be fulfilled; but fulfilled it was. The American flag came down from above the governor general's palace; General Wood and his staff marched to the wharf; and the swift cruiser Brooklyn bore them past the Morro and out to sea, out of hearing of the *vivas* that greeted the birth of the new republic.

Of Tomas Estrada Palma, the chief executive of the new born state, a portrait was given in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* for March last. The vice president, Señor Estevez, and five members of the cabinet appear on page 722. The sixth cabinet minister, Carlos Zaldo, has a prejudice against the camera—wherein he differs from most distinguished men.

President Palma's nominees include representatives of various classes and

interests in Cuba. Señor Diaz, secretary of public works, is a Spaniard and a railroad man. Señor Zaldo, secretary of justice, and a lawyer by profession, belongs to the extreme Cuban party, which opposed the granting of conces-

Wood's cabinet whom President Palma retained in office.

Such a union of the constituent elements of Cuban political opinion, if it proves capable of working harmoniously and efficiently, augurs well for the



THE BIRTH OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC—THE LOWERING OF THE UNITED STATES FLAG ABOVE THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S PALACE IN HAVANA, ON MAY 20 LAST.

sions to the United States, and supported Masso for the presidency. Señor Montes, at the head of the financial department—a post that may prove difficult indeed—was an assistant secretary during the temporary régime of General Brooke, and is regarded as a member of the Capote faction. Señor Yero, secretary of public instruction, was formerly a journalist in New York, and more lately an official of the teaching corps organized under American auspices. Señor Terry, secretary of agriculture and commerce, belongs to the well known Cuban family of that name, and may be said to represent the aristocracy of the island. Señor Tamayo, whose bureau corresponds more or less closely to our Department of the Interior, is the only member of General

island's first independent administration. The new republic's opportunities lie before her.

An Anglo American Marquis.

The engraving on page 723 shows a very young man who, in the natural course of events, will one day be an interesting figure in the British aristocracy. The little Marquis of Blandford, as he is styled by courtesy, may be described as the heir of the Churchills and the Vanderbilts, the offspring of Blenheim and Fifth Avenue, a living pledge, as it were, of the annexation of Britain's haughty peerage by the plutocratic society of New York.

The boy's father, the Duke of Marlborough, was to have acted as lord high



JOSE MARIA GARCIA MONTES, SECRETARY OF THE
TREASURY.



LUIS ESTEVEZ, VICE PRESIDENT OF THE CUBAN
REPUBLIC.



EDUARDO YERO, SECRETARY OF PUBLIC INSTRU-
TION.



DIEGO TAMAYO, SECRETARY OF STATE AND
GOVERNMENT.



EMILIO TERRY, SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE AND
COMMERCE.

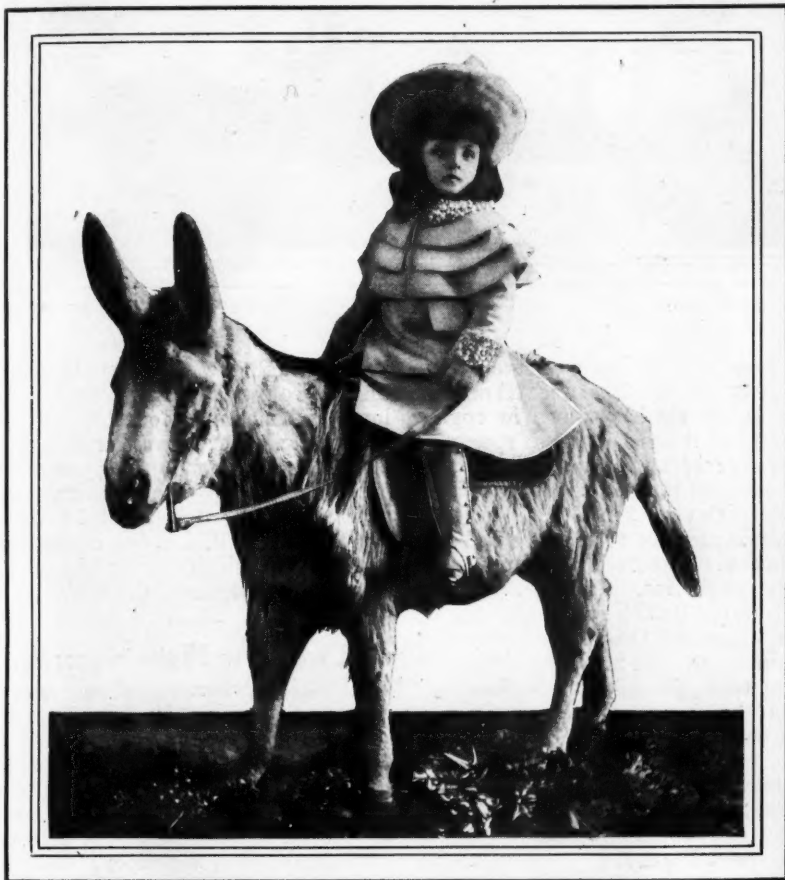


MANUEL LUCIANO DIAZ, SECRETARY OF PUBLIC
WORKS.

LEADING MEMBERS OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE NEW CUBAN REPUBLIC.

steward of England on the day of King Edward's coronation. The post was, of course, purely a titular one, but the choice of the young duke for an honor

mander for whom Queen Anne, his wife's close friend, created the title; but none of them has impressed himself deeply on history. The third duke was



THE MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD, SON AND HEIR OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH AND HIS WIFE, FORMERLY MISS CONSUELO VANDERBILT OF NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Speaight, London.

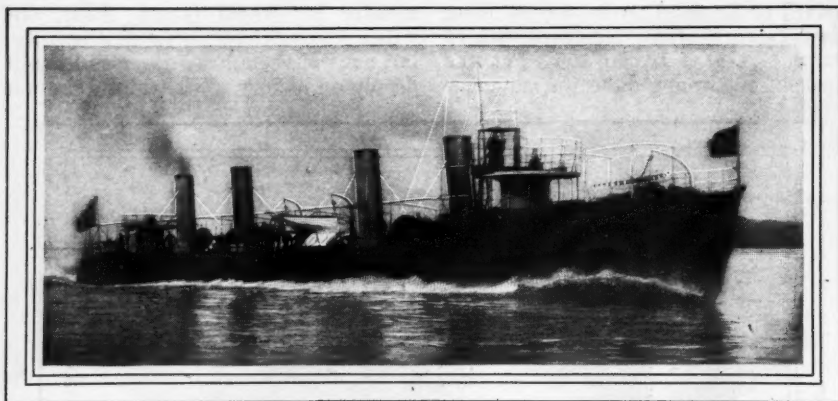
which, however empty, was coveted by many men of greater personal distinction, may prove to be significant. He has often been mentioned as a possible lord lieutenant of Ireland, and it would not be strange to see him appointed to some such office. Governments are glad, as a rule, to enlist men of high rank and great wealth to serve the state in positions that are more or less ornamental.

There have been eight Dukes of Marlborough since the brilliant com-

a soldier who served with some distinction in the wars of George II, commanding a brigade in the battle of Dettingen. The seventh duke was a member of one of Disraeli's cabinets, and served as lord lieutenant of Ireland. His grandson, the ninth and present peer, may accomplish at least as much.

Ships Built for Speed.

During the last few years the naval constructors of the maritime powers



THE UNITED STATES TORPEDO DESTROYER PERRY STEAMING AT THIRTY KNOTS AN HOUR IN SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR.

have been straining every nerve in the race for speed. The once slow and heavy battleship has gained in engine power until it has become as speedy as the cruiser of half a dozen years ago. Gunboats and torpedo vessels have been lightened and quickened at a positively dangerous sacrifice of strength and seaworthiness. The result has not been wholly propitious. The two swiftest vessels in the British navy—the turbine boats *Viper* and *Cobra*—were wrecked where stouter craft might have escaped. One of them, indeed, was crushed and broken by a wave, collapsing like a paper shell.

We, too, have had our troubles with light naval vessels, chiefly owing to the very serious difficulty of building a seaworthy and workable craft of the extreme speed demanded by the contracts. Some of our constructors, however, have been successful. The little torpedo boat *Wilkes*, turned out by a New York yard, made twenty six knots at her preliminary trial, which took place early in June. In Pacific waters, a few weeks earlier, a larger and more powerful vessel, the torpedo destroyer *Perry*, did still better, showing a speed of thirty knots—nearly thirty five land miles an hour.

The engraving on this page shows the *Perry* steaming at her best pace in San Francisco harbor. It will be seen that she has a pretty good "bone in her teeth," but any sailor would say that considering her tremendous speed she

goes through the water easily enough. She is two hundred and forty five feet long, and measures four hundred and twenty tons; her complement is three officers and sixty nine men; she carries two rapid fire fourteen pounders, as well as several smaller guns; and she has two torpedo tubes. She is one of the finest and most formidable boats of her class—the naval hornets of the seas.

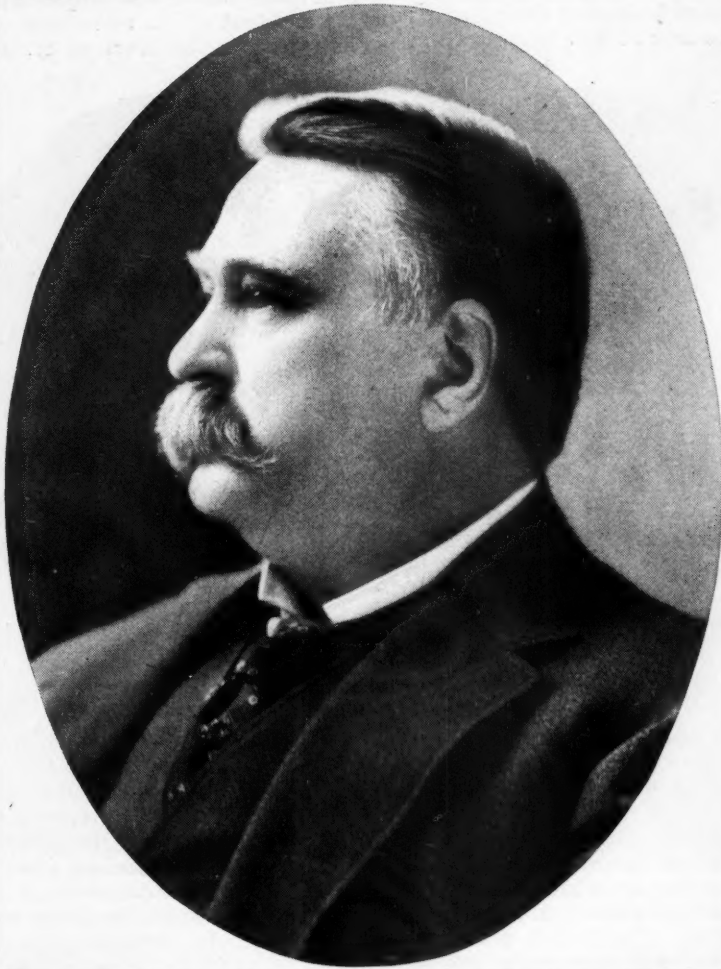
Two New Major Generals.

Though "generals" of one sort or another are thick as blackberries in this happy land of peace and plenty, few indeed are the simon pure articles who have the right to sign themselves "major general, U. S. A." Any carpet knight can be a "general" by getting a commission on a Governor's staff; but to attain the double stars of the second highest rank in the splendid little force that constitutes our regular army is a distinction only to be won by a lifetime of good and faithful work for the country and its flag. Hence hearty congratulations are in order for John C. Bates and George W. Davis, recently nominated to be major generals as the reward of service dating back to the Civil War.

Portraits of the two new major generals are given on page 726. General Bates, as will be remembered, commanded a brigade with Shafter at Santiago; General Davis was the first Governor of Porto Rico after the American

acquisition of the island; and both men have since held important commands in the Philippines. General Davis,

was his negotiation of the treaty with the Sultan of Sulu. It is the opinion of those best qualified to judge that by his



JOHN W. GATES, ONE OF THE NEW FORCES IN WALL STREET—A FEW YEARS AGO MR. GATES WAS A WESTERN HARDWARE SALESMAN; HE IS NOW THE MOST SPECTACULAR AND DARING OF STOCK EXCHANGE OPERATORS.

From a photograph by Falk, New York.

though a line officer, has shown marked ability as an engineer in the reconstruction of the Washington Monument and by his work in connection with the Nicaragua Canal. Perhaps the most signal achievement of General Bates

diplomatic handling of a difficult problem the general saved us from a serious war.

General Davis has before him only one more year of active service, but General Bates will not reach the age of

compulsory retirement until August, 1906.

A New Ambassador.

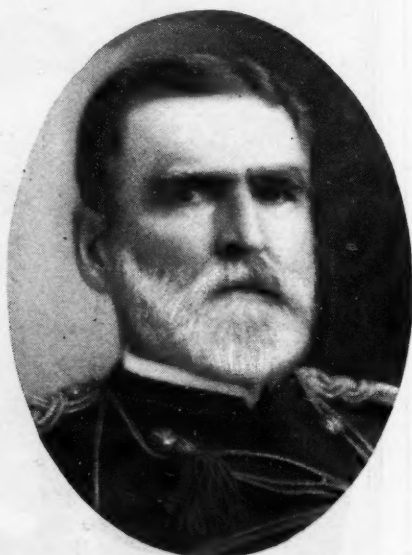
Time was when British ambassadors were chosen because of their family position, because of their interest with the

matic service. These ambassadors are practical representatives of their country, not mere figureheads.

Some comment has been raised over the difference between the class of men sent to the United States by Great Britain and that of the representatives we have sent to the court of St. James.



MAJOR GENERAL GEORGE W. DAVIS.



MAJOR GENERAL JOHN C. BATES.

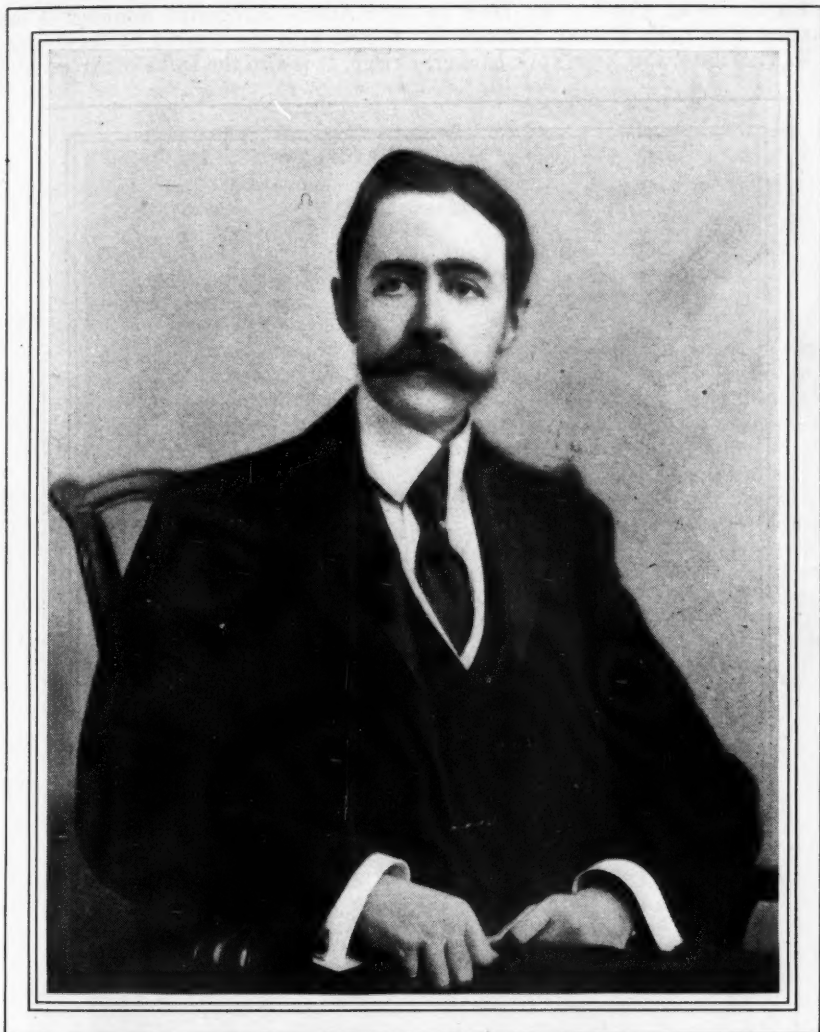
TWO NEW MAJOR GENERALS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

government of the day, or because of reasons that rendered their residence abroad desirable to their friends. The results were, in many instances, deplorable. Friendly nations were set at loggerheads, and international difficulties arose that tact and common sense easily could have obviated. A new era has commenced. The British government has chosen for its more recent representatives men trained in diplomacy—professional ambassadors.

This practical outcome of the new diplomacy of Mr. Chamberlain sent to Cape Town Lord Milner, a treasury official; to Cairo, Earl Cromer, a financial expert; to Washington, Lord Pauncefoot, a consul general. Most recently it has selected for the position of ambassador to the American republic Michael Henry Herbert, a man of twenty five years' training in the diplo-

Lowell, Phelps, Bayard, Hay, and Choate were representatives of cultured America, men of great ability and high position. They admirably served the needs of a government which delegates none of its power to ambassadors, which conducts all of its negotiations at headquarters, and which treats its embassies as purely ornamental appointments.

It is otherwise in Europe, where an ambassador's word has the weight of a government behind it, where the ambassador is in very truth the mouthpiece of his sovereign, and where an ambassador's *lapsus linguae* may be tantamount to an international issue. Great Britain possesses a trained diplomatic service, and trusts to it for practical results. All our diplomacy is conducted at the seat of government, and the men we send abroad represent



THE HON. MICHAEL HENRY HERBERT, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED THE LATE LORD PAUNCEFOTE AS BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT WASHINGTON.

From a photograph by Alman, New York.

little more than the courtesies of international etiquette.

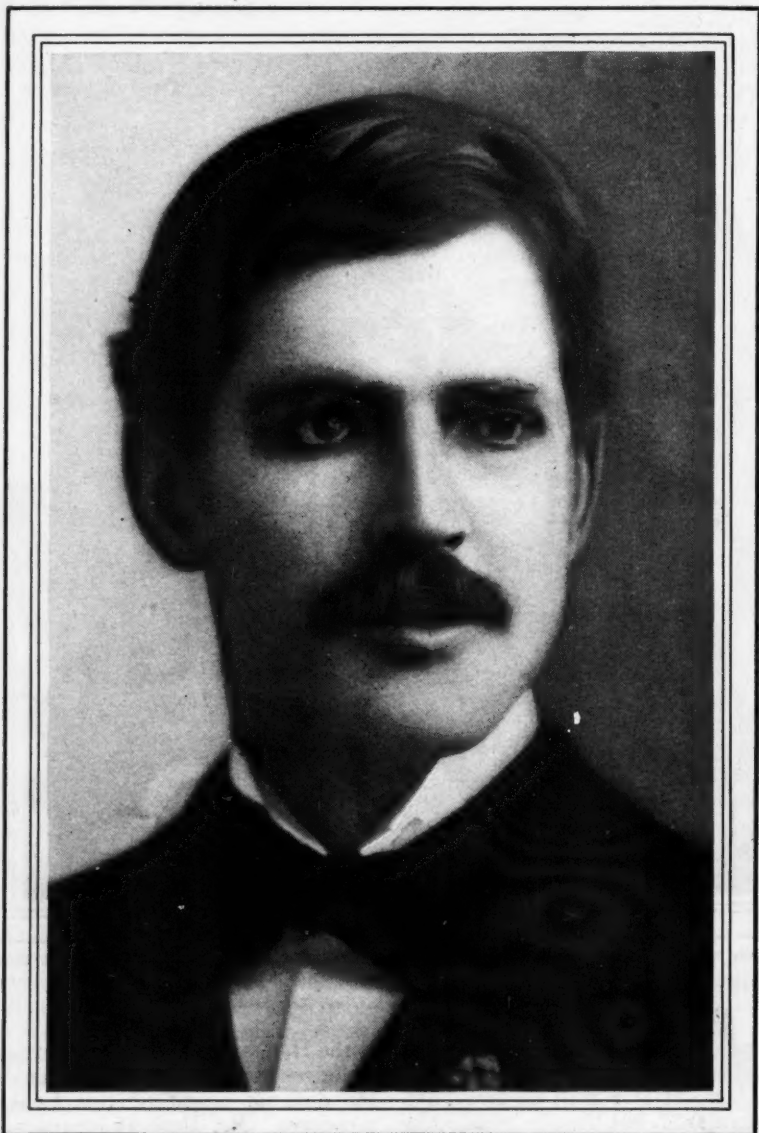
Mr. Herbert is a man of forty five who, since 1877, has been in training in the diplomatic service of his country. First an attaché in Paris, in 1883 he became second secretary to the embassy there. In 1888 he came to Washington as a secretary, and in 1892 was appointed secretary of legation here. In 1893 he became secretary of legation

at the Hague, and in 1894 he was chargé d'affaires at Constantinople throughout the difficult period of the Armenian massacres. Mr. Herbert became secretary to the embassy at Rome in 1897, and in the following year was appointed first secretary at Paris. It is from that position he comes to Washington as ambassador.

Mr. Herbert's feeling towards the American people has been demonstrated

in his choice of a wife. In 1888 he married Miss Lelia Wilson, a daughter of R. T. Wilson, the New York banker,

the Austro-Hungarian minister is connected with the United States by marriage, as is also the Duke of Arcos, until



JAMES RUDOLPH GARFIELD, SECOND SON OF THE LATE PRESIDENT GARFIELD, RECENTLY APPOINTED A UNITED STATES CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONER.

From a photograph by Edmondson, Cleveland.

and a sister of Mrs. Ogden Goelet and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

Besides the new British ambassador,

lately representative of Spain. Such bonds are not without effect in the maintenance of international amities.

The New Photography.

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

THE CLAIM OF PHOTOGRAPHY TO RANK AS ONE OF THE TRUE ARTS—THE REMARKABLE WORK THAT IS BEING DONE BY THE LEADERS OF THE NEW SCHOOL, AND HOW IT DIFFERS FROM THE ORDINARY PRODUCT OF THE CAMERA.

A DISCUSSION has arisen in St. Louis regarding the position that shall be assigned to photographic pictures in the forthcoming exposition. Shall they be classed with photographic apparatus and material in a section of the building devoted to manufactures and the liberal arts, or shall their status as pictures secure them entrance into the Palace of the Fine Arts?

At the present moment it seems probable that the decision will relegate them to the manufactures building, which is practically a refusal to ac-

knowledge their status as pictures. The refusal is grounded upon the fact that at a certain stage of their development a box with a glass eye in it has contributed to the result; a mechanical contrivance has intervened and registered simply what was before it, interfering with the artist's freedom to accept or reject, to fashion according to his fancy—in a word, to create.

Perhaps, if we accept the absolute freedom of action at every stage of the game as necessary to our idea of creation, a photographic picture must be



"SCURRYING HOME."

From a photograph by Alfred Stieglitz.



"OLD AGE."

From a photograph by Alfred Stieglitz.

ruled out of court. But we have had our theories of creation somewhat modified. There is a certain charming creature that used to be traced to an efflorescence of one of Adam's ribs; and from this genesis was argued out most satisfactorily woman's inferiority to man. It was in its day a good working hypothesis—good, at least, for man—but today it scarcely works. The fair creature has pretty thoroughly established her claim to independent creation, to be considered as an independent branch of the human scheme. Possibly photography may prove to be as independent of theories established by painters in the interest of their own art.

PROGRESS IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Let us, however, drop the controversial consideration of photography and

glance briefly at what it has accomplished, on the principle that an ounce of practice is worth more than a pound of theory. I often hear it remarked, "What strides photography has made!" and find that the speaker is really ignorant of the most significant phases of the improvement. If we look into the windows of the best professional photographers in any city, we shall see results that are far in advance of the prints that only a few years ago were regarded as acceptable. If we happen to have an old family album, the difference in the quality and character of the prints contained therein from those which are available now is extraordinarily marked. The improvement results from two causes: from an improvement in the camera and in photographic materials, and from an advance in the taste and knowledge of

the photographer. He has better ideas as to how the subject should be posed; has banished from his studio the flowered table cloth, the painted backgrounds, and the trumpery "properties" with which he used to arrange the setting of his figures. He shows some feeling for the charm of tone in the finished print.

Yet, even so, the print is in a great number of cases very far from being a picture in the true sense. This is due quite as often to the indiscretion of the public as to the lack of skill and taste in the photographer. Many people demand as of first importance in a photographic portrait that it shall be distinct; that every feature shall be given with a precise clearness, and that the costume shall be reproduced with all its elaboration of detail. Scarcely less

important is it held to be that all inequalities in the surface of the face shall be smoothed away, until the features have the sleek hardness of soap or the even softness of a bit of chamois leather. Such a portrait is only an

photographic picture? The very first thing that the artist does is to exercise his power of selection. In the case of a portrait his subject is given to him; but he selects the pose and manner of presentation, and, most important of all,



"A BACCHANTE."

From a photograph by Joseph T. Keiley.

itemized record of features and dress, and, while it may be a good likeness in a general way, rarely suggests a living personality or an individual character. Still less can it be said to have any true pictorial qualities.

What, then, are these qualities that may convert a mere photograph into a

selects the points on which he shall rely to produce his effects. In other words, he makes up his mind as to what he shall emphasize and what he shall slur over or omit; for he knows that it is not by representing everything that he will reach the truth, but by a reliance upon some things as essentials and by a sub-

ordination of the rest. That is the way in which we ourselves see the people and objects around us. The eye can-

shall note some things as essential, subordinate others, and omit some altogether. If he is an artist, he will

arrange it by the way in which he distributes the light, so that some parts are clearly revealed, others subdued by half shadows, while others are lost or merged in a depth of shade. This is one of the ways in which an artist, working in paint or in black and white with a pen or etching needle, gets his beautiful picture effects; the way also in which we ourselves enjoy nature, marking not only the beauty of the sunlit spots, but the magic of the shadows, and the mysteriousness of the deepest shadows, where the eye loses itself and the imagination begins to be excited.

We do not need to be reminded how important a part is played in the great painted portraits by this variety of light and shade; and yet many of us would feel that we were not getting our money's worth if the photographer were to treat our faces and costumes to this sort of mingling of distinctness and indistinctness. So, I say, the public themselves often stand in the way of photograph-

not take in everything at once, but instinctively fixes on certain points.

ATMOSPHERE IN PHOTOGRAPHS.

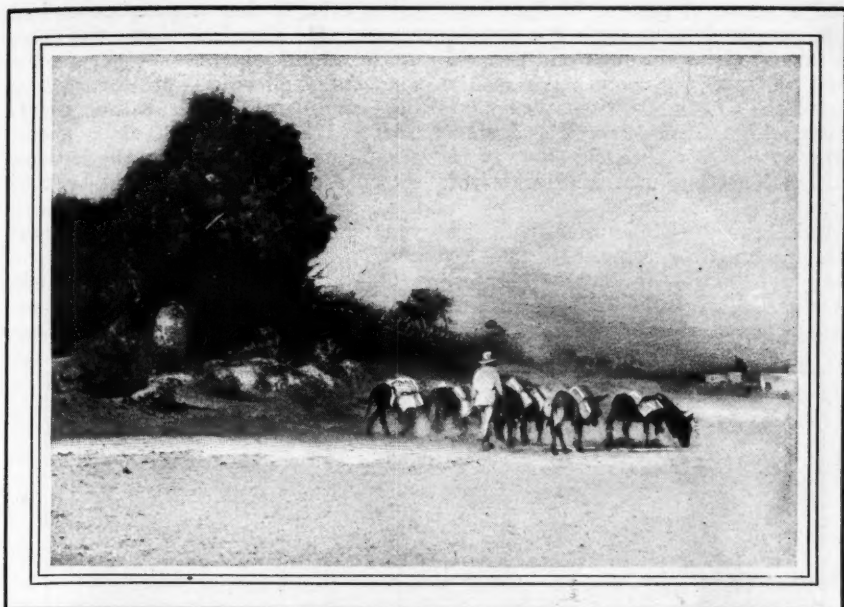
You may ask how the photographer can arrange that his all seeing camera

ers producing pictorial photographs. But in all the photographic pictures that most attract our admiration, or ought to do so, we shall find this ingenious and suggestive play of light and shade; which furnishes on the one



"BLESSED ART THOU AMONG WOMEN."

From a photograph by Gertrude Kasebier.



"THE APPROACHING STORM."

From a photograph by Oscar Mauver.



"EARLY MORN."

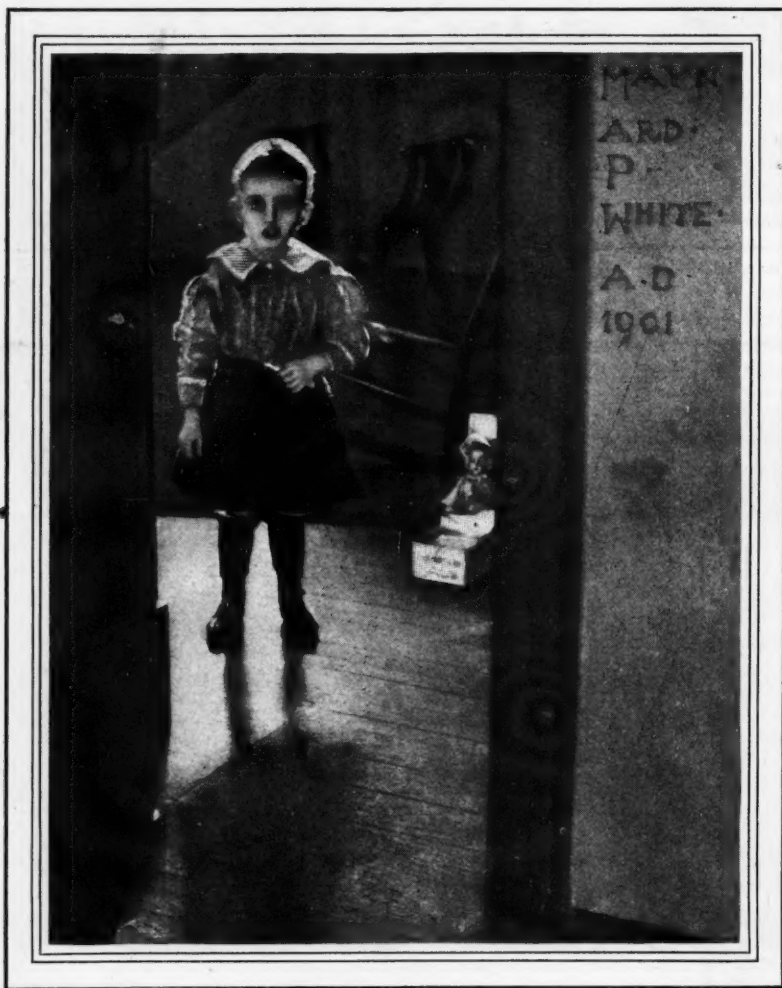
From a photograph by Alfred Stieglitz.

hand a beautiful pattern of light and dark tone, and on the other a certain stimulus to the imagination, because some parts of the picture are rather hinted than defined. There is opportunity for guesswork as well as for assurance; which is precisely the way in which we get our own impressions of life.

And this same life is what the artist is intent upon depicting. He tries to create the impression that his figures, his trees, and water, and skies, are alive; that they have the possibilities of move-

ment, even if they are represented in repose. He therefore shuns the hard, unbroken line, because in nature the contours of all objects are softened by the atmosphere which bathes everything. When you look at a photographic picture, do you feel the presence of atmosphere? If so, it is by that much a better picture than one in which you do not feel it, because it is that much nearer to depicting nature.

The atmosphere in nature not only loosens the outline of objects, but affects the color of them. The meadow,



"PORTRAIT OF A BOY."

From a photograph by Clarence H. White.

for example, as it recedes from the eye, becomes grayer owing to the intervening layers of atmosphere; which is one of the illusions that nature is continually presenting to the eye. We know that the meadow in the distance is really of the same color as that part of it on which we stand, and yet it seems to be of different tint. The painter, in representing this illusion, varies his hues, but the artist in black and white, including the photographer, has practically only one at his disposal. He creates his illusion by varying the intensity of this one color; in fact, by graduating its tone. So tone becomes one of the qualities which distinguish a pictorial photograph; a method of approximating towards nature, and at the same time of producing an effect that is in itself beautiful. For tone of color affects us in much the same way as tone of sound. We enjoy not only the varied modulations, but also the degree of delicacy, richness, or robustness which each modulation possesses.

Thus in a photograph we may derive enjoyment from the scale of graduated effects from the darkest to the lightest parts, and from the intrinsic quality of each note of color in the series. And, as in the case of music, they should combine into a harmony of effect, in which there is no jar, no gap of progression, but one responds to another in a cadence, and all combine to produce an impression of a completed whole, harmoniously balanced.

THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY.

In a short article it is very difficult to make clear to any one who has not previously thought about the matter the great difference which exists be-



"AN INDIAN HEAD."

From a photograph by Joseph T. Keiley.

tween the ordinary photograph and those which are worthy of being classed as photographic pictures. For this is the distinction of motive which separates the work of many photographers from the great bulk of the work produced. These men and women are intent upon making pictures, and they rely upon the same means that any other artist in black and white must follow. They pose their subject or select their bit of nature with a view to its making a handsome composition; carefully adjust the light, or wait for it to arrange itself according to their choice; and in the developing and printing keep in mind the truth and beauty of tone; seeking always, not for a merely literal rendering of the subject, but for a rendering that shall bring out its essential characteristics or that shall involve the special feeling with which they desire to invest it. For with the modern improvements in processes and

materials, the range of possibility has been increased almost *ad infinitum*. The photographer can modify and even alter the record of the camera, so as to make it yield what he is striving to express. The camera has ceased to be more than an incident, contributing to

ing. Yet it is not unusual to see photographs nowadays that approximate in character and quality to very good painted portraits. Eduard J. Steichen recently produced a portrait of the famous French sculptor, Rodin, so remarkable that Rodin urged him to en-



"A NEW ENGLAND LANDSCAPE."

From a photograph by W. H. Redfield.

the final result; the latter is becoming more and more a direct product of the operator's own personal skill and feeling. In other words, photography is passing from a mechanical production into a method of independent artistic expression.

This is already becoming recognized in the prices which collectors are willing to pay for prints. Twelve dollars a dozen used to represent a good payment; now fifty dollars is often paid for a single print; a hundred is often asked and paid, and I have known a hundred and fifty to be refused by a photographer. Such prices seem large when one thinks along the line of photography, but are very small compared with those ordinarily paid for a paint-

ter it at the exhibition of the Champ de Mars in Paris. It went before the jury like the other pictures and was accepted, Mr. Steichen being officially notified of its acceptance; but after all, it was not hung, owing to the prejudice of the painters against a photograph. The thing was intrinsically worthy, but it had the taint of the camera in its composition. Hence its rejection!

The illustrations which accompany this article will give a suggestion of the character of the prints, but fail to reproduce the finer qualities of each, to which it is impossible to do justice in the half tone process. Thus in the "Blessed Art Thou Among Women," you may get some idea of Mrs. Gertrude Käsebier's striking original method; of

her skill in composing a picture, and of the refined feeling with which she invests it; but you will gain only a hint of the luminosity of the woman's white gown or of the purity and tender freshness of tone throughout the whole print. Again, in the reproduction of that justly popular print of Alfred Stieglitz, "Scurrying Home," the excellent balance between the wide spaces of sky and sand and the spotting of the church and figures is preserved, as also the pathetic dignity of the two old Dutch women, the life and movement of the figures, and the admirable completeness with which this every day incident in humble life is expressed; but one loses the particular quality of waning light in the sky and the subtleties of light and shadow that are so eminently good in the original. Moreover, while the rendering of Joseph T. Keiley's "Bacchante" suggests the exuberant warmth and ripeness of fruit and flesh, in an arrangement full of poetical imagination, we miss the velvety depth and richness of the tones. Still, these half tones, even in their less than perfection of reproduction, stand out as remarkable pictures.

INDIVIDUALITY IN PHOTOGRAPHS.

Especially should it be noted how entirely different they are from one another, and how different each is from the ordinary run of photographs. A little study should convince any one that the difference is due not only to separate choice of subject, but to the pronounced individuality with which each subject is rendered, so that if either had been essayed by one of the photographers of the other prints, we feel sure that the result would have been something perhaps quite as good, but entirely different in character and feeling. To realize this is to admit that the photographer can put into his print some of his own personal feeling; that he is not entirely at the mercy of his

camera, but can so use his instrument and modify its record, as to produce the impression of his picture which he has formed in his own mind. It is this possibility which induces many men and women to choose the photograph, in preference to some other medium, in order to obtain certain results. For example, both Eduard J. Steichen and Frank Eugene are etchers and painters in oils, skilled also in other black and white work; but for certain purposes they find the photographic medium more suitable, and use it, not of necessity, but from deliberate choice.

I dwell upon this point because, while there is a kind of family resemblance running through all the photographic prints that are not of the first rank, the best work has an individuality of feeling that entirely separates it from the merely skilful use of a piece of mechanism. Unless we appreciate this, we do not realize the progress that has been made in photographic art.

The individuality may not always be attractive, any more than that of a painting is necessarily acceptable. That is another matter, which does not affect the main point of the possibility of individuality. Its attractiveness will depend partly upon the photographer's skill and artistic knowledge, and upon the value of his own personal contribution to the picture, and partly also upon our own taste and preference. In any case, however, the work will not be of that obvious kind which makes one feel that many other people could have obtained the same result.

In a word, the leaders of the latest development of photography are trying to produce pictures which, within the limits of black and white, shall have the qualities that distinguish pictures in other mediums; and they ask that their work may be judged according to the same standards. They are not takers of photographs, but makers of pictures by photographic means.

LOVE'S FOE.

At pain and hunger Love but smiles,
No fear he feels of Malice's wiles;
Vainly his strength dark Hatred tries—
But touched by Doubt Love sinks and dies.

Clinton Dangerfield.

Over Sunday.

THE STORY OF A DELIGHTFUL VISIT TO A HAPPY SUBURBAN HOME.

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

THERE was no getting out of it this time. Welles had refused twice before, and to dodge a third invitation would be to hurt Fisher's feelings. Besides, it had not been hard to think he almost wanted to go, for the instant. He and Fisher, meeting by chance, had lunched together, and, talking over college days, had warmed to a semblance of the old feeling.

"Why not come out and stay over Sunday with us?" Fisher had urged. "It's only forty minutes by the express—you can come back Monday morning as early as you like. My mother and sister will be no end glad to have you."

In the geniality of the moment, Welles had promised, even to the fixing of the train. And now he was in for it.

He looked moodily about his little bachelor apartment as he collected his things, and sighed unhappily. He knew how it would be. The up stairs chilliness of the suburban house threw its depressing shadow before. Then some one would take a bath, and there would be no hot water in the pipes. Sunday morning they would go for a long walk single file in the mud. At two they would eat a huge, stuffy dinner; then various relatives would come in to call, and they would all sit in a circle and tell anecdotes in turn. At half past six there would be lobster salad and hot biscuits and chocolate; and though he would not want them, though he would loathe the sight of food, he would eat everything in sheer desperation. Then they would form another circle for the evening.

Oh, Lord! Welles gave his packed bag an exasperated kick, then flung himself down on the couch for a last smoke among his books and pipes, in the perfect freedom of his own small domain.

Fisher met him at the station, such unsuspecting cordiality on his plump

face that Welles remorsefully thumped him on the back and called him "old man," forcing up his own drooping spirits. Fisher, true to the suburban code, devoted the drive home to pointing out spots of interest, and even went several blocks out of the way that Wells might see the county asylum. Wells stared up at it with blank politeness and said, "Ah, yes!" If Fisher had not been such a simple, complacent little fellow, Welles would probably have demanded, "What in thunder do I care about your asylum?" And that would have put them on another basis at once, and so saved the day. But one could not do that sort of thing with Fisher. He would have been surprised and a little hurt.

The Fisher house had that just finished air that clings indefinitely to a certain type of dwelling. The gentle art of seasoning and mellowing, of adjusting to its owners as a coat to its wearer, could never be acquired by this self-conscious model of suburban prosperity, with its neat gray paint and fancy shingling, and its rigid little porch, and the decorated stucco in the front gable. A chill as of damp plaster was on its halls, and the room to which Welles was shown was clean to the point of dismalness. Left alone, he tried to smoke a cigarette with his head out of the window; but as comfort it was not a success. There was nothing for it but to dress and go down.

Five hours later Welles reiterated his good nights, again thumped Fisher on the back, then closed the door behind him and beat his head softly against the wall.

"Oh, I want to go home, I want to go home!" he wailed under his breath. Homesickness for his own small domain, for the hard little bed that was a couch by daylight, for liberty to smoke, to be silent, to move about without ex-

planation, clutched him with a grip that almost drew tears. "I want to go home! And they won't let me. I've got to stay another night. They are kind and worthy, but they're dull, dull, dull! And I hate and loathe being in other people's houses. I want to go home!"

He flung himself down on the bed, frowning impatiently at its excellent quality.

"I am sure I have done my best," he said, as though it conveyed a reproach. "I admired everything in sight, and made a beast of myself talking about the food. Oh, I sawed wood! They think I am a nice young man. Lord, what wouldn't I give to get out of it!" And he went dismally to bed, vaguely ashamed of himself, yet no less resentful on that account.

A sullen rain was falling the next morning. Welles wandered helplessly into the sittingroom after breakfast, and the three Fishers sat resolutely down to entertain him. All that long morning they sat, and sat, and sat. The knowledge that presently he must shriek aloud finally drove Welles to action. Escaping to his room, he seized coat and hat, and then, with a muttered excuse about buying cigarettes, he fled into the rain before any one could offer to join him.

The sun was struggling out when he came back, and he strode with a free step, as one who has met his problems and conquered them. He ran up to prepare for the two o'clock dinner, whistling under his breath, and, while there, surreptitiously packed his bag, slipping it out of sight afterwards. As he came down again, a small boy was offering Miss Fisher a yellow envelope at the front door.

"Here's your telegram," he said to Welles. Welles shot a warning frown at him.

"My telegram!" he said in surprise.

"Why, Willie, how did you come to bring it?" demanded Miss Fisher.

It was rather a bad moment for Welles. He fixed the boy with a hypnotic gaze, and thrust a suggestive hand into his pocket. The boy studied him with cold little red rimmed eyes for a second, then gave a shrug.

"Man asked me to," he said indifferently.

"Well, I am very much obliged," said Welles, starting to make selection from a handful of silver. Miss Fisher interposed.

"Oh, no, Mr. Welles! Why, Willie is our little cousin. He wouldn't take anything, I am sure."

Willie's expression did not confirm this idea, but he said nothing. Welles grew red at the mention of the relationship. The small boy had not referred to this when they had conferred together an hour before down by the station, and Welles had explained to him so carefully the way to the Fisher house. He wished the boy would go away, instead of standing there watching him as he broke open the envelope and gave his carefully planned start of surprise and annoyance at the contents.

"What a horrid bore!" he exclaimed; but his impulsiveness was sadly hampered by those knowing little red rimmed eyes. Why didn't the young brute get out? He handed the telegram over to Fisher, knowing that the large, round hand in which it was written was safe from amateur detection. Fisher read it aloud:

Come back at once. Important business. Expect you at six.

To it was shamelessly signed the name of the senior partner.

"A lawyer's life is not a happy one," sighed Welles, at the chorus of regrets. "I suppose I'll have to go. There is a train at four, isn't there? Well, I shall have one more home made dinner—they can't do me out of that."

"It's no end of a shame," said Fisher heartily. And Welles had the grace to blush within.

"I will see that dinner is prompt," said Mrs. Fisher, rising with her care worn sigh. "Willie, do you want to stay and have some turkey? Will your mamma let you?"

"Yes'm," said Willie, and there was a flitting gleam, as of triumph, in his face. Welles' heart sank.

"I don't suppose there's an earlier train," he faltered. "For I really ought——"

"Oh, nonsense! You are not going to be done out of your dinner," inter-

posed Fisher. "He don't expect you till six."

"Besides, there ain't any train," said Willie suddenly. "You coudler got that twelve seventeen this morning, though."

The twelve seventeen had thundered past during their conference, as the demure Willie pocketed the yellow envelope and pressed a suspicious thumb nail into the accompanying half dollar. Welles did not like the allusion, nor the expression of Willie's face.

"True; but I didn't know then," he said boldly, over a quaking heart.

Willie began to whistle with sudden, unnecessary shrillness. Welles plunged into desperate conversation with Fisher. His hands clinched with the earnestness of his desire to have that boy alone for five minutes.

"Don't, Willie; you will make my head ache," protested Miss Fisher. "Shrill sounds always do—I'm sure I can't tell why. It has been so ever since I can remember."

Willie sidled up to her and appeared about to whisper some confidence, his eyes fixed on Welles' perspiring face.

"Dinner is ready," said Mrs. Fisher from the doorway.

As they passed through the hall, Welles managed to fall back, with a cold hand on Willie's shoulder.

"See here, you young limb," he said, with a geniality which his expression did not carry out, "that little affair was to be a secret between us, wasn't it? Do you think a two dollar bill would help you to remember?"

"Might," said the boy indifferently; "might not."

"What would, then?" Welles dropped the effort at playfulness and came down sharply to business. The boy instantly took the same tone.

"Five," he said briskly.

"All right," said Welles between his teeth. "It's in my other clothes. I'll bring it down after dinner. Little blackmailing beast!" he muttered to himself as he took his seat.

Willie, seated opposite, left him in comparative peace at first, though the little, red rimmed eyes studied him with exasperating persistence. Five good dollars—five bones, wasted on that—

Welles jerked his attention back to Miss Fisher.

"It is the third cold I have had this winter," she was saying. "I don't know why I am so subject to them. I can't turn round without getting one."

"Well, that is just like your Aunt Harriet," said Mrs. Fisher. "I often think colds are about the only things I am spared—there, I forgot to take my hot water before dinner. Of course, if I get my feet wet, I pay for it with rheumatism. I don't see how you young men go about without rubbers as you do, Mr. Welles."

"I got my feet wet this morning." The still, small voice fell on Welles' hearing with an ominous chill. Willie had supped full of turkey, and was leaning back in his chair with his hands in his pockets, his unsmiling little eyes fixed on his victim.

"Dear me, Willie, that is very wrong. Was it going to Sunday school?"

"No'm. Afterwards." And then he paused, his lips drawn into a soundless whistle. "I was having fun down at the station," he added, "and——"

"I'll tell you what you would enjoy, Willie," broke in Welles desperately. "There is going to be a huge circus in town next week—three rings and everything. Why couldn't you come up for it? Wouldn't it be all right, Mrs. Fisher, if I met him at the train?"

"Why, that is kind," said Mrs. Fisher, and Willie's face for the first time showed a faint softening.

"All right," he said, with more alertness than he had yet shown. "What day?"

"I'll write you about it," said poor Welles. The red rimmed eyes narrowed suspiciously.

"You might telegraph me," said Willie with meaning.

Welles flinched.

"We'll try and make it Wednesday," he said hastily. "It will depend on when I can get seats, you know."

"I must say you are kind," said Mrs. Fisher.

After dinner Welles ran up to his room, ostensibly to pack, followed by a meaning glance from Willie. The sun had come out pleasantly warm, and a smoke with his head out of the window

was not a bad solace now. As he lounged there, weary, humiliated, and savage, voices on the porch below suddenly forced themselves through his abstraction.

"Dear me, is there any harder work in this world than having company?" Mrs. Fisher was saying in her care worn voice. "I am just ready to drop."

Welles did not draw back. On the contrary, he leaned further out, smiling grimly.

"I shouldn't have minded the trouble so much, if he hadn't been so dull and stuffy." This was clearly Miss Fisher. "People like that haven't any business to go visiting. I know my head is going to ache this afternoon."

"I suppose he did his best, poor man. Every one can't be interesting," sighed Mrs. Fisher. "He certainly is kind—think of his wanting to take Willie to the circus! I hope we seemed sorry when that telegram came."

"Oh, you were both noble!" Fisher spoke with a laugh. "I don't know what has come over him—he was quiet enough at college, but he wasn't such a stick. Fellows liked him. He hasn't improved."

"Well, he evidently enjoyed it," said Mrs. Fisher. "He couldn't say enough about Maggie's cooking. But I hope you won't feel you have to ask him again, Fred."

"Oh, no. But I'm glad we could do it this once. He must have a forlorn life—living in one little bachelor room," said Fisher as the surrey's wheels grated on the gravel.

"I shall go to bed for the rest of the

day," said Miss Fisher with an audible yawn.

Welles softly drew in his head, gathered up his things, and went down. Willie was sprawled against the banisters in the hall below, waiting for him. Welles walked calmly by, and made polite protestations to his hostesses. Willie followed and hung over the wheel of the surrey, a shade of anxiety marring the perfect insolence of his attitude. Welles nodded to him carelessly, but sent no signal of intelligence.

"Guess I'll ride down with you," said Willie, climbing to the back seat. Several times during the drive he artfully directed Fisher's attention to the landscape, then hung over between them, his brown paw easily accessible in case anybody wished to slip a five dollar bill into it. But Welles apparently lacked the nerve to seize his opportunities.

They were hurried at the station, and the train was moving as Welles swung himself up on the step, then turned for a last good by. Willie was running along the platform beside the train, his little red eyes fixed fiercely on his victim. Welles waved his hat to Fisher, then grinned down on the boy.

"Good by, Willie. I hope you will enjoy the circus," he said sweetly.

Then Willie understood. A sudden flush of rage drowned his freckles.

"I'll tell!" he shouted fiercely after the departing train.

"Of course you will," Welles returned. "Please do!"

Then he turned into the car and flung himself into a seat with a satisfied smile.

FAILURES.

THEY bear no laurel on their sunless brows,
Nor aught within their pale hands as they go;
They walk as men accustomed to the slow
And level onward course 'neath drooping boughs.
Who may these be no trumpet doth arouse,
These of the dark processional of woe,
Unpraised, unblamed, but whom sad Acheron's flow
Monotonously hurls to leaden drowse?

These are the Failures. Clutched by circumstance,
They were—say not too weak!—too ready prey
To their own fear whose fixed Gorgon glance
Made them as stone for aught of great essay;
Or else they nodded when their master chance
Wound his one signal and went on his way.

Arthur Upson.

A Plea for the Whipping Post.

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

IN WHICH IT IS POINTED OUT THAT THE WELL INTENTIONED MEDDLER IS ONE OF THE MOST PESTILENT AND MOST PREVALENT PLAGUES OF MODERN SOCIETY.

AT the comparatively tender age of seven years I fell foul of certain disciplinary measures which left outward and visible signs for the space of six days, and an inward and spiritual grace of which I have remained sensible up to the present moment.

Clearer in my memory of all the incidents of childhood lies the arrival of a mysterious box. To my queries the contents were made known as "lay overs for meddlers." When, fondly supposing myself unseen, I proceeded to a personal investigation of their quality, the sword fell with emphasis upon the head of infant Damocles, and I was in no further doubt of what the lay overs meted out to meddlers might be. It was no mere imagery, that phrase. The particular lay over which fell to my share was entirely convincing and sufficient. It confirmed me in my instinctive dislike of hair brushes, but I have grown to be thankful for its salutary effects.

Close upon this experience followed the addition to my strictly limited library of two thin volumes, the moral influence of which was out of all proportion to their modest appearance. Wonderland was as yet an undiscovered country, looking glasses were universally regarded as impassable, *Cedric Errol* and all his kind still unimagined personages; and the respective hero and heroine of my two acquisitions blazed like stars of the first magnitude in the firmament of youthful literature, second in importance to *Slovenly Peter* alone.

Paul Pry and *Meddlesome Matty* were dissimilar from the material standpoint only. On the ethical side they were twin-like in their depressing lack of moral poise, and their fatal propensity for thrusting their fingers through the pie crust of their neighbors. With the passage of time, I have insensibly ceased to hold in my range of mental vision the forms and features of these two immoral examples, but I am still upon terms of intimacy with the spirit, if not with the

letter, of the doggerel in which their exploits were celebrated. The lesson is as eloquent, as unanswerable, as ever. A meddler is a meddler still, and if he does not receive the lay over that is his due, the circumstance is in direct contradiction of all the laws of justice. On that point there is no means of quibbling with my convictions.

Indeed, it could hardly be otherwise. The little volumes in question have long since passed beyond that bourne of boyish misusage from which no book returns, but *Meddlesome Matty* yet lives and moves and has her being in every salon of society—disguised under aristocratic aliases, it is true, and masquerading in the newest of Parisian creations, but typical, as of old. *Paul Pry* greets me on the street, dines at my club, and peeps at me from the columns of my morning newspaper. Only one thing is lacking to complete the parable. The lay over is a thing of the past, and it is precisely the lay over that I would fain see restored to the full enjoyment of its ancient powers of rebuke and reform.

THE CURSE OF GOOD ADVICE.

We are born, the majority of us, with our share of relations. Our friends we achieve. Our advisers are thrust upon us. And of these all are equally competent in their own eyes to manage our private and peculiar affairs better than ourselves. It is an unsolved problem at what point of intimacy *Paul Pry* throws off the mask of legitimate interest and is revealed as the meddler pure and simple. Curiosity has no fixed period of incubation. It may spring forth in all its objectionable intrusiveness at the end of ten minutes' conversation with a chance acquaintance, it may lie dormant for years in the concealed intent of a lifelong friend. But whenever it comes it is deserving of an immediate and emphatic lay over.

Oh, those "good hearted" friends, those "well meaning" relatives, who will

not let the sleeping dog of interference lie, nor the lying dog of gossip sleep! How they probe and pry into what it is our desire to keep concealed! How they dig away the soil above our buried treasures, crack the chrysalids of our maturing plans, overturn the pots of our lowly cooking schemes!

Like the despairing Irishman, waiting in vain for some one of the seated passengers to leave the crowded car, we are led to exclaim: "Has none of these people any home?" Have they no incomes of their own to regulate, that they must needs speculate upon the source, amount, and disposition of ours? Have they no love affairs to see to, that they must occupy themselves with our matrimonial intentions; no children to train, that they must moralize upon the faults and failings of our methods; no souls to care for, that they must dissect the extent and conviction of the creed we hold to; no door bells of their own to polish, that they find so many opportunities to pull at ours? Have they no homes?

By the greatest of democratic documents is guaranteed our right to the "pursuit of happiness." It is a road of sufficient difficulty in any event. It becomes well nigh impossible when our fellow travelers spend the greater portion of their time in turning round to see if they can catch us stumbling.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings—" The child's first word is "mamma" and its second "why?" *Paul Pry* never gets beyond the second.

I know a man. I know him well. He married, late in life, the half sister of my cousin's second wife. I am convinced that an appeal to ordinary logic will fail to disclose any plausible reason why this untoward circumstance should confer on him the right to probe the whys and wherefores of my goings out and comings in. But such is apparently the case. I can see him now, leaning forward in his chair, his small eyes screwed to inquisitorial narrowness, and I can hear his complacent voice insinuating question after question into the fabric of my privacy. And then—

"Well! Now, if I were you——"

But he is not I! And I object to being asked why and why not, and to giving my reasons; and, finally, to hearing that my reasons are not reasons at all, and that if he were I! I would give my right hand to find a conclusive, overwhelming, and annihilating lay over for this meddler. But it is not to be. If I offend him, I offend my cousin's second wife's

half sister, and so my cousin's wife, and so my cousin—whom I like well and have no wish to offend! So much for relatives.

THE AMATEUR MATRIMONIAL AGENT.

But it is not our relatives alone. I know a woman. I know her well. She has been on many occasions civil to my aunt, and my aunt has on even more occasions been civil to me. By what fatuous process of reasoning the lady in question has arrived at the conviction that it is for her to criticize my doings, I do not attempt to say. But arrived she has. Her powers of deduction are simply stupendous. Do I but say that "Miss Blank is most amusing," or that "Miss Dash dances to perfection," in six hours she will have us engaged, and "isn't it a pity that so nice a girl as she—because of course you know that—inherited, poor chap"—and so forth *ad infinitum* and *ad nauseam*! Now, where am I to lay my hand to a sufficient lay over? *Meddlesome Matty* has done her worst. She has broken up an excellent friendship or two, set half a dozen solicitous mothers by the ears, impaired my credit, defamed my character; and the next time I see her she will purr at me and say:

"But you ought to get married! A bachelor gets to be perfectly impossible in his selfishness. You don't mind an old woman advising you, do you?"

Yes, I do. I mind it extravagantly. But what am I going to say?

I am not alone in my affliction. The whole civilized world groans and travails together under the meddler's prying touch. The grasshoppers of Egypt were no greater plague than are the slaves to curiosity, whose motto is, "What's your business is my business, and what is mine's my own." *Paul Pry* peers over every shoulder. *Meddlesome Matty's* fingers are in the pockets of us all, counting our money, sliding into our letters, testing the quality of the clothes we wear. And the ducking stool is no more, and the stocks are done away with, and the whipping post is a thing of the past!

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

The luncheon served to my right hand neighbor in the restaurant invariably appears to be better cooked and more palatable than my own; my friend's spring suit is of a finer texture, fits better, and costs less than mine. Smith has a huge success at the club with the merest paraphrase of an epigram I have made a thousand times. All these are quite under-

standable. But what concern is it of mine if my neighbor orders a luncheon which is avowedly the sworn enemy of his digestion? What matters it to me whether my friend's clothes are out of all proportion to his means? Why should I care if Smith is insolvent or a plagiarist? These, frankly, are things that I cannot understand.

Yet the world is full of people whose chief concern is with such things as these. What is nobody's business is everybody's business. Fall fainting in the street, and you will be instantly surrounded by a gaping throng who will cut off the air and go far towards putting a finishing touch to the mischief accident has initiated. Marry below your station—or above—and your kinsfolk and acquaintances will gabble as if a nation had fallen or been born. There is nothing too trivial to command the attention of *Paul Pry*.

Reason? There is none, except that none of these people has any "home." For lack of sufficient nourishment in their own lives they devote themselves to yours, like worms boring into a log. It gives the worms an interest in life, but it is conceivable that the operation is enormously distasteful to the log.

It is a peculiarity of conditions that exist without reason that they commonly continue to exist without remedy. Hence

the pursuit of appropriate lay overs for meddlers is likely to prove a veritable Hunting of the Snark. To make the punishment fit the crime, *Paul Pry* should be strung up upon a wall and operated upon with the gimlets and corkscrews which, in a metaphorical sense, he has been employing upon his victims.

Lacking the discerning *Mikado*, it is hard to see where appropriate lay overs are to be found. No one will deny that meddling is worthy of reproof, or that gossip is a despicable dame, but not until the dawn of the millennium shall we summon courage to meet them on their ground and pay them in their own coin. Conceive the sublimity of a conversation in which, casting off the shackles of conventionality, I should give my cousin's wife's half sister's husband tit for tat.

"Well! Now, if I were you——"

"See here my man, you are *not* I, and I am not you—praised be Providence! Once for all, what I choose to think and say and do is no emphatic, italicized, double leaded business of yours. You tire me. You bore me. You annoy me hideously and interminably. Go away. Shut up. Mind your own affairs, if you have any. There is the door. It is meant to be used. *Good morning!*"

After all, I am not in the least sure that that is not precisely what I shall do—one of these days.

COMPLETED.

THE poet smote his harp, whose strings were spun
Of threads of rain and golden webs of sun
By summer winds entwined, and pitched to key
With bass of ocean's deep voiced harmony;

And while he played, there stole across the strings
Faint scent of fields, and forest whisperings,
And moan of mountain pines—the low, sweet cry
That crickets make, and glow of summer sky.

And he who heard was stirred, till in his breast
Woke summer's rapture and its vague unrest;
The world was young—yet, though so minor sweet,
One tone yet lacked to make the chord complete.

Then he who played it still more closely pressed
The vibrant harp to his own pulsing breast
Till his warm heart strings with the harp he smote
Rang full accord, and gave the missing note.

Then in the chords, with breath of sky and seas,
Mingled men's loves and hopes and sympathies;
And in the hearer's heart an echo beat
Through smiles and tears—the music was complete!

Charles Buxton Going.

The Making of a Popular Song.

BY GILBERT TOMPKINS.

HOW THE BALLADS THAT GO ALL AROUND THE WORLD AND GIVE PLEASURE TO MILLIONS OF PEOPLE ARE WRITTEN, COMPOSED, PUBLISHED, ADVERTISED, AND SOLD.

THE success of a popular song usually begins with the vocalists who sing at places of amusement. But even with the best introduction in the world, it must have that indescribable catching quality that brings the tune to the lips of all who can carry a melody.

Just what does make a song go is a good deal of a mystery. Occasionally a ballad of unusual beauty or humor seems to start very easily, and to spread out in every direction through its own unassisted merits. But as a rule, many hearings are necessary to fasten a tune firmly and profitably on the public ear; and in the skill with which this is done lies much of the success of song publishing. Even when an equal amount of pushing is given to each of a number of songs that a song student would put in the same class, the public finds what it wants in the one and lets the others go a-begging.

The best introduction that a song can have is given by good light opera or musical comedy. This means the best obtainable singing, solo and chorus, with the uplifting musical support of an orchestral accompaniment—incomparably more helpful than any piano playing—and with the advantage of a scenic setting.

Poor art may spoil good material, and clever talent may be submerged in a hopeless libretto or impossible music; but when the story, music, cast, and staging are really good class, an atmosphere comes out of it all that will start almost any song that is capable of being put into every day use. The melodies of the Gilbert and Sullivan successes, for instance, went everywhere. Of recent light operas or musical comedies, "Robin Hood," "The Geisha," "A Runaway Girl," "San Toy," "Florodora," and others too numerous to mention have long lists of successful songs to their credit. The songs help to make the operas, and the operas unquestionably make the songs.

There was a time when "minstrels"

counted for much more than they do now in the spreading of songs. The burnt cork semicircles of comedians and singers were then the best friends a song could have, and they made nearly all the hits of the years that followed the Civil War. Even today a good song occasionally comes from one of the few troupes that are still in the business; but most of their attractions have been appropriated by the continuous performance houses and the music halls.

Plays of the "Old Homestead" and "Way Down East" type have a far reaching effect on the songs they introduce. These rural productions appeal to a large class of people who will not attend the ordinary theatrical performance. The hired men and the husking bee attendants develop great musical powers in these theatrical pictures of farm and country life; for the managers get the best available singers, and the singers adapt the songs to the homelike atmosphere of the plays—with important assistance from the music publishers.

Outside of the organized musical productions there is a vast army of vaudeville talent which depends largely on songs for amusing its hearers. Many singing stars of farce comedy began with fifteen minute turns, and many more end up in the same kind of a career. May Irwin was originally one of the Irwin sisters; it was her rollicking humor and genius for singing coon songs, added to Napoleonic financial powers, that put her into the privileged class of singers who own their own shows.

Unless it is of surpassing and easily recognized merit, it is almost impossible to get a song into any desirable production on terms that leave a reasonable profit for the publisher or composer. The value of the introduction they give is perfectly well understood by the singers and the managers; they usually have any quantity of promising songs to select from, and as no one can absolutely tell what will or won't "catch on," the song

that can be secured on the most favorable terms has the call. Looking at the money side of it, there is little satisfaction for the composer in having a song sung and getting nothing out of it except a certain amount of fleeting reputation. If a name really counted for much in popular song writing, there would be the chance of reaping a reward later on; but the very best composers score so many failures that a moderate reputation scarcely insures even a fair trial of a song. In literature, as we know, the name upon a title page counts for a good deal; while the world will whistle an air and stop for breath, perhaps, but seldom to inquire who wrote the melody.

AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER.

As a business, music publishing is highly speculative and uncertain. Some songs, after being offered in vain to publisher after publisher, have finally been brought out by their owners, and have made money. Such cases are few and far between in the wilderness of musical compositions that have met a just fate in the waste basket, but their number is enough to send many on the will o' the wisp chase after success.

A most modest capital will answer for a beginning as a publisher; indeed, some pretty good attempts are made on pure nerve. A few engraved plates of music, a brilliant title or two, a little paper and printing, a sign board and a room in the musical territory, a rented piano, and a bluff at a little office furniture—behold the launching of a music publishing business! Let the public take a liking for one of the songs that are piled on the shelves, and orders amounting to hundreds or even thousands of dollars a week come pouring into the little office. And the actual cost of the printed songs is such a small part of even their wholesale selling price, that orders for large quantities are nearly all profit.

With this glittering prospect in view, is it any wonder that new sign boards are continually going up in certain New York streets? Of course few stay up long, or their accumulating spread would soon hide the very buildings in such blocks as Twenty Eighth Street between Broadway and Sixth Avenue. It is fortunate that there are streaks of cheerful optimism in the disposition of the composer-publisher. He comes to the metropolis from the ends of the earth; no man knows whither he goes.

With the established publishing houses, the work of making a demand for a musi-

cal composition has been put on a business basis. Organization and capital have introduced systematic methods where much was formerly left to chance. The persistent efforts of a good firm may accomplish a great deal with the right kind of a song; but this costs money, and the expense often plays havoc with the receipts. Unless a tune seems attractive enough to start itself with a very modest introduction, it can expect little attention from those who are busied with music that has already caught on.

The usual royalty to the writer of a song is ten per cent of the list price, or four or five cents on each copy sold. This must sometimes be divided between the composer and the writer of the words; unless the words have been bought outright, as they often are. As a fifty cent song is usually sold for half off, it brings the retailer twenty five cents. He buys it of the publisher at from twelve to eighteen cents, according to the demand. So the royalty is a fair proportion of the wholesale price, when conscientiously paid—which it frequently isn't, sad to say. The best publishers are thoroughly trustworthy, and those who do business with such houses may feel sure that they are getting all that the sale of their music warrants; but in times past the opportunities for robbery have been many.

THE SINGER'S SHARE.

The art of pushing a good song has been greatly complicated by the money and the enterprise that have been put into the business. "I only sing songs that Blank & Company publish; their financial arrangements are very satisfactory"—to quote a well known soubrette. She had a perfect right to all that she could get out of her work. Voices and popular favor are sadly temporary; make hay while the sun shines, gather in dust and ducats while you may.

But managers sometimes grow weary of song booming, especially if it begins to be done at their expense. A very funny instance of this happened in New York a few years ago, when Bonnie Thornton was singing under a year's contract with the Proctor houses. "Poverty Row" seemed to be a great favorite with her; for while the contract year was still young, she had used this song at nearly every performance, and apparently meant to sing out the whole year with it.

As variety is the life of any continuous performance, Mr. Proctor finally grew weary of "Poverty Row"; but hints and

even direct requests for a change were equally futile. Bonnie Thornton was then practically at the top of the sourette business, and her success in turning songs into genuine selling hits had earned her the title of the Little Mascot. The same happy faculty added largely to her income; for publishers must pay for singing of the kind that sells songs.

So, taking upon herself the privileges of a great cantatrice, she paid no attention whatever to a positive order for the cutting out of the song in question. Whereupon Mr. Proctor raided the orchestra and took away the accompaniment; and that evening, when Bonnie Thornton again announced that she would sing her great hit, the orchestra leader could only hold up his hands in despair. Which ended "Poverty Row" for the time being, and her contract for all time; for she then and there left that stage and theater for good.

Press agents and admiring friends were busy in those days, as they are now and probably always will be; and Bonnie Thornton's title of the Little Mascot soon found an echo among the supporters of Lottie Gilson, who took to calling her the Little Magnet. Miss Gilson made good use of the "join in the chorus" gag, and the effect made by the singing of her carefully distributed friends throughout the audience was almost congregational.

These chorus helpers in the audience were much used a few years ago. Another favorite trick was to put a small boy in the gallery to sing an answering refrain to that sung on the stage; and any other scheme that would help to call attention to a song was eagerly tried. For this was in the "After the Ball" period of music publishing, and it seemed that every man and woman in America who had any ability or inclination whatever in that direction had taken to song writing and printing; the selling was another matter.

A RECORD IN SONG MAKING.

The Chicago World's Fair of 1893 marked an era in song making. Good music was there in unlimited quantities, and found plenty of admirers; but the people, the vast and changing crowd, wanted just one tune, and all they could get of it—"After the Ball." The song wasn't everything that it might have been musically, and the words left much to be desired in sense and sentiment; but it simply couldn't be forgotten after a hearing or two, and the whole thing was full of that melodious insanity that keeps

one's brain madly churning a tune over and over, even while you execrate its haunting persistency. Its author, Charles K. Harris, of Milwaukee, was said not to know his notes, and to be hardly eligible to the grade of one finger pianists; but as a designer of commercial melody he set up a mark that will be shot at in vain for years to come.

A holiday crowd must have some dominant tune; for vacation feelings always break out in melody. Just at the psychological moment, as it were, of the great gathering at Chicago, down swooped this song from Milwaukee; and its popular success carried it to the ends of the earth. Globe trotters heard it hummed by coolies in Hong Kong and by natives on the shores of the Red Sea. Its sale in the music stores was phenomenal. In one Pacific Coast city of about sixty thousand inhabitants, two thousand copies of the song were sold, or one to every thirty people of all sorts and conditions. In many other places the demand was equally great, and for weeks at a time the distributing houses couldn't fill their orders. Harris was his own publisher, and a clever business man of a keen race; and his profits were perhaps a hundred thousand dollars.

Songs of earlier days had made money, but nothing like this. A new record had been set up, and hundreds tried to play the same game. Money was poured into the business, and during the years that followed the Fair syndicate methods of fastening a tune on the public were liberally used. This was the golden age for the singers; it was understood that at one time Harris had paid fifty different singers from five to fifty dollars a week to help along the "After the Ball" boom. Others tried the same methods, and singers were cultivated in every possible way. One publisher printed seventeen different title pages for a song, each displaying a photograph of some vocalist who was singing it. Advertising was freely given, in which singer and song were equally glorified.

Other publishers would agree to pay well known singers a percentage on the sales of a song as an incentive to regular and effective singing; but there were drawbacks to this plan, as one singer found out. A publisher promised him two per cent on the gross sales of a certain song if he would sing it regularly. He did his part of the work nobly; but orders came in so plentifully that the publishers soon felt that the song could go on its own merits. Consequently, when the

singer asked for a dividend he was told to go further.

Such incidents made cash propositions sought after; and the right people had plenty of these, and wouldn't sing a song on any other basis than so many dollars a week. Certain vocalists became extremely clever at drawing pay for about twice as many songs as they could possibly sing, and this had to be met by a system of spotting which occasionally jarred those caught in the act.

Publishers usually aim to cultivate orchestra and band leaders; these are important factors in the pushing of songs and other compositions. In the "After the Ball" period, some enterprising firms went so far as to back expensive musical productions, trusting to break at least even on the show, with the prospect of making a large profit on the music. One enterprise of the kind cost a well known house some forty odd thousand dollars, and will hardly be repeated. In fact, the modern tendency in music publishing is all away from the expensive methods that followed the success of the fortunate song that caught the World's Fair crowds. To scatter money in such experiments is a simple enough matter, compared with the difficulty of making the songs follow the dollars into general circulation.

THE LIFE OF A SONG.

The lasting qualities of successful songs differ greatly. Some start quickly, and are forgotten after a few months of high pressure popularity. Others do not move until they have been practically given up as failures. "Old Black Joe" is said to have been published fourteen years before it came into general popularity, and "The Alabama Coon" was six or eight years in becoming known; both will outlast many that gained a temporary hearing before these two had been discovered.

The song hit of 1905 or even 1910 may now be lying in neat but neglected piles on dusty shelves. The hope of some such turn of fortune buoys up many a small publisher who is struggling with his rent and expenses.

On the whole, hits seem to be growing shorter lived than they used to be. Floods of new melodies run out the old ones with scant ceremony; nevertheless, the growth of the business at large makes a popular song a very pretty piece of property while it lasts.

There is a great difference in the selling qualities of songs that are apparently of equal popularity. Some owe their suc-

cess to clever character or comedy work, and do not readily lend themselves to home use. Many Irish and dialect compositions belong in this class, in company with Albert Chevalier's coster ballads; and the difficulty of doing justice to such songs naturally cuts down their sale.

Love's young dream is always hunting for means of expression, musical and otherwise; and the songs that fit into this tender phase of life will almost invariably outsell the noisier and apparently better known compositions. There are probably more hits made in "girl songs" than in any other kind. Waltz time usually has the call, as in "Annie Rooney" and "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley"; but recent years have brought up rag time two step melodies in shoals.

THE SONG WRITING TEMPERAMENT.

In spite of the money made from successful songs, the song writer usually dies poor. Business sense seldom plays much of a part in the make up of a composer; hope fortunately does, and it is about all that many of them have to live on. When good fortune does come, it too often brings with it a wild burst of enthusiasm; and the money that should be religiously guarded as principal is spent as if it were a fractional part of the income which a grateful public is sure to continue to pour out on such musical genius.

The negro melodies of Stephen Foster should have made him an independent fortune; but he died in poverty. From England, Milton Wellings' songs went out into the refined singing of the Anglo Saxon world. They were of fine musical quality, yet easily understood, and they stand comparison with the best sentimental ballads of their age. But after "Some Day," "Dreaming," "At the Ferry," "Golden Love," and others that ought to have made him comfortable for life, he seemed to be unable to get in touch with the world again.

It is a curious fact that many successful song writers are utterly ignorant of music. The tune that every street piano and hand organ is playing may have been composed by a man who couldn't have put one note of the air in its proper place on the music paper, and who had to whistle or sing his ideas to a musical assistant. Given melody ideas of the right kind for every day use, however, and it is easy enough to find those who can put them into singable shape. There are hundreds of musical scribes for every one of the few composers who can create a melody that the world will accept.

Sonora Slim's Señorita.

AN IDYL OF THE WILD WEST WHICH HAS NO MORAL.

BY ROTHWELL BROWN.

I.

SONORA SLIM rode into the town. The last notes of "La Paloma" died out in a wail; the fat, wrinkled leader of the band removed his braided cap and mopped his face with a dusky handkerchief; the boy tied the black mare to a tree growing in a dry ditch, and seated himself on a bench in the plaza.

Sonora Slim's soft sombrero was pulled down over his eyes, concealing them. Tight fitting Mexican trousers were molded about his limbs, and above them the white skin of his bosom gleamed fair as a woman's through his open shirt. His eyes roved restlessly.

Gaily dressed girls sauntered by in groups, femininely ignorant of the young men lounging on the seats or sprawled about the grass. The boy through half closed eyelids watched the crowds, his fingers clasped in his lap. Across the plaza the white walls of the old church of Guadalupe glistened in the semitropical sunlight. Behind him, under cotton shelters, men and half grown boys played games of chance with large Mexican coppers. It was Sunday afternoon.

The fat leader of the band called the players together with the mysterious sign of his profession, and the chattering and laughter ceased as the music began. The boy watched indifferently, and was not moved, even when Ysleta came, though he had ridden far to see her.

She was of medium height, with oval face and olive complexion. Her body was supple, yet a woman's. Her arms were bare of gown, but covered with long, white, knit gloves, which reached from her fingers to her shoulders. On her head was a black mantilla. In her eyes there was light.

Sonora Slim fell to trembling. He saw her when she was far off, and followed her with his eyes, round the gray flagstones, past the band, past the turn of the plaza. Once around she went, and did not see him. He waited while she made the circuit again, and this time her eyes rested on him—her face flushed rosy red.

The girl went on. Sonora Slim, awkwardly and bashfully, rose and followed

her, more afraid of Ysleta than of the girls with whom she walked. He overtook her, and spoke, pale and trembling. Then he left her, found the black mare, and went out into the desert, following the dry river bed of the Rio Grande.

When the mare made signs that she wished to rest, Sonora Slim turned her head to the left and took her out to a bend in the parched sand stream. There the two remained till nightfall, the horse motionless, the boy lying on his back, building castles in the air. With darkness they returned to town, and the black mare, unguided, sought the rear of a long, low building, whence issued sounds of merriment and music of fiddles. The boy took off his hat, smoothed his hair with his hands, passed down the side of the building to the front, and went inside. He pulled the brim of his sombrero over his forehead.

To the left, as he entered, was a platform, upon which were seated three musicians, belaboring their weapons. To the rear was the bar, where stayed many men and women. Between the two was Ysleta, radiant in a gown of red, cut low in the neck to leave a part of the bosom bare. Sonora Slim went up to her, put his arms about her waist, and, as the two fell into step with the music, whispered many things in her ear.

Around and around the long, naked room they whirled, Ysleta in his arms, contented. Her small feet, shod in tiny crimson slippers, glinted in and out beneath the lowest ruffle of her skirt; above them two lithe turned ankles twinkled. Her face flushed under her warm skin. Her breath fanned upon his cheek.

A storm of applause broke as the dancers ceased. Sonora Slim and the girl went back and stood at the bar with the rest, Ysleta replying to the bantering of the crowd with easy good nature. Sonora Slim remained dumb.

In a room to the left the whirr of the ball on a roulette wheel purred like a cat, and the click of the chips floated into him as the breath of his life.

He reached out his foot until it touched the girl's. He was happy. He had Ysleta; he had heard a roulette wheel;

he had real whisky from the States. Assuredly, he was joyous. He raised the glass to his lips, and toasted Ysleta with his eyes.

"Sammy," said a voice that Sonora Slim knew—"Sammy, I want you."

Sonora Slim put his glass back on the bar.

"I want *you*," he said, and drew his gun as he wheeled. There were two little puffs of white smoke, and Deputy Sheriff Bob Brinder went over backward to the sawdust, dead.

Sammy leaned back against the bar with his six shooter in his palm, and ran his eye over the room. Bob Brinder had lots of friends there, but none would take up his fight. Sammy leaned there carelessly. His sombrero he pushed back over his brow with a quick movement, and into his eyes came the light that made Ysleta's heart stop beating. She put one arm over his shoulder, and then, with a sob, buried her head in his breast.

When the shot was fired the gamblers in the next room, and the men and women strewn over the dance hall, with commendable presence of mind, threw themselves to the floor. Sammy did not glance at them, nor at the girl. His eyes were glued to the closed door at the further end of the slippery boards. As he looked a shot came through the thin panel.

The girl in his arms slipped to the floor, her bosom stained with the red which spouted in a little stream from a wound in her breast. The dance hall was in confusion. An intoxicated Indian on the floor, peering up, saw the flash of a lean body. Like a mountain lion Sammy was through the window, with sash and glass, and a pain in his thigh.

The black mare was near at hand. The boy, bruised and cut, found her back and dragged his broken leg into the saddle.

II.

To Sammy, far off in the Sierra Madres, it was worse. In his lair, where he had hidden for months, he sank exhausted, and the black mare which had brought him there unconscious licked his face and stood on guard. On the second morning after, Sammy opened his eyes.

The first move was an agony that brought a curse to his lips. The broken bone had cut through the flesh. He looked once, and then lay on his back. Later he cut away the tight pants with his knife. Afterwards he fainted.

Ten feet away, skilfully hidden, was

his hut. Inside his starved dog whined in sympathy.

"Poor fellow!" said Sammy. "Poor Old Nick!" He tried to figure out the time, thinking of what the dog could have found to eat while he had been away, and then came the realization that Ysleta was dead. He threw himself on his face, wrenching the broken leg, screamed once, then cursed loudly and irrationally in two languages.

The black mare, pricking up her ears, listened to what she heard in the canyon. Sammy's scream brought them there—bearded men, heavily armed—eight of them. They found the boy in a swoon.

Black Juan, who knew the mountains well, and ran a dance hall in Juarez on the side, was reported to be without a heart; yet he cried, and was not ashamed. The other men remembered that their girths required tightening. Having attended to this, they came back. Black Juan, exhibiting other qualities heretofore unsuspected, set the leg. Sammy remained unconscious.

He came to that night lying on his own bunk, his mind full of strange dreams. It did not seem remarkable to him that he should be in his own bed. Nick knew when he wakened, and came to lick his face; feeling which, Sammy was content and dropped off to sleep.

Black Juan, for strange reasons, cursed softly to himself. He joined the men of the posse in a game under the sky, and that night sat up with Sammy, from time to time placing water upon his head.

Sammy awoke the next morning. Simultaneously with the knowledge that he was bandaged and fairly comfortable came the realization that Juan was in the room. His hands sought something.

"Not there!" said Black Juan. "But you don't really need it. Seems to me you done enough with it when you had it last. Say, I've always heard tell you could shoot, but I never knew it till I saw you myself."

"I was born with a gun in my hand," said Sammy wearily. "When was I took?"

"Day before yesterday."

"What day is this? I mean, how long has it been since—"

"It was on a Sunday. It's Tuesday now. One week and two days. You done remarkable to get here in the condition you was in. There's something I like about you, kid."

"Did she—did she—how is she?" whispered Sammy, raising himself and sinking back with a moan. "Is she dead?"

"Who? Is who dead? Oh, you mean the woman. Let me see. I think she is, kid. It seems to me I heard she was dead. Yes, she's dead enough. So's Bob Brinder and Jack Williams."

"Thank God they are!" said Sammy. He raised himself on one elbow and clinched his fist. "That ain't all that'll be dead, either. That ain't all; so help me, that ain't all. No, that ain't all!"

After a minute he asked: "Who was it told you where to come to get me?"

Black Juan scratched his head.

"Well, he was a right low down cuss. Yes, he was a low down cuss, all right. I ain't denying that," said Black Juan. "Ronquillo is mighty mean."

"Ronquillo?" The same light was in Sammy's eyes that Ysleta had seen. Black Juan had seen it in the eyes of many men, and knew it.

"Oh, we've got you this time, Sammy," he laughed. "Your game's up, Sammy, your game's up."

"Not this side the Great Divide!" retorted Sammy, and went to sleep.

The first week merged into the second, and others came until eight had passed. The men found themselves possessed of a magnificent game country. They hunted day and night. The larder was well stocked; there was food in profusion; the life was lazy, and the air glorious even to the men who had lived in it all their lives. Moreover, there was a considerable number of dollars coming to them when Sammy should be well enough to make the trip back. They were satisfied, and treated the boy well.

The days slipped past, and Sammy, feeling himself strengthening, conceived a plan and nursed it well.

A bear hunt had been planned, one that should be a fitting climax to all the others, and which, it was agreed, should be the last. Black Juan elected to stay at home in charge of Sonora Slim.

The start was made in the morning, at daybreak. Sammy raised himself in bed and waved a response to the farewells hurled good naturedly at him. When they were gone, Black Juan sat in the doorway smoking contentedly.

The morning drew on, and Sammy, lying on the rough bunk, sniffed the quickening air and longed for liberty.

"Juan, I think I'm almost well enough to travel now," observed Sonora Slim.

"Let's see," said Black Juan, "six weeks—two weeks, eight weeks altogether. Yes, I guess that's a plenty."

"See if you can't help me up."

Black Juan went over to the bed and

threw his brawny arms about the boy. Sammy grasped the older man about the hips. There was no gun in the boot or belt, and a shadow of disappointment swept over his face. Black Juan, noting nothing, helped him to his feet, so that Sammy, standing alone, grew dizzy and would have fallen but for the other's sturdy arms.

The faint passed off in a moment. Supported by Black Juan's bulk, Sammy crept to the door. The two walked out. The boy, eased through Juan's arms, sat on the ground.

Below him stretched the desert, wild sage and mesquit, at his very feet the bare mountain and cactus. An eagle circled overhead; dipped, passed over another spur. Above the bird the sun, and over all blue heaven without a cloud. Sammy basked in the warmth. Black Juan, winking ludicrously, sang a dance hall rhyme:

Sonora Slim blew into the town,
Ridin' a big black mare;
Hit the brute on the hotel porch,
Started in on a wild debauch,
Reckless and devil may care,
May care,
Reckless and devil may care!

Sammy laughed and stretched himself lazily. "That time," he said, "at Eagle Pass, I wasn't—it wasn't my fault. I had to or he'd have got me."

"He was no good anyhow," added Black Juan, willing to agree.

"Just because he happened to be some customs guard for this cussed greaser government, they put my neck in a rope and offer anybody a thousand dollars to pull it!"

"Well, you had done some other things, and then there was Rafael, there was Rafael, you know," mused Black Juan, wagging his head from side to side and rolling a cigarette. "That was right cold blooded, Sammy—downright cold blooded, wasn't it?"

"Well, maybe it was," said Sonora Slim. "I ain't saying how it wasn't, but I needed a horse—and besides, he was only a Mexican. I—didn't mean that—you're only half Mexican anyhow, Black Juan, just like Ysleta, you know."

Sammy got to his feet and staggered about, then found his legs and walked a bit very creditably. The eagle returned into view, and the boy watching it saw for a hundred miles. All the longing in his nature flamed up, and the love of liberty seized his blood.

"I think," said Sammy, "I could hit that eagle."

"Why, you couldn't hit it when you was well, much less now," laughed big Black Juan.

"Well, I could all the same," insisted Sonora Slim. "At least," he added modestly, "I think I could. I'll bet you I can kill it, anyhow." He loosened a handkerchief from his neck, chewed out a knot, and spread a gold piece in his palm. "I'll bet you I can."

Black Juan, born gambler, covered the bet and handed Sammy the Winchester.

The boy took the gun, caressing it close to him. He stroked it lovingly, as a child makes friends with a cat. Wavering unsteadily, he poised it, pointed it at the bird, held it steady, and pulled the trigger. The eagle, circling above, collapsed like a parachute and dropped.

"*Dios!*" cried Black Juan.

"Throw up your hands, I tell you!" yelled Sammy.

Black Juan's face went white and gray, and his eyes rolled in his head. Sammy stood before him, the gun at his throat.

"So help me, Black Juan, I don't want to do it," cried Sammy weakly. "True, I don't."

"*Dios mio!*" groaned Black Juan, "wasn't I always your friend? Wasn't I always good to you, Sammy—wasn't I, now? I fixed your leg for you, and brought you water every time you asked for it, and wouldn't let 'em take you back to El Paso before you was ready. And didn't I do—everything I—"

"Yes, you was," said Sammy; "you always was. I hate to do it, Juan."

"Don't shoot me, Sammy! Don't shoot me, kid!"

The voice came to the boy from a great distance. Everything was reeling before his vision, and his eyes swam in inky blackness, in the midst of which was the terror stricken white face of Black Juan, and the big booted body. He lurched forward, staggering.

When he came to he was lying across the brawny legs of Black Juan, and, raising his eyes, he saw the hole torn in the man's corded neck. He rose to his feet, his breath coming quickly. Behind the hut the black mare was tethered. He saddled her. A blue haze tortured his eyes; voices sang in his brain. Weakly he climbed into the saddle, laughing loudly to himself. To the object on the ground he waved his hand.

"*Adios, amigo!*" he cried.

His dog followed at the horse's heels. The dog looked up. Sammy looked down. "Nick," he whispered, "I love you and you love me, I know, but you can't fol-

low me, for I am going to a far off place, and you can't stay here to let them use you to follow me."

He shot the brute, and rode down the mountain, reeling in the saddle. That night he slept under a mesquit bush.

III.

SONORA SLIM was up at daybreak, and across the country he rode, turning neither to the right nor to the left. Afraid to shoot a jack rabbit, he went hungry until nightfall. At a Mexican's hut he begged food. He camped a few miles beyond, and was on again next day. When he crossed the Rio Grande he felt better to be in the United States. He was growing stronger.

Sammy worked his way north, starving, but doing it doggedly. In the mountains of New Mexico he found game, and food became plentiful. His wound healed, his health returned; but Ysleta was in his soul always, and of her he thought constantly. He brooded, and forsook the mountains for the towns, where he could get liquor. Here he drank and gambled, and the fame of him spread broadly.

The night when the town learned that Sammy could dance is remembered to-day. He danced with Madge, queen of the Three Jacks—some said of the three States. The place was crowded, but none was on the floor save Madge and her partner. Sammy did not know that her heart fluttered wildly, nor did he realize that it stuck fast in her throat when he put his arm around her. It was an event. Every woman in the place glared at Madge and envied her; and Madge knew, although Sammy did not.

The musicians absorbed the spirit of the occasion. They played their best, and declined to seek refreshment at the end, well as they knew their rights. Much applause greeted them when they ceased, Madge out of breath, Sammy cold and unknowing. A crowd of cowboys cheered loudly. The two walked down the long room, and Sonora Slim decided to leave. He took off his sombrero, made a sweeping bow to the woman, and looked up into the black muzzle of a six shooter. His eyes sought those of the cow puncher behind the gun.

"I wouldn't draw if I was you," said the cowboy.

"No, I guess I won't," replied Sonora Slim, without shifting his gaze. "I know what's two inches from the back of my head."

"Take his gun, Bill," said the cowboy. "Now we'll liquor up. Bill, you fix the rope."

Bill went out. The rest marched up to the bar. The bartender clinked many glasses in nervous hands.

"Shove the bottle down the bar."

It was "shoved." Sammy filled his glass to the brim.

"Looking at you," he said.

"Gulp," chorused the cowboys.

The bottle retraced its steps. Half way up, the bartender was obliged to refill it from a jug. The bottle made many journeys. Bill returned. He brought a rope, and cried plaintively for a drink. The cowboy next to Sonora Slim took the lariat and examined the iron ring with interest.

"Pretty fair rope," he observed.

"Seen better," said Sammy shortly, "but it's a good enough rope. Where did you get it?"

The cowboy winked mysteriously. "I see," said Sammy. "Here, send that bottle along again, will you?"

"One more drink all around and then we'll have our little fun," said the cowboy again, and Sammy shrugged his shoulders. "Bill, did you say a thousand dollars' reward? It ain't bad. No, it ain't bad."

The door opened, and a man strode into the room. He was unarmed. He said:

"Gentlemen, I see you have Sonora Slim with you. I've wanted him for some time. He's wanted in Texas." The cattleman turned as one man. "No gun play, boys. I'm sheriff of this county, and I want the man you've got. I'm going to take him—"

"I'll be—"

"—me and my men. You're all covered, and you want to keep your guns where they are—unless," he added apologetically, "you sort o' hanker after trouble, so to speak. As sheriff of this county, just elected, and anxious to make a reputation, I can't allow no horse play. If you really hanker after a lynching, why don't you go out and find a nigger? I heard tell today that there's one not fifty miles from here. But there won't be no trouble here, boys, though as to the reward—that'll be yours, of course."

"I know you, Ben," said a quiet looking cowboy. "We're part of the L. X. outfit, just come over for a little time. Didn't know you was sheriff. Take him and welcome."

Sonora Slim was taken to jail, and the town breathed easier, especially Trinity Tim, who admired Madge.

Sammy brooded much over his misfortunes, but he was proud of the pains they took to keep him safe. They had him on the second floor of the rickety building which served as a jail, handcuffed in a cell, with two men on guard outside the door. The passion in Madge's heart grew upon its diet of denial. She plotted for Sammy's escape.

Sammy at this time learned that which made him long again for the open. Ysleta was alive. He had learned to look upon her as one gone forever, but she was alive, and more, she was then in town. She had arranged for horses and flight. Pedro had brought the news, and Pedro was her brother.

Sammy thought of many things, and his wits were sharpened, but accident stood him in better stead.

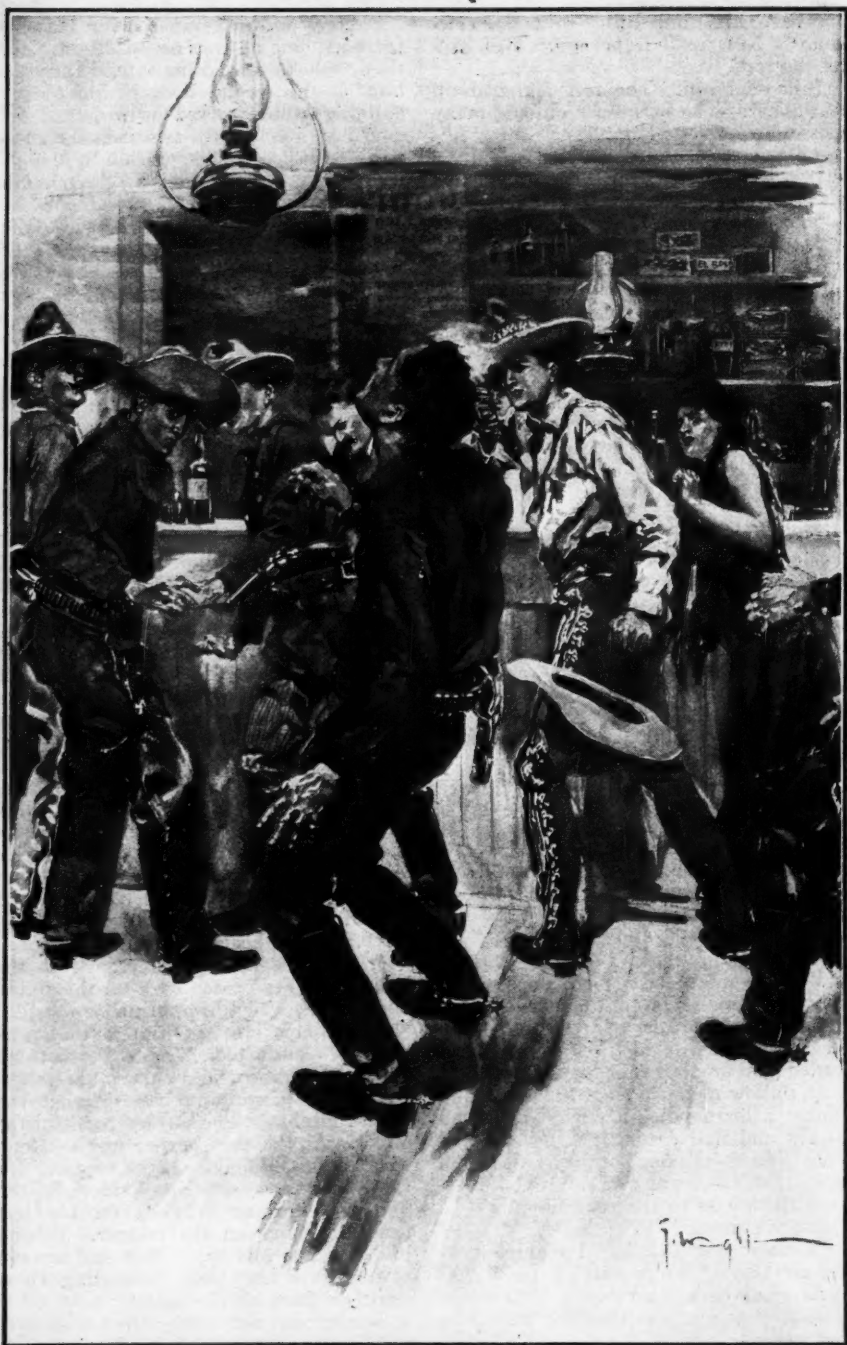
Bob Frye and Trinity Tim were his guards. Armed with Winchesters, they held watch outside his door. Inside, during daylight hours, Sammy sat and dreamed of Ysleta, his wrists handcuffed. At night he slipped the bracelets off. They were not made for Sammy's small hands. He found it more comfortable to sleep without them.

The guards were growing careless. One morning Bob went down to the lower floor. Trinity Tim, carelessness and fate against him, passed backward and forward before the open iron door. Sammy slipped the irons from his wrists, and when Trinity Tim reached the proper spot dealt him a blow with the manacles through the grating, which laid the guard senseless on the floor.

Sammy reached through the bars and caught the man's gun before it could clatter on the boards. He lifted the cell door from its hinges and crept into the hall. Bob Frye came back up the stairs, and Sammy killed him on the top step.

Two jumps brought him to the stairway; two more took him to the bottom, and, with a rush and a shot at the jailer, who came panting up to see what the matter might be, the murderer gained the street. At the next corner was a saloon where he would find means of escape. He ran along the rough board sidewalk, the Winchester slung forward on his left arm, his hand on the trigger. Behind him was hue and cry. Men and women poured into the long, straggling thoroughfare from all directions.

Sammy did not care. He ran swiftly and lightly, bareheaded, his head thrown back. In front of the barroom a sleepy Mexican boy was minding a horse. Sammy seized the bridle, threw himself



"I WANT YOU," SAID SONORA SLIM, AND DREW HIS GUN AS HE WHEELED.

into the saddle, and was off. Many shots were fired at him, but he bore a charmed life.

Out towards the mountains, towards freedom and Ysleta, rode Sonora Slim. All of these he loved; all of these he would have. He would build a hut in the mountains, in one of the places he knew, where he would be free from pursuit.

Swinging along in the sunshine, he dreamed his dreams. A jack rabbit scurried across his path. He threw it a jest. The wind fanned his forehead and his spirits rose. His horse kept up the steady lope, lope, lope, and Sammy broke into a ditty of the plains:

When Bronco Charlie went on a spree
He got as drunk as he well could be,
He got so drunk he couldn't see,
For that was Charlie's way,

His way,
That was Charlie's way.

But now he's married and settled down,
Runnin' a ranch of his own, near town;
Mention a drink, Mrs. Bronco 'll frown,
For that's Mrs. Bronco's way,

Her way,
That's Mrs. Bronco's way.

Sammy sang this over and over, laughing like a child. He had learned the words from Madge; but he applied them to himself. He tossed his head from side to side. He waved his hat in his hand and patted his horse on the sweaty flank. Mile after mile he put behind him, until darkness came, and in the moonlight he flew along until both man and animal needed rest.

At daylight he was off once more. He was in the cactus country, and he picked his way, keeping a sharp lookout. Scorpions and toads, tarantulas and rattlers, the scanty life of the desert, scattered before his horse's hoofs. Being near the spot, he looked up, and there, on a mustang, with a Winchester across her knees, was Ysleta.

He put his arms around her, and the two rode on in silence. Sammy, unperceived, picked up a trailing end of her mantilla and kissed it. That night they camped in the desert.

IV.

DEEP in the mountains Sonora Slim builded a hut for his bride, a cozy home made of strong timber felled by the wind. Behind it was a cave, secure and warm. The boy had hidden there before. He longed to call it home. Skins of animals made it soft, like a nest; game came to the very door of the retreat.

Yet the question of food became a harassing one to Sammy. Ysleta could not eat meat always; she must have bread. Sammy went out and was gone two days. When he returned with food he did not tell Ysleta that he had held up the Mesilla stage.

The days were golden, the nights chilly, but what mattered that to Sonora Slim and Ysleta? His cup of happiness was filled to the brim.

To the Sacramento mountains and the Pecos came a deputy sheriff. All the others had given up the chase but this one. He was brave, reckless, and hardy. Sonora Slim felt that there were others in the mountains besides themselves, and search and patience revealed the truth.

"We must go," said Sonora Slim, "and we must have money. When I went away before, I held up the Mesilla stage. We've got to try the Santa Fe this time.

"Oh, et ees fine, I will help you," laughed Ysleta. "We will go at once."

They left during the night. Ysleta carried a Winchester across her knees after the fashion she so much admired in Sammy. They exchanged many kisses on the way.

"What makes me laugh," said Sammy when many miles were behind them, "is that deputy back there; he'll starve to death."

He told Ysleta what he had discovered. She clapped her hands.

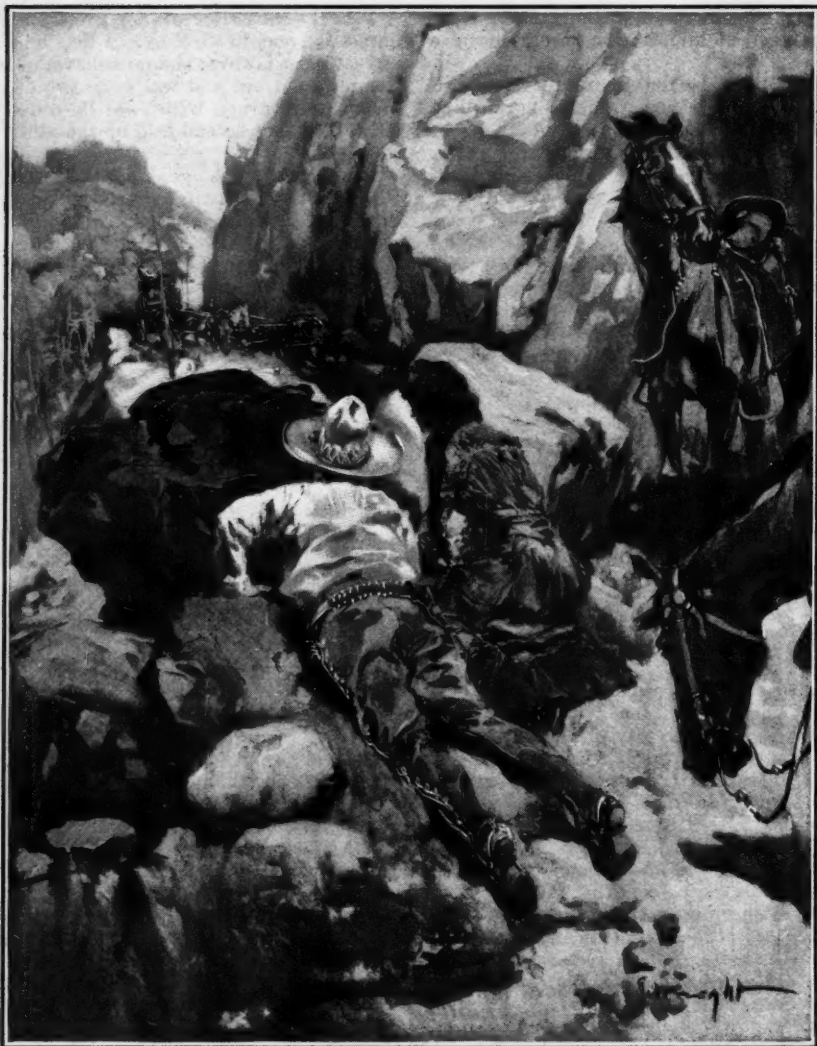
The old north stage came on a trot with Font Williams on the box, cursing at the horses and swearing at the road. It was a bad road. It wound along the side of a mountain, bare rock on one side and a yawning canyon on the other.

There was a Baptist clergyman inside the coach. He was returning East, and was quite timid. Out of respect to his feelings, Font cursed in Spanish.

Sammy and the girl heard him, and laughed. The beat of horses' hoofs on the hard ground came nearer and nearer, and the clicking sound went grumbling down into the middle of the world. Font branched off sharply and suddenly into English.

"He's reached the snake rocks," said Sammy. Through the boulders where they lay they caught a glimpse of the lumbering coach swaying from side to side, and keeping just ahead of a great cloud of dust. On the box was Font, hairy of face, and busy with his profanity.

The stage wheeled sharply to the left, and came directly towards the two in wait.



THEY CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF THE LUMBERING COACH SWAYING FROM SIDE TO SIDE.

"Stand and deliver!" shouted Sonora Slim. Ysleta at his back fired a shot in the air. Font switched to French. He was very proficient in French, his native language.

"Talk sense," said Sammy, "and climb down! Don't play with your gun!"

Font slipped from his seat and stood at the wheel with his hands up.

"Pile out, all of you," commanded Sammy, "and keep your hands on your hats!"

The Baptist clergyman was a badly frightened man. He obeyed. So did the

other passengers. They lined up along the road, following with their eyes the point of the gun muzzle. Ysleta collected the valuables in her mantilla, while Sammy examined the weapons. They were few and poor. He hurled them into the canyon.

They watched the stage crawl painfully up the mountain slowly, like a huge ant. Dusk was falling, and around about them were lakes of shadow. They turned their backs to the setting sun, and rode away to see the world—Sonora Slim and his Ysleta.

A Mountain Home For Consumptives.

BY GEORGE HOLME.

A MOVEMENT TO SAVE SOME
OF THE VICTIMS OF THE GREAT
WHITE PLAGUE.

PENNED in by poverty, and the greed of property owners, the people of our cities have fallen victims to congestion. The sons of the country have flocked to the towns, have sought to preserve in crowded tenements and vile rookeries the health that was their most valued possession, their richest treasure. Tuberculosis is the cacodemon of modern civilization. It stalks our streets, haunts our workrooms and our factories, lays low the gentle and the promising.

For long, consumption was deemed an incurable disease. When a physician had spoken the dread word the parent bowed his head in resignation, and already saw the coffin bearing away from him the pride of his heart, the joy of his home. For generations the first attack of the dreaded enemy was tantamount to a death warrant.

Of later years the public has learned to dread infection from patients suffering from the disease. Since Dr. Koch isolated the tubercular bacillus, we have learned that the sputum of consumptives is a matter of grave danger, the chief means of spreading infection. Hourly every citizen of a large city is exposed to a danger as terrible as rabies, as insidious as leprosy. The operatives in our large clothing shops, in tailors' establishments, and in millinery stores, from the sedentary nature of their occupation, from their low physical vigor, and from the conditions in which they live and work, are frequent victims of tuberculosis. Those who wear the product of their labor are constantly exposed to the most destructive of all modern diseases.

Happily, with the knowledge of the danger, there have come understanding of prevention and hope of cure. True as it is that congestion tends to foster pulmonary tuberculosis, so true is it that fresh air and a country life are the best of curative agents. Unfortunately, most of the victims are unable to afford the expenses of a course of treatment which



FRONT ELEVATION OF THE PROPOSED STONY WOLD SANATORIUM FOR CONSUMPTIVES, AT LAKE KUSHAQUA, FRANKLIN COUNTY, NEW YORK.
From a drawing by the architects, Messrs. Renwick, Aspinwall & Owen.

means life to them. The hills and life giving streams are as unattainable by them as the stars. They are doomed to drag out whatever of life remains to them in the crowded streets of cities. It is with gratitude, then, one learns of a movement to help the women and children consumptives of New York.

they have chosen that of Stony Wold, and in Stony Wold Sanatorium the best possible provision will be made for the treatment of the consumptives of our cities—not for the penniless, but for self supporting, self respecting workers.

For this institution money is still needed, money to the extent of two hun-



A group of ladies have interested themselves in the sick of the metropolis, and have chosen a site in the heart of the Adirondacks on the shores of Lake Kushaqua on which to build a sanatorium. This point is close upon two thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is four miles from the nearest settlement, open to the air and the light of heaven. Generations ago, the Indians gave to the lake its name Kushaqua, "the beautiful resting place." On the main line to Montreal, provided with a station of its own, this quiet spot will provide life and health for hundreds who now are speeding graveward.

It is intended by the ladies who are responsible for the undertaking to erect there buildings that will secure to the patients the greatest possible amount of air from the pines, firs, and balsams that everywhere border the site. For a name

dred thousand dollars. For that money the committee of ladies is eagerly searching. Its president, Mrs. James Edward Newcomb, and its assistant treasurer, Mrs. Herbert L. Satterlee of 80 Madison Avenue, New York, are making an appeal to all who are moved to help them in their admirable work.

LAKE KUSHAQUA, THE ADIRONDACK LAKE BESIDE WHICH THE STONY WOLD SANATORIUM IS TO BE BUILT—THE LOWER ENGRAVING SHOWS THE STREAM THAT ISSUES FROM THE LAKE.



CORRALLING THE SADDLE BAND, SO THAT EACH COWBOY CAN TAKE HIS OWN PONY FOR THE MORNING'S WORK.

The Cow Puncher at Home.

BY DONALD MACKAY.

A PICTURESQUE FIGURE OF THE PRAIRIES, WHO IS PRACTICALLY THE SAME TODAY AS IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WEST AND SOUTHWEST—THE COWBOY'S LONELY LIFE, HIS WORK AND HIS PLAY, HIS OUTFIT AND EARNINGS.

BRET HARTE is dead, and with him has died much of the romance of the wildest West. The sophisticated Easterner has doubts of the red shirted, sombrero capped mining man. The West has grown to be for him a birthplace for frock coated, silk hatted operators in railroad and mining stock. He doubts if the true Westerner ever goes farther west than the Waldorf-Astoria—except, perhaps, for an occasional business journey to the Chicago Board of Trade; and he tracks him on the stock list rather than on the prairie.

The plainsman has become almost as much of a myth as the California miner. He is believed to inhabit certain gigantic circuses, but the man of civilization reads of the cowboy as he reads of the knight in armor or of the Roman gladiator. Yet there are still cowboys and still miners, as quick tempered, as warm hearted, as

simple and elemental in their loves and hates, as any of the men of Roaring Camp or Wolfville.

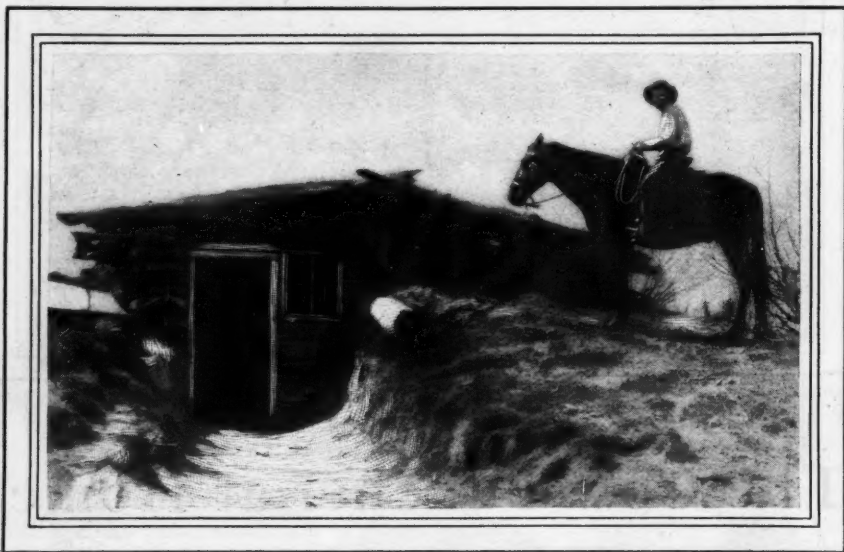
The cow punchers of today ride as far, work as hard, live as truly the strenuous life of the plains, as ever they have done. The nature of cows does not change, and until it does the cowboy must remain one of the most picturesque, as he is one of the most deserving, of mankind. Professional cow punching is confined almost entirely to Americans and some few Englishmen. No man has ever seen a German cowboy or a French. Mexicans there are, but the Mexican is not of the material the rancher desires on a thunder night when the herd stampedes. There is something in the native born cowboy which at such times rises to the dignity of heroism. All over the plains are little mounds that mark where a prairie dog hole has sacrificed some un-

lucky cowboy to the maddened fury of his stampeded herd.

NOT A CREATURE OF CHANGE.

The veterans of the plains say that the cowboy's palmy days are over. As the land has been fenced in, as settlement has

idle ornamentation bestowed by people who would rather carve and embroider than march and fight. The costume of the cowboy is appropriate because it is harmonious with its surroundings. It is correct because it is appropriate. It will remain as it is so long as the cowboy him-



A COWBOY'S WINTER QUARTERS—A TYPICAL DUGOUT OF THE PLAINS.

increased, as the plow has encroached upon the prairie, the cow puncher of tradition has almost disappeared, and his successor—so say the survivors from the older and wilder times—is little more than a farm laborer. But veterans are always eulogists of the past, detractors of the present. The West and the Southwest are still a land of cattle, the chief purveyors of the beef we eat; the cow man is still a figure on the plains, and it is easier to accuse him of degeneracy than to prove the charge.

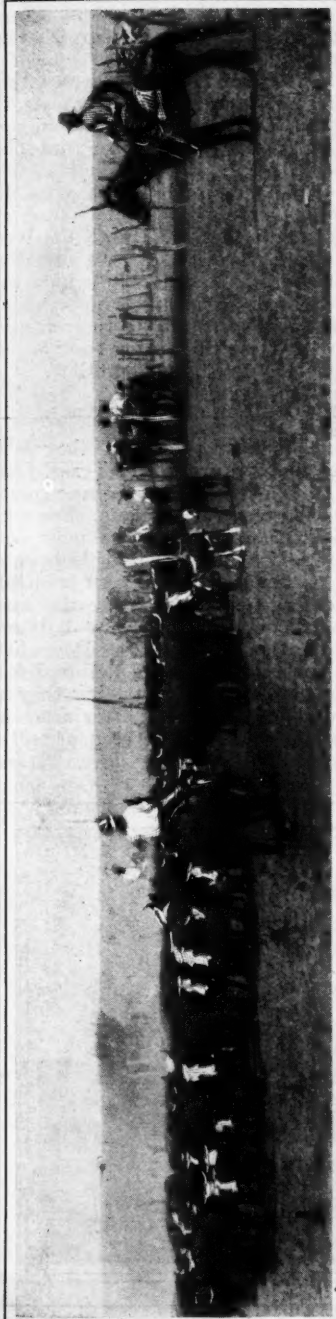
In his outward aspect, at any rate, he is the same today as of old. "In the cowboy country," says Emerson Hough, who has known the region for thirty years or more, "the fashions of apparel do not change. The fashion plates of our own history show the extremes of customs based largely upon folly or caprice, or the plots of tradespeople. The cowboy has been above such change. He is clad today as he was when he first appeared upon the plains. His character has been strong enough to be above prettinesses and uselessnesses. His weapons and his dress show none of the

self remains what he has been and still is—a strong character, a self poised individual, leaning on no other soul."

LIFE ON A CATTLE RANCH.

Life on the ranch is, as it has always been, a period of grim solitude. In little camps of three men the cow puncher dwells for months, alone with the cattle and the stars. Denied whisky and cards, he lives a life of monkish purity upon the plains. His interest is cow, and his passion is horse. His greatest contempt is for the man on foot, and his deepest disdain is for the herder of sheep. Unhorse a cowboy and you unman him. His spurs are to him as the badge of medieval knighthood.

The cowboy still goes armed on the prairie, armed not against his brother man but for the joy of making play with chance objects of interest. When the herd comes to a river the gun becomes an accessory of his trade. The cattle come down to the bank, and the foremost venture in knee deep, the others bunch behind, hustling and straining, but none



THE ROUND UP ON THE L. S. RANCH, A TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND ACRE DOMAIN IN TEXAS, OF WHICH A WOMAN, MRS. PAULINE WHITMAN, IS THE OWNER.



THE ROUGH RIDERS OF THE WESTERN PLAINS—A GROUP OF COWBOYS OF THE L. S. RANCH MOUNTED AND READY FOR A DAY'S WORK UPON THE RANGE.

will be the first to attempt the crossing. It is then the cowboys ride swiftly round the rear of the herd, whooping and firing their revolvers, until the drove in terror stampedes across and makes the necessary fording.

The cowboys are paid from thirty five to seventy five dollars a month, a sum they save for long periods, perhaps years, until they go down to the dance halls and gambling dens of the cities. There they stay until their money is exhausted and it is time for them to return once more to the sober purity of the plains. The cowboy in town rarely, if ever, carries a gun. It is not etiquette, and he is a stickler for the *convenances*. Even where the town marshal would permit it—a rare and perilous concession—the cowboy looks upon a revolver in the street as a confession of weakness. Its presence indicates either fear of an enemy or a reputation as a “bad man.” Neither is a conclusion devoutly to be wished by the man of the plains.

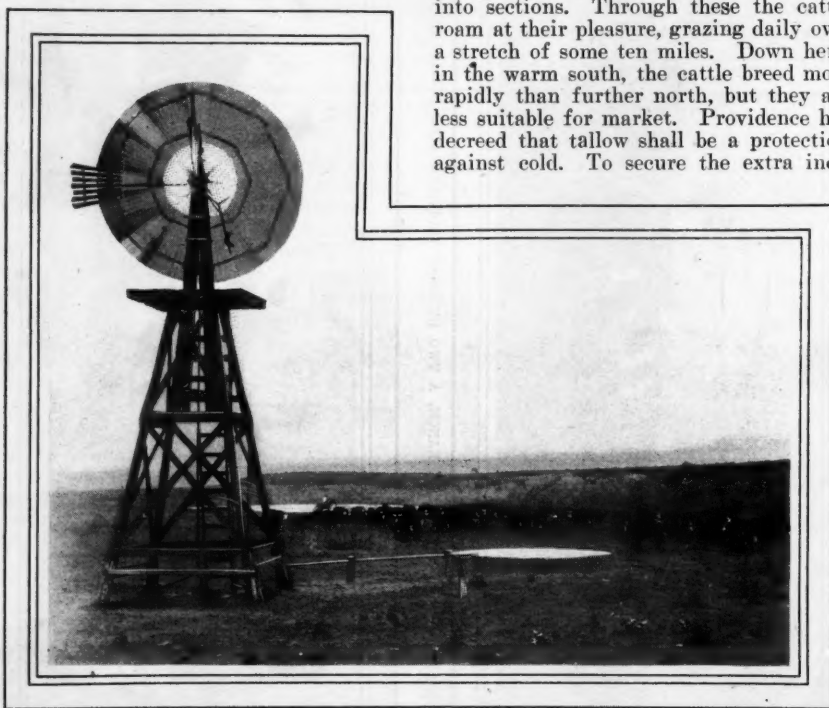
The great event of the cattleman's life is the round up. To this each ranch contributes a number of outfits in proportion

to the number of its cattle. Each outfit consists of a cook wagon, a cook, two horse hustlers, and eight riders. Every five thousand head of cattle furnishes one such outfit.

Each rider possesses eight horses, three of which he uses on each day. At the round up the cattleman's etiquette and sense of justice again come into play. Each calf carries the brand of its own mother, though that brand may be that of a ranch five hundred miles from the scene of the gathering. In all the Western newspapers are long lists of advertised brands and of the ranges to which they are accredited. By means of these, cattle-men are able to return to their respective owners the cattle bearing their brands, whenever an exchange is possible.

THE LAND OF CATTLE RANCHES.

Of such is the regular life of the cowboy all over the vast prairies of Texas, Oklahoma, and New Mexico, and thence northward to Wyoming and Dakota. Texas has the distinction of being the most carefully wired State of the cattle country. Great pastures are fenced off with wire into sections. Through these the cattle roam at their pleasure, grazing daily over a stretch of some ten miles. Down here, in the warm south, the cattle breed more rapidly than further north, but they are less suitable for market. Providence has decreed that tallow shall be a protection against cold. To secure the extra inch



HOW WATER IS SECURED IN THE “GREAT AMERICAN DESERT”—A WINDMILL PUMPING WATER FROM AN ARTESIAN WELL.



AFTER A DAY'S WORK—COWBOYS READY FOR A DINNER IN CAMP. IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE CHUCK WAGON, OR TRAVELING KITCHEN, WHICH ACCOMPANIES THE OUTFIT DURING A ROUND UP.

of fat, cattlemen move their herds slowly northward, where, as the cold reaches the steers, they put on fat and prepare themselves for the meat market.

Down in Texas women have taken to ranching. One of the most successful of these is Mrs. Pauline Whitman, who owns a ranch of two hundred thousand acres in the Pan Handle. There she raises fifteen thousand cattle annually, using only twenty cowboys for their handling, and

successfully competing in the market with the kings of the cattle trade. Her brand, the "L. S.," is known and respected wherever good stock is appreciated.

Now that the softening influence of woman has descended into the cattle trade, many little luxuries have come the way of the cowpuncher; but through it all the cowboy remains a cowboy, the natural son of the plains, an enigma to the men of the East and the cities.

A DESERT LOVE SONG.

THE golden stars lie in a path o'er the sea :
 Love, all the paths that I tread lead to thee.
 Born in the desert, the wind of desire
 Sweeps o'er my heart in a white path of fire !
 Breathed by the wind,
 Sprung from the deep,
 Born of the sun,
 Love is guarding thy sleep.

The lotus blooms sleep by the brink of the stream,
 Where soft shadows lie like the depths of a dream,
 Born before years, from the world soul love came ;
 Deep in my heart is the breath of its flame !
 Strong as the stream,
 Sweet as thy breast,
 Pure as the flame,
 Love is guarding thy rest.

Henry Holcomb Bennett.

STORIETTES

Domingo's Undutiful Daughter.

I.

GIBB, after a long day's ride through the gap, reined in his pinto at the point where the trail skirting the precipice was at its narrowest. Shrugging his shoulders, he remarked, "Good Lord, here's the jumping off place!"

The next moment he braced himself, for he had heard the thud of hoofs on the trail in front of him—and these were the parlous days of Murietta and Vasquez.

Round the bend came a girl in a man's saddle on a neat little bronco. The girl was a stunner. She wore a faded fawn bodice, a short red skirt, and buckskin leggings. Her slender, corsetless figure, swaying slightly with the motion of the horse, was held proudly erect.

Gibb dragged off his hat, and, when he had somewhat recovered from the shock, stuttered, "Excuse me, but can you tell me how much farther it is to Domingo's?"

The girl had pulled her bronco to his haunches. She now regarded Gibb calmly from under her wide flapping sombrero.

"It no is very far. Yo' wish to stay there tonight?"

"I'm to meet a friend, Mr. Monte Simons. Reckon he's at Domingo's?"

The girl reflected, and shook her head. "He no has come. I am Pepita!" she added, as one might say, "I am the empress! Kowtow, fall on your noses!"

II.

DOMINGO'S was a low adobe huddled beside the road. Three Mexicans were lolling in the veranda as Pepita and Gibb rode into the patio—old Domingo, Domingo the younger, and a nondescript, boyish young fellow. Gibb followed his host into the kitchen, plying him with questions concerning the absent Simons.

Domingo shook his head and appealed to his son. There had been no one there answering to that description, no one.

"Well, I'm"—Gibb remembered the presence of a lady—"annoyed, greatly annoyed!" Whereupon old Domingo called upon all the saints with tears.

At this point, raising his head, Gibb be-

held Pepita, a pale apparition behind her father. She gave him a long look, but without a suggestion of coquetry; on the contrary, apprehension was written big upon her face.

The señor would wish to sleep when he had eaten? No? Doubtless he was weary and would not press on. Requena's was a good four miles, and the trail was rough. The señor's friend would arrive before midnight, or, peradventure, in the morning.

Did Pepita really make a sign of dissent? Gibb checked an involuntary movement of his hand towards the precious belt he wore inside his flannel shirt. Hang it, he was full of notions! He decided to sleep at Domingo's, come what might.

Domingo the younger thrummed a guitar in the veranda, and Pepita leaned nonchalantly on the railing, making derisive observations on the eccentricities of the gringo, whereat the Mexicans smiled under their thin little mustaches.

III

GIBB sauntered out to the corral to look after his pinto. It was true that Domingo's had rather a bad name. He remembered the rumors Monte and he had heard, and laughed at, not a week before. What had become of Monte, by the way? Had he—despite their protestations—arrived, and met with foul play? But no, Pepita had said that he had not been there, and Gibb believed her.

He came to a standstill, all his senses on the alert, as he saw a form gliding towards him in the darkness. A hand caught his arm, and a voice whispered, "It will be better for the señor to press on to Requena's tonight."

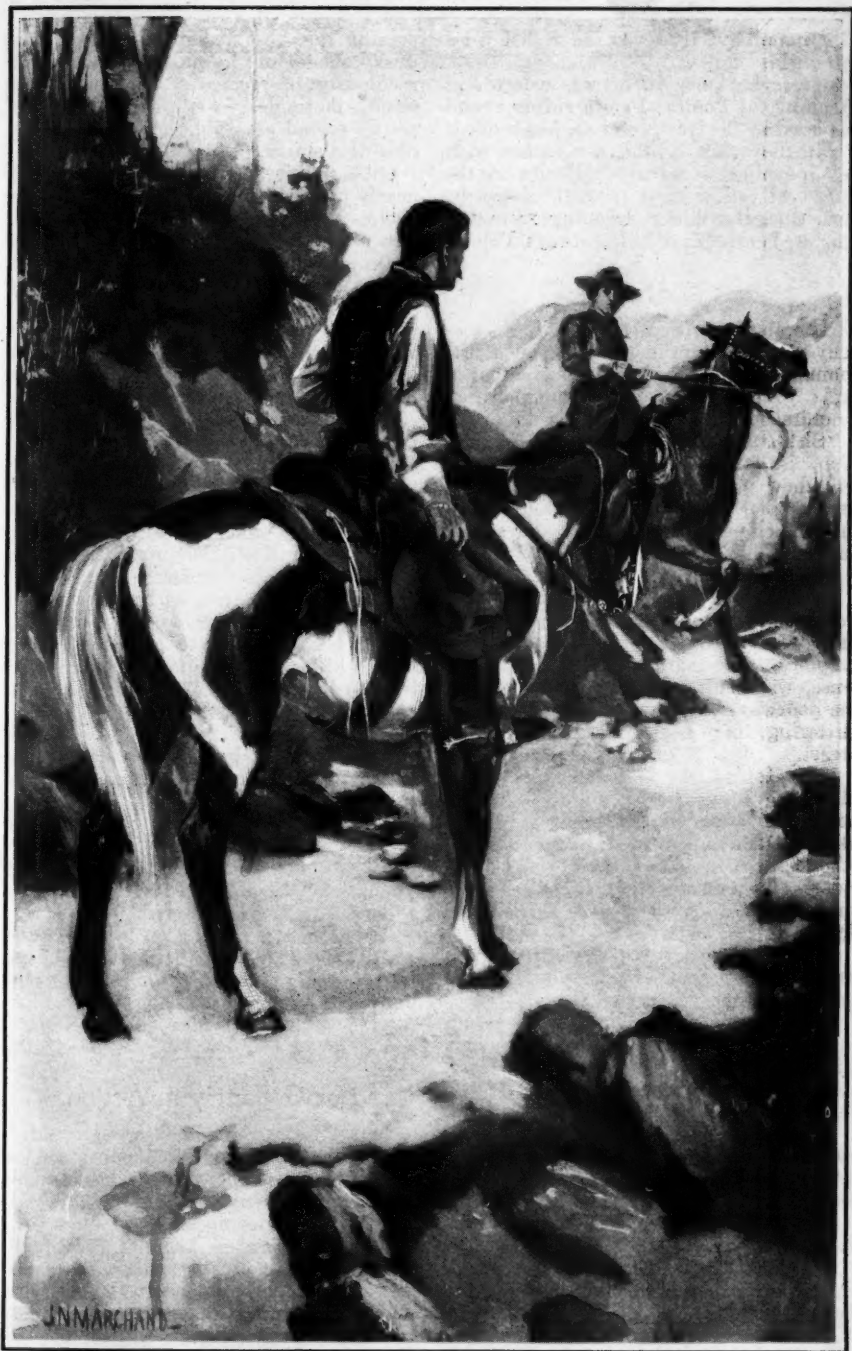
"Is that a threat or a warning?"

"For the love of God!"

Gibb laughed. "I'm played out," he yawned, stretching himself. "I guess I'll go up to the 'dobe and turn in."

Then Pepita laughed too—low but harshly. "*Muy bueno!* As you will."

Gibb's room was at the end of the adobe, with a door opening upon the veranda. He had no intention of sleeping. Whoever should come would not catch



"EXCUSE ME, BUT CAN YOU TELL ME HOW MUCH FARTHER IT IS TO DOMINGO'S?"

him napping. However, he rolled himself in his blanket.

Before he knew it, he was asleep and dreaming of Pepita; Pepita riding round the bend in the trail, erect on her bronco; Pepita hovering behind her father with her inexplicable warning; Pepita in the square of yellow light from the doorway, with a scarlet flower drooping from her hair to her neck; Pepita, always Pepita.

IV.

HE wakened with a start, feeling somebody was near him in the darkness of the room. A hand touched his throat even as he grasped his revolver. Struggling, he clutched the hand at the wrist.

"Sh! *Dios mio!* Will yo' be quiet. Yo' must ride—ride on to Requena's. Pepita will show yo' tha' leetle trail. Vasquez, he cut the riata and drive your pinto into the chaparral; but I put your saddle on Estrello."

"Vasquez? That kid!"

As they stole forth from the door opening upon the veranda, old Domingo, cursing, was upon them. The two men grappled, straining and swaying. Pepita, tense, watchful, had drawn back within the doorway. There she stood, her eyes glittering, her hands clasped over her breast.

Gibb forced the old man backward, pinioning him that he might not drive home the knife gleaming in his right hand. Domingo uttered a groan. Another figure came bounding down the corridor. Then it was that Pepita made a spring like a panther, and her stiletto flashed twice.

"That Vasquez," she explained afterwards, "he have—what you say?—gr-r-eatly annoy!"

She ran to where her bronco was standing, and swung herself into the saddle. Gibb followed, scrambling up behind her, and the good little horse made a swift leap forward.

A shot rang out—then another, mingled with the trampling of hoofs. Pepita ducked, throwing herself on the bronco's crest. Gibb wound his legs round the horse's loins, and, turning, emptied his gun.

The Mexicans fell back, their ardor a trifle cooled. Greasers can't shoot to hit. But in a minute they were at it again. *Madre de Cristo*, what was one gringo!

Gibb would have clasped Pepita in his arms once, for he thought their last hour had come; but the girl, invincible to the last, evaded him, leaning forward and

peering into the shadows. Suddenly the dusky shades of the mesquit opened miraculously to receive them—the bronco stood motionless—and the Mexicans' ponies passed at a gallop into the faintness of distance.

Gibb in his surprise reeled, and very nearly pitched over the precipice. In the interests of safety it was necessary for him to encircle Pepita's waist. She bore her fate resignedly, sitting firm as a rock in the saddle, laughing low and caressingly.

"Thees leetle trail," she murmured in a gleeful onslaught on the Americano's language, "not even my brother know him!"

Half an hour later they emerged upon the stage road. Pepita drew rein and slipped to the ground. "It ees feenish! Go' by. Yo' leave behin' your pinto, but I leave Estrello. What yo' say?—fair egshange is no robber!" She turned towards the trail with a proud gesture of dismissal. "*Adios, señor!*"

Gibb sprang in front of her, seizing her hands. "Pepita, what do you mean! It is too late for you to go back. They would kill you. Besides—Pepita—there is a padre at the Mission. Will you come?"

Pepita raised her brows and laughed. She had drawn back her arms' length, was moving her head tantalizingly from side to side.

"Pepita, come—I love you." There was an eternity of entreaty in his voice.

All at once the girl trembled and drooped. "*Ay, Dios!* It is too late to go back—yes!" she faltered.

In the morning a girl on a bronco and a tired man trudging beside her walked into San Fernando. Vasquez had a new pinto, but Gibb had won a wife.

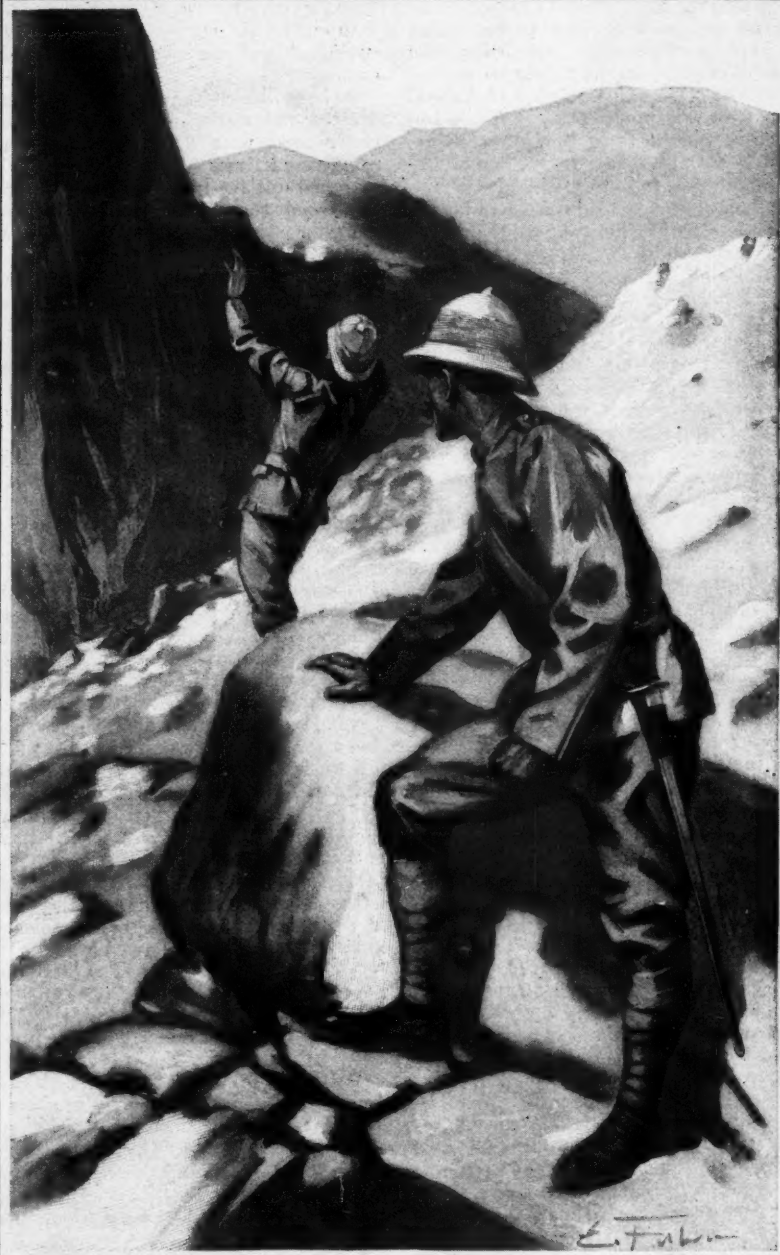
Mary Stockbridge.

For Gallantry in Action.

"ONCE over the ridge, we are safe," said Malet, as he and Peterson stood on the summit waiting for the last two of their party to come up.

While he was speaking, bullets still sang in the air above them, striking with sharp, crackling noises against the baked soil and hard stones beneath them. Dust and rock splinters and battered ricochets sprang up around them, while from the distant ridge came the report of the enemy's volley out of a faint, fleeting cloud of smoke.

Two seconds of shock and suspense



CRASHING OVER THE ROCKS, MALET MET DEATH ERE HE HAD TRAVERSED TWENTY YARDS.

seemed an age; but at the end of it they looked into the dip and saw the two stragglers groveling—one close to the ridge fifty yards to their right; the other, two hundred yards straight below them.

"Who's the sprinter, you or I?" asked Malet, alert and practical. "I fancy you are. You go for the fellow down there, while I scramble after this chap alongside—same risk to both," he added, starting on his way and flinging his cumbersome sword over the ridge into safety. "You've further to go; my ground's more difficult, and I'm on a level with their rifles the whole way." Crashing over the rocks, he met a quick convulsive death ere he had traveled twenty yards.

Peterson had assented, with what pride and courage had remained to him after the shock of the volley, to the fact that he was the faster man. This appeal to his vanity had steadied his nerves better than brandy. Like brandy, the effects of the fillip were short lived. Malet was fighting for his last breath with three bullets in his lungs, before the other, with bended head and slinking gait, had covered a third of his distance. Then his spasmodic burst of courage spent itself. Reaching a boulder that jutted out on his course, he flung himself behind it. Burying his face in his hands like the hunted ostrich, he quivered and sobbed, and prayed to God in his agony and shame.

Like the hunted ostrich, he cared not, now that his face was hidden from the enemy, what part of his body was exposed. A bullet glancing off a neighboring rock struck him in the ankle. He roared with pain and fainted away.

Then the man whom Peterson had sought to rescue opened his eyes and saw the boulder above him. Cruel was the pain in his thigh as he moved, and far away seemed the boulder; but crawling doggedly, painfully, with many rests by the way, he at length reached the haven. Falling alongside Peterson, he fainted again from loss of blood.

The men, who had reformed behind the ridge, had answered the enemy's fire. Seeing nothing left in the dip, save the two corpses near the ridge, and not caring to face the bullets that poured upon them, the Pathans had retired. The sergeant upon whom Malet's command had devolved sent a picket back to hold the opposite heights, and a party to find Malet, Peterson, and the two stragglers.

They found what remained of Malet and one of the stragglers near the ridge. After a search they came upon Peterson

nursing his ankle behind the boulder and binding up the other straggler's thigh with one of his putties. They carried the two dead and the two wounded back to camp.

At the base hospital, at Nowshera, doctors and nursing sisters fought their bitter fight with death, sometimes winning, sometimes losing. The X ray searched out the hidden bullet; the water bed eased the jolting dooly's bed sore; morphia brought sleep to tired eyes that would not close.

Medicine played its part equally with surgery and nursing; for exposure to sun, and rain, and cold, and the dependence upon doubtful food and more doubtful water, bring certain harvests of malaria, dysentery, and typhoid. Disease and the Afridi bullet stalked hand in hand.

No case gave more anxiety than that of Lieutenant Peterson. Brought down from the front with a shattered ankle, he had been looked upon as a simple case; but he had not been in hospital a week before he developed enteric fever.

The medical men give it as a maxim that except in the case of certain complications, enteric is a matter of nursing. Peterson's case baffled them. The doctor, the nurse, and the orderly on duty stood outside the officers' ward one morning, discussing the patient within.

"It is an absolutely typical case," said the doctor. "The wound in his ankle is, a mere flea bite, his constitution is splendid, but he makes no fight for life."

"There is something on his mind," said the sister. "He struggles to tell it, and yet can't. I sat with him some hours last night, and he talked wildly, sometimes delirious, sometimes on the border of delirium; but always this trouble with him. 'No one knows; that's the worst of it,' he kept moaning. Then, when I hoped he was getting calmer, he called out, 'Sister, sister, don't think I'm as good as Malet, because I'm not.' Then he got excited and shouted, 'I'm a coward, a cur! Tell them I'm a cur! If ever they tell you anything else, tell them I'm a cur!'"

"Purely morbid, purely morbid!" commented the doctor. "Cheer him up and strive to set his mind at rest. What state is he in now?"

"He is quiet, and recognized me a few minutes ago."

"Beg your pardon, sir," chimed in the orderly, saluting, "but have you seen this? Perhaps it might do to cheer Mr. Peterson up." He held out a two days' old *Pioneer* and pointed to a paragraph.

"Capital!" exclaimed the doctor as he

read the paragraph. "I'll read it to him now. This is the tonic he wants."

Bending over the patient, the doctor whispered: "Listen to this, it's news for you; it will do you good," and holding the paper before him he read:

"We are authorized to state that Lieutenant Peterson of the 1st Bantshire Regiment has been recommended for the Distinguished Service Order for his gallantry in rescuing Private Watson of that regiment in the Nara Valley on the 1st instant."

Then the doctor stood back aghast; for his patient, who, a moment since, had been listening intelligently to what was read to him, now lay motionless with the pallor of death upon him. As he died, his face lost the look of grief and shame that it had worn for many days, and his spirit fled joyfully from the torment of an undeserved reward.

Powell Millington.

The Gillyflowers.

It may have been the knocking of my sword against the oaken staircase that roused her, for she started from the half darkness as I made the first landing, impatient to gain Sir Edward's chamber. I was splashed and spattered with the long gallop from Chester, and cut a sorry figure, I doubt not.

"I have been waiting," she said as she recognized me.

For the life of me, not even with Sir Edward dying a yard beyond, could I have stirred further without looking at her well. She had changed not a whit since she flouted me last. Her kerchief was in her hand, and by the color of her eyelids I saw she had been weeping.

As I stood before her there came to me also the bitterness of knowing that our mating was forbid forever now. Mistress Alison was Sir Edward's ward, and, there being no children, she would inherit the castle and the wide acres about it. Before, manlike, I had heeded not her laughter, and her telling me she would never wed lout so stupid that he cut his fingers with the barb when we fished in the meadow brook near the mews. We men have ever the thought buried deep in our bosoms that no matter what be the will of the maid we woo, we can make her wed us in time. But there was a difference now.

I had never felt so shabbily beggared. For the first time I regarded my commission as cornet in his majesty's horse as a poor and little thing. And yet, God wot, I had badgered Sir Edward well ere I got

my papers with their red seals and the high sounding phrasing.

"He has been asking for you," she said. "The surgeon has bled him, but there is no hope."

She took me by the hand and we went in together. Sir Edward was sadly wasted by the fever, but his eyes were still keen, and he knew me. I was kneeling beside his pillow and his hot hand was within my own in a moment.

"They told me you were coming, Geoffrey," he said.

I marveled to know how strong and fresh his voice was. They tell me it is often thus with the dying.

"I made all haste, Sir Edward," I said.

"There is somewhat I would say," he muttered, his gaze wandering about the chamber until it rested upon the girl. "Alone, lad," he whispered.

But she had understood, and had flitted out into the hallway, light as a bird. The old knight's eyes followed her lovingly. None save us two had ever known how lonely his living at the castle had been before Mistress Alison came.

"You must wed her," he said after a while. It did not seem strange, for Sir Edward had always known that I loved her; but he did not know we had quarreled ere I had ridden off to join Captain Percival's troop.

He noted my hesitation. "All maids are headstrong. They love to be wooed," he said. "She is not different from the others." The agony of the body was in his words, but he only frowned and went on. "Geoffrey, she must be looked to. She must not suffer."

"Suffer?" I repeated wonderingly.

"There is nothing after I am gone," he whispered.

"But Rixby Hall and the manor?" I said.

"They are the earl's." Sir Edward's voice trembled.

"But your brother——"

"Brian is a hard man, Geoffrey," he said gently. "What I owe, I owe; and what I owe, I pay."

Neither of us spoke for a time after that. If my thoughts were bitter against the earl, what must Sir Edward have been thinking? But at the end he had shaken off all bitterness. There was peace in his voice as he said:

"Now, lad, I would see her. Tell her the truth after I am gone."

His eyes were near done with seeing earthly things, and I bent down, kissing the hot and withered hand that lay upon the coverlid. Then I made poor shift to

stumble out of the chamber. I had never known my dead father, and Sir Edward was very dear to me.

Mistress Alison was sitting at the oriel window. "It is the end," I whispered, as she ran past me.

The twilight coolness crept through the open casements with the smell of the fresh cut meadow grass and the sound of the insects calling. Rixby Hall is very beautiful in the summer time. From my vantage upon the landing I could see the black cattle driven home for milking by the yokels. It seemed very hard to think that death was hovering over it all.

The dipping line of garden sunlight slanted, wavered, and then crooked around the high box hedge near the gate.

"You will stay—for the rest?" she said anxiously, when she came out.

"I shall stay," I answered.

"It would be hard to be alone," she said gratefully. Grieving had rubbed the sauciness out of her face. I should have taken her into my arms then, had I not deemed it sacrilege. So I did the next best thing—I led her into the garden among the gillyflowers.

The beetles bumped in the hedges and the crickets chirped in the flagged walks as they had done when, years ago, we had lifted stone after stone to find the big black fellow who led the evening chorus.

I mastered my beginning lamely enough. I did not look at her.

"Sir Edward made me promise," I said.

"It is his will that we should wed."

She leaned towards the flowers. They saw her face, not I.

"His will?" she said softly.

"His will and my desire," I made bold to stammer. Once into it, I struck on in blunt, soldier fashion. "I know well you do not care—not as I would wish. But you are a maid, and you must be looked to."

She may have whispered something to the flowers, but she spake nothing aloud, for I waited and heard naught.

"There is nothing left of all this," I said, sweeping my arm about me to take in the stretch of the Rixby acres.

She rose from the flowers suddenly. "Oh, I know it! I know it!" she cried fiercely. "I have known it for a long time. I could have helped him, if he had let me; but he would not share his sorrow. But he knew—before the end—that I did not care. I told him."

Then Sir Edward's secret was not for me to tell.

And yet—"He made me promise," I began.

If one can smile through tears, Mistress Alison was smiling then. Of a sudden, a great understanding came to me.

"Then you——" said I.

"I promised, too," she said softly.

It was quite dusk, with the flower beds like faint patches of white in the shadows at our feet; but my eyes were keen with the quick joy of knowing, and as they looked into hers I caught a glimpse of the hue of heaven.

Then she handed me the gillyflowers she had plucked.

"They are for him. He loved them," she said.

And so we walked in to Sir Edward together.

J. Ramsey Reese.

Nature's Nobleman.

"I AIN'T no blamed hero!"

The visitor at the hospital gave a little gasp. She had just left the cot of a wan faced child with the transparent temples and wide blue eyes of the expectant angel. After such a tender vision it was something of a shock to meet a pair of blood-shot, lashless, browless orbs glaring defiantly from a strangely contorted face.

"What is the matter with that man?" the visitor asked.

"Burned—mine accident," the attendant answered. "Not much skin on his back, they say."

"Wonder why he says he isn't a hero? Why should he be a hero?"

Shaft No. 1 of the Columbia Coal Company was a gaseous mine. John Davies, miner, firing a blast in the face of the west gangway, saw the gas blowers ignite and a flame dart back several feet into the passage. That was one of the things likely to happen when a shot was fired in that part of the works. A water pipe and a hose were ready for just such an emergency. When Davies attempted to turn on the water the hose burst. In the delay of securing a second length, brattices and timbers caught from the flaming gas, and the fire made fierce headway.

The mine boss was summoned, and gang succeeded gang in the desperate fight against the advancing flames.

Scorched, choking, exhausted, the mine boss and his men were forced at last to turn and run for safety.

"God help the men in the East Slope!" sobbed the boss as he fled.

Torry Murphy, running with the rest, stopped as though lassoed. The men in the East Slope!

While he thought of the death trap

Torry Murphy was drenching his clothing and his hair with water from the hose.

"Torry, lad, you've got to do it!" the men heard him yell.

One strong gasp filled his lungs, then with a bound he plunged into the blazing furnace. Like a stone from a volcano he dashed out into the East Slope. Scorched, blinded, suffocated, he clutched and clawed at the air, heaving his broad chest and gasping like a dying fish on the sand.

The charred remnants of his clothes fell from his back, and the coolness and darkness of the slope were as a taste of paradise. But mine doors and brattices had been carried away by the force of the explosions and the air about him was already heavy with smoke. An explosion far behind, driving the air down the slope, lifted him from his feet and rolled him over and over along the passage.

"Sure, I'm glad the wind's with me!" muttered the miner as he picked himself up.

Torry Murphy was the swiftest runner in the coal regions. He had need to be swift. There was nearly a mile of winding underground passage to be traversed, and he raced with death. The air currents and the miner's instinct guided him in the blackness until he caught the glimmer of the lanterns.

"Run, run—for your lives!" he shouted as he dashed past the mouth of each breast.

Men who daily took their chances with death needed no second warning. They threw down their picks and rushed to the slope.

Escape by the usual traveling way was impossible. Torry remembered a shaft recently sunk to secure better ventilation. Towards that he led the way, through a maze of passages, and the miners followed the ghostly white figure without question.

The shaft had not been completed, but there was a ladder for the use of the laborers. At the foot of this stood Torry Murphy, steadying the ladder, ordering, directing, while the others climbed silently upward to safety. Meanwhile the steam rose from the young man's body as from a race horse at the end of a heat.

Dennis Martin, waiting beside Torry for his turn to mount, babbled for gladness. "It's Missus Dennis Martin 'll be after sayin' the koind word to yez, me bhoy! Sure, me ould woman 'll be thankful her man—what's mesilf—is out aloive!"

Torry laughed joyously. "Sure, and it's mesilf that's hopin' there's somebody 'll be thankful Torry Murphy's out aloive."

Afterwards Dennis told his wife how Torry said that, and Mrs. Martin told Mrs. Flaherty, and Mrs. Flaherty told Mrs. Dempsey, and Mrs. Dempsey told the mine boss's daughter Maggie, and Maggie turned as red as the roses on her Sunday hat and told no one but Torry.

When Torry Murphy crawled up the ladder—naked as God made him, scorched and blackened—the stupor stricken miners awoke from their trance, and cheered and laughed, and cried as though it had been St. Patrick's Day with a green flag in sight.

Torry, too, tried to cheer, but something dark came before his eyes as he dropped gently forward on his face.

Mary McHenry.

The Price of Crime.

I.

GUSTAV BORGSTROM was guilty of the crime for which John Phillips was on trial for his life. Gustav Borgstrom had committed the murder for which John Phillips was condemned to hang by the neck until he was dead; but Gustav Borgstrom walked the streets a free man, breathed the free air, and his work in the world went on, while John Phillips sat in the condemned cell within stone walls and waited.

Borgstrom was a Swede, dull, cold, phlegmatic. He worked in the machine shops of the big iron works that lie on the edge of the lower bay. On one pretext and another he had absented himself from his place and had haunted the court room where the murder case was being tried. When the death sentence was to be pronounced he again sat among the spectators. If there were any expression in the murderer's eyes as they turned from the judge to the condemned man, it was one of merest curiosity.

"To be hanged by the neck until you are dead."

With these words ringing in his ears, he returned to the roar and clatter of the wheels. At night, on his way to the squalid attic room he called his home, he bought all the evening papers. Some of these with lurid headlines set forth in varying types the triumph of justice, the satisfaction of human vengeance—for the crime had been sordid and cowardly.

Through the curtainless window of Borgstrom's dingy bedroom poured the crimson glow of the sunset, lurid, menacing; and against the blood red sky was outlined the black cross of Calvary. To

the unimaginative Swede this glimmer of blood, this outstretched cross, offered no suggestion. Until long after midnight he read his papers, laboriously followed each thread of evidence. His brain was dull and sluggish, but the problem he could not solve was: How had this man, so absolutely innocent, entangled his footsteps in the guilty meshes of the blood stained web? Law and justice, in a very fury of self deception, inventing here, creating there, had made out of a drunken brawl a crime heinous, long plotted, secretly planned.

The conviction of Borgstrom—had the law suspected him—would have been a matter of hours, instead of the weeks required for the condemnation of Phillips. The crime of Borgstrom was a fact, paltry, commonplace. The crime for which Phillips was to hang was the creation of a Poe or a Gaboriau. The law had wandered sadly from the straight road of fact into the byway of circumstance.

To the last word of the last account Borgstrom read, then folded the papers methodically and laid them on a pile of similar journals, each concerned with the crime. In the close, hot air of the room he stretched his arms over his head and brought the strong, hard hands down about his throat.

"To be hanged by the neck until you are dead." Even while he muttered the words there was but a dull apathy in the blue eyes; the weak, thick lips hung loosely open. He raised the window and breathed in a deep breath of the free air, then threw himself down on the truckle bed. For the first time in his life he could not sleep. This was only the first of many nights full of tossing hours.

One day, early in the trial, an engineer passing through the shops had left a colored pencil lying on one of the benches. Borgstrom had picked it up and every night had underscored certain evidence, certain testimony, with a wide red line. Now he studied those underlined portions. In each case they led to the point where truth diverged into invention. With the created crime Borgstrom had no concern. Only was he occupied with the crime in fact. Always, where the red line stopped, there his reading stopped, and his mind took up the real version of the affair, carried his own crime through to a finish, through a trial, and on to conviction and its sentence—"To be hanged by the neck until you are dead." And still no sleep came to his weary, bloodshot eyes.

Each morning found him in the shop, and none there noticed the furtive look that had crept into the dull eyes, the

threads of misery that were drawing the loose mouth into taut lines.

II.

It was Thursday night. Over at the big, gray prison grim preparations had been made, and all was in readiness for the solemn execution of the law's decree, when the law itself stretched forth a detaining hand. New evidence had been found. John Phillips was granted a reprieve.

In the dingy attic room grim preparations had been made on that same Thursday night. Again the bloodstained light of the setting sun had filled the room, and to the disordered mind of the Swede it seemed blood itself that smeared the walls and blotched the papers scattered around. Again Calvary raised her cross against the sky, but now the arms stretched towards him, beckoned him, towered over him as he lay crouched against the window ledge.

Hours later, while the city slept and the black stillness of the summer night crept through the window, Gustav Borgstrom stood on a chair, his coarse hands covering something that encircled his neck.

"To be hanged——"

The chair fell with a crash. In the morning the officers sent to arrest Gustav Borgstrom for the crime of murder found only the litter of explanatory papers, the overturned chair, and the dangling thing that bore witness to the execution of the judge's sentence—"To be hanged by the neck until you are dead."

Kathryn Jarboe.

Aunt Mary Ellen.

THE great East Side seemed to simmer in the hot rays of the July sun. Its people overflowed from the houses to the sidewalk, from the sidewalk to the gutter, and even into the very middle of the street. The low studded, untidy shops seemed like ovens, piled as they were to the very ceiling, and almost to the very doors, with food in every state imaginable except freshness and purity. The many petticoated Italian women, usually stolid, gasped with the heat, and the bewigged Jewesses wiped the perspiration from their steaming faces. The little white faced children sat listlessly about and quarreled incessantly.

In one of the narrow streets stood the usual five storied red brick tenement. About ten o'clock there came dashing down the street a handsome private brougham with footman and coachman. When the former had jumped down

and opened the door for his mistress, he stood with his chin elevated and an air of "Oh, why did I ever come here?" that Cherry Street resented collectively and individually. They had seen the lady who alighted, however, and it was due to this fact that he was not chased all over the street and pelted with anything at hand. He, in his pride, did not know this, and thought his dignity had impressed the natives when they stood around him in silence.

The dainty figure in white piqué walked slowly up the steps until out of range of her servants' vision; then she went up the rest of the way in hops and jumps. On the second landing she opened a door, and, swinging her parasol gaily around, called:

"Aunt Mary Ellen, Aunt Mary Ellen, here I am!"

There emerged from one of the inner rooms a short, stout woman, with ankle calico skirts and short sleeves, for this was Saturday and a busy day. Her broad Irish face creased into a hundred little wrinkles, and a sob came in her throat, but all she could say was:

"Is it yourself, Kitty?"

The old woman, worn and tired with life's journey, clasped in her arms the young one, vibrating with life and health and love.

It had seemed like two years instead of two months since Kitty Cunningham, the pride of Cherry Street, had married Miah Dwyer, the rising young politician. Fortune had favored Kitty, but she was not one of those who needed to go down into the depths before she could feel and understand and appreciate sacrifices made for her. She knew how her aunt had cared for her since her babyhood; how the old lady had toiled in winter's cold and summer's heat that she might have a convent education, and be spared from withering her young life in a factory or shop. None knew so well as Kitty how Aunt Mary Ellen could smother her heart's longings if she thought they were selfish.

Kitty bade the old lady dress and come for a drive in the park; then, she said, they would go home to lunch, as there would be nobody there but Miah and herself. She begged and teased Aunt Mary Ellen until the old lady, smiling with pride, consented. Another half hour saw her arrayed in the black satin dress that had been Miah's wedding present, her hair parted in the middle and drawn a little over each ear, just as she had worn it for thirty years. Around her neck was a long gold chain, to which was attached a locket with some of her husband's hair.

Kitty saw only the love light in the faded eyes; and the form which to others might seem awkward and old fashioned only suggested to her memories of the time when she was a little girl, and her aunt had watched her go to and from school—never too tired to change wet clothes or to prepare some tidbit to tempt her.

They rode in the park for an hour. On reaching Kitty's home, they found that Miah had already arrived. In response to a questioning look from his bride, he only winked.

They stayed so long over their luncheon that Aunt Mary Ellen began to have serious doubts as to whether Miah's business, of which she had only the vaguest idea, would not suffer seriously. She was much too polite to say anything, however, although she was growing anxious. She was greatly relieved when finally he said he must be getting back. He had to tease Kitty and kiss them both before he left.

Then Kitty suggested that they should go up stairs and look at some new things she had bought. The new things were duly admired; and when they came out of Kitty's room, she went a little farther down the hall, and, without saying a word, opened a door and stepped aside for her aunt to enter. The unsuspecting old lady walked in. She stood there speechless for several minutes, and then, as if her limbs were too weak to support her, walked over to the nearest chair, and, sinking down, covered her face with her hands and cried like a child.

"Oh, aunty, don't you like it? I couldn't bear to be away from you; and I thought that if you had all your things with you, you'd be happy."

The wrinkled, toil worn hands smoothed the shining hair, and the trembling voice, divided between desire and duty, tried to explain that she did want to live with "her darlin' child," but that she didn't think it right for "old folks to be pokin' round young people."

If it were not for the size of the room, Aunt Mary Ellen could have imagined herself back in her little tenement again. The great four post bed with its spotless valance and its patchwork quilt, showing the rising sun in all its rosy glory of Turkey red, stood in one corner. The old fashioned dresser, with its huge pin-cushion, stood in another. The marble topped table supported the great Bible, while over it was suspended the crucifix which Aunt Mary Ellen had cherished since her confirmation. The rag mat made with her own hands lay before the bed, the dresser, and the door.

She still protested, although feebly, that they would "get tired havin' her 'round." That was five years ago, and Miah and Kitty have evidently not tired yet, as in a certain house on Fifth Avenue there is an old Irish lady who greets each dawning day with a heart full of thanksgiving for the children who are "not too proud to have their Aunt Mary Ellen livin' with them."

Mabel Anderson Otis.

The Bond of Sentiment.

AFTER he had gone away—after she had heard the gate click "no more," and the metallic hoof beat die down the asphalted avenue—after that, and the blank moment following, she sat a long time in dispassionate thought. The storm had gone, leaving the dreadful calm in which every heart impulse struggling for life was met by a logical counterpoint in her clear mind; even as, while she sat thus, finger tip met finger tip and palm met palm.

She was alone—that was the paramount, the possessing truth. Henceforth she would be alone; and she must adjust her mental outlook to the new condition. In the place of sentiment, the altar of her married life as it had been of her girlhood, she must set up self.

She would break or burn, as a first sacrifice, everything—every material thing—she had treasured for the reason that they had been given by him. Had he not, at the snap of a finger, in the twinkling of an eye, broken more sacred things, trodden under the rough heel of anger, right or wrong, every flower that had blossomed along the lane of love?

"I wonder," she meditated, aloud and bitterly, "if ever he really loved me?"

There were his letters, but at the thought of them the blood flamed in her face. Her look, with the thought, had traveled swiftly across the room, and was as swiftly averted. She had always kept his letters—to the littlest note telling her that he was detained here or must go there, or that he had forgotten this or that, and would she send it down by the boy?

"This," she said, with biting emphasis, and clinched her hands fiercely, "was sentiment! I wonder how long he ever kept one of mine?"

They were all there—his letters—in packages, tied with dark blue ribbon, his color. Yes, they were all there—that was the irony of it—now.

"What nonsense, what folly!" she said. "Is this sentiment forever to spoil my life?"

She selected the key, and walked quickly, with frowning brows and soft mouth compressed in one stern line, to the old chest. As she raised its heavy lid, the scent of heliotrope arose—the incense of her dearest memory—and swiftly and subtly stole into her brain. For a while she stood looking down, a mist gathering, her lips slowly parting; and then with a cry she was on, her knees beside her treasure box, her arms flung outward across the billow of snowy baby vestments, her flushed face buried among them.

The little garments, beribboned and sweet, lay in the prim order in which her hands had folded and placed them last; upon the top the last little shoes he had worn; and beneath—memories amid memories—were the letters.

When she had grown calm again, she stood up and closed the box. The dead child's clothes, lying like down upon the letters, seemed, in their mingled perfume of flower and memory, to breathe protection and reproach. Destruction passed from her mind. She had another thought; and flushed by it, eager, trembling, she put on hat and gloves, and, with a backward glance at the old box by the wall, went swiftly upon her pilgrimage.

This was another sentiment, she told herself. It had nothing to do with him. He had never felt as she had felt since the baby died. If he had, things would have been different. They would be different now. Today would not have been today. He had never understood her. Did a man ever understand a woman—the heart of the woman? Well, if her tempestuous heart must have a shrine whereat to worship and find peace, here it should be—under the tall trees, green or bare; at this one little grave, snow covered or flower hid.

As she neared the grave, she hastened her walk. At last she ran. It was just upon the other side of the big tree. The sunshine, sifting through the softly stirring leaves, flecked the walks and the graves with moving patches of light.

As she came up, breathless, she saw that a man, his back to her, stood by the tree. He was in deep thought by the droop of his shoulders, looking down at the grave, not hearing the soft fall of her swift feet upon the turf. As her shadow fell across the grave, and he felt her presence, the man, turning, looked up.

He held out his arms—she saw the love in his eyes—the bent barriers of her pride were broken and swept away, and with a cry of wife love she leaped to his breast.

Charles Gordon Rogers.

ETCHINGS

THE MODERN MUSE.

In olden times Calliope through stately
epics sung;
Euterpe then and Erato their lyric
stanzas strung;
Melpomene with tragedy the thoughts of
mankind stirred;
Thalia oped the fount of mirth with
comic song and word;
Spoke Clio and Terpsichore in history and
song;
Urania praised the glories of the heavens'
starry throng.

But now the promptings of my pen from
no such fountain flows;
No classic Nine inspire my verse in strict
artistic pose;
In place of goddess mythical with shadowy
form and face,
I sing my merry meters to a present, living
grace.
I write my little poems to a pair of spark-
ling eyes,
And get a story from the glance I catch
by swift surprise.

Thus all my muses gone before—they
numbered fully eight—
Were they inclined, some former theme of
mine might dare relate.
But one short tale—'tis nameless here—of
which I have no fears,
They cannot tell; it was reserved for still
more modern ears.
'Twas heard? Why, yes, and, strange to
say, of all this fickle Nine,
The rest their patronage withdrew; the
last alone is mine.

Orrill V. Stapp.

THE RUMMAGE SALE.

Two hours, at least, I had vainly spent
In search for my old blue veil,
When mother calmly remarked she had
sent
It down to the Rummage Sale.

I looked in vain for a favorite sack,
And my skirt of the sweeping trail,
My soiled white gloves, and a Kipling
book—
They had gone to the Rummage Sale.

Papa made remarks with an underscore
When he missed his swallowtail;
It had gone, with my hat and a year's
Blac. Cat,
Down to the Rummage Sale.

My picnic shoes and my bicycle skirt
And the bucket without a bail,
With various landmarks, new and old,
Have gone to the Rummage Sale.

Now Gerald locks the treasures up
That are dear to a boy in his teens,
And papa has hidden an old silk hat
And his file of magazines;

And Grace has put Ned's letters away—
For wouldn't they cause a gale
If they were put for auction up,
Some night at the Rummage Sale!

If you feel the need of a stirring change,
And if ping pong won't avail,
Get some of your feminine relatives
Worked up o'er a Rummage Sale!
Lulu Ella Russell.

THE WAIL OF THE MODERN SWAIN.

"Débutantes of today will tell you frankly that men
of their own age are not mentally their equals. They
much prefer the attentions of men over thirty five."
—*Daily Newspaper.*

SWEET Sue is an expert in music,
Fair May is a marvel in art;
Biology captured prim Gladys,
And calculus Bess knows by heart;
And though there's not one more than
twenty,
For opera, picnic, or drive—
And all have young suitors in plenty—
They much prefer staid thirty five!

Alas, for these doughty young golfers,
Ah, me, for these junior cadets;
Though Byron calls twenty two blissful,
It's too green for modern coquettes.
They yearn for gray streaks in the
whisker,
And that sort of thing—man alive!
Do wooers grow braver and brisker
When once they have passed thirty five?

Oh, mystical feminine fancy!
Who seeks it gets naught for his pains;
With high education still higher,
They'll choose centenarian swains.

Then three score and ten in your prime,
 sir,
 Will be the right time to arrive
 In this cruel age, where it's a crime, sir,
 To be less than at least thirty five.

ENVOI.

Ye gods, if it's no violation
 Of nature's strict laws, please contrive,
 In our next mundane reincarnation,
 To see we're all born thirty five!
Charles Edward Barns.

EVERY DAY PHILOSOPHY.

THERE's a little splash of sunshine and a
 little spot of shade
 Always somewhere near;
 The wise bask in the sunshine, but the
 foolish chose the shade—
 The wise are gay and happy, on the fool-
 ish sorrow's laid,
 And the fault's their own, I fear.
 For the little splash of sunshine and the
 little spot of shade
 Are here for joint consumption, for com-
 parison are made.
 We're all meant to be happy—not too
 foolish or too staid;
 And the right dose to be taken is some
 sunshine mixed with shade!
Stanley Dark.

JIM BOWKER.

JIM BOWKER, he said, if he'd had a fair
 show,
 An' a big enough town fer his talents to
 grow—
 Jim Bowker, he said,
 He'd fill the world full of the sound of his
 name,
 An' climb the top round in the ladder of
 fame.
 It may be jest so;
 I dunno;
 Jest so it might been;
 Then again—
 But he had 'tarnal luck, everythin' went
 agin him;
 He got nary a show to start his beginnin';
 Jim Bowker, he said,
 If he'd had a fair show ye couldn't tell
 where he'd come,
 An' the feats he'd 'a' done, an' the heights
 he'd 'a' clumb;
 It may be jest so;
 I dunno;
 Jest so it might been;
 Then again—

But we're all like Jim Bowker, thinks I,
 more or less—
 Charge fate for our bad luck, ourselves for
 success;
 An' give fortune the blame for all our
 distress,
 Like Jim Bowker, he said
 If it wasn't for luck, an' misfortune, an'
 sich,
 He might 'a' been famous, an' might
 'a' been rich.
 It may be jest so;
 I dunno;
 Jest so it might been;
 Then again—
L. D. Treseder.

THE HOME COMER'S RUBAIYAT.

WAKE! For the Sun, who scattered into
 flight
 The Stars before him from the Field of
 Night,
 Brings blest assurance that this is no
 Dream—
 We're back in Town, and everything's All
 Right.
 Myself when young did eagerly frequent
 Cottage and Farm, and thought the Time
 well spent
 Away from Home, but nowadays—ah, me,
 How bitter to me is my Banishment!

Waste not the Hour, nor in the vain pur-
 suit
 Of This and That endeavor and dispute.
 To Market haste, where Farmers sent their
 Best
 While we were saddening on their bitter
 Fruit.

I sometimes think that never blows so
 Red
 The Rose as where ten thousand jostlers
 tread;
 That every Bloom the sidewalk Florist
 shows
 Is fairer than aught Country garden bred.

With me along the strip of Pavement
 laid
 Within the Bound of car and hansom
 Trade—
 Where village livery prices are forgot,
 And Peace to balky Dobbin in the shade!

Some tiny clams, fresh caught today, I
 trow,
 A claret Cup, a Salad, Ice, and Thou
 Beside me in a Decent Restaurant—
 Ah, Restaurant is Paradise Enow!
Anne O'Hagan.

The Problem of Life in New York.

BY WALTER CREEDMOOR.

HOW A YOUNG MAN OF MODERATE INCOME CAN LIVE IN THE METROPOLIS MOST SATISFACTORILY, AND QUALIFY HIMSELF FOR SOCIAL AND BUSINESS SUCCESS.

IN a previous article we considered the case of a young man with four hundred dollars a year, and showed how it is possible to live in New York on that modest income. Let us in the same way consider the man who can spend three times that amount. It is quite likely that any one who passes through the preliminary ordeal with credit to himself and with profit to his employer will before long find himself in receipt of as much as a hundred dollars a month; and he will have learned to invest his money to the very best advantage.

With such an income the young man will find various schemes of existence within his means. He may occupy a hall bedroom in a really good boarding house for ten dollars a week; or he may hire a room and take his meals at restaurants—a far more costly plan, by the way. He may go out into the suburbs, and there find a home in a boarding house or with some friend; but this can scarcely be classed under the head of life in New York.

The hall bedroom plan is likely to prove desolate to the last degree, and that of the furnished room and restaurant almost as bad. Infinitely better than either is a scheme of coöperative housekeeping on a modest scale. We may assume that by this time our young man will have made for himself friends among young men similarly situated. Among them he can probably find some who would be willing to club together to get as much out of life as their means will allow. The rule that there is luck in odd numbers does not apply in this case, and four is a much better number than either three or five.

A COÖPERATIVE BACHELORS' HALL.

Let the young man of our story associate himself with three other young men, and let the four install themselves in a flat, with one servant. The cost of the apartment will depend not only upon the accommodation that it affords, but also upon its location. If the young men are

willing to put aside false social pride for the sake of comfort and economy, they will find it possible to secure good quarters in some respectable but not stylish region for less than half what they would have to pay within the magic circle of fashion. I myself know of an apartment of four bedrooms, parlor, diningroom, kitchen, bath, and servant's room, which rents for forty dollars a month. It is situated in the very heart of the old Ninth Ward, which lies to the west of lower Sixth Avenue, and contains more native New York families than any other quarter of the city of similar extent. This apartment is in a house that was built many years ago, at a time when architects and contractors had not so thoroughly mastered the art of squeezing a great deal into a very small space. It is what is called an "old fashioned" house—which means that although it lacks certain modern appliances, its rooms are comparatively large and well lighted, not one of them looking out upon the dreary whitewashed shaft that affords a scanty supply of light, air, and ventilation in so many apartment houses.

To the rent of forty dollars may be added eighteen dollars for the servant's wages, and five for a woman to come in once a week and help in the laundry. The cost of gas and fuel will average ten dollars a month the year around, or perhaps somewhat less; while four dollars a week for each member of the household—or say ninety dollars a month for five persons—will supply the table. By this arrangement each man will be able to live very well for a little more than forty dollars a month; and I doubt if it would be possible for him to get as much for his money in any other way.

Of course it will be necessary for each member of the housekeeping firm to contribute his share of the furniture, but judicious buying—by which is meant the exercise of good taste as well as prudence—will render any expenditure of this sort an investment of more or less permanent

value. It must be remembered that the year of bitter economy through which our young friend has passed will have had a great educational value. It will have taught him the value of money, and made him familiar with methods of spreading a dollar over the largest possible space.

This, by the way, is a very important part of the curriculum that I would recommend to the young student of metropolitan ways and means. When he has mastered it, he will have the satisfaction of knowing that his knowledge is shared by few save those who have, like himself, acquired it in the hard school of necessity. New Yorkers who have been born and brought up in the better quarters of the town, and have never known what it was to suffer for the want of a meal or a night's lodging, have no idea of the real cheapness of things in parts of the city which they do not habitually frequent. Experience teaches us that prices always adapt themselves to the purse of the highest bidder, and every fool knows that the man of large means finds no difficulty in getting good things and paying well for them. But there are very few fools—or wise men either, for that matter—who know how much can be obtained by one who can bid only a few hundred dollars a year for all that he gets.

I do not pretend to understand the science and art of economy in all its branches, but I do know that there is in New York a sliding scale of prices, somewhat after the style of the marvelous scheme of finance which exists in Paris. The French system is a monument to the money getting, penny stretching instincts of the Gaul. In the city on the Seine there are three prices for everything. The native Frenchman pays the lowest, the Englishman or German the middle, and the American the highest of all. Of course New Yorkers are not such financiers as the Parisians; but there is a wide margin between the sums demanded of those to whom money has come easily and the prices paid by those who have been educated in the school of four or five hundred dollars a year. I do not, as I have already said, claim a thorough mastery of the complicated financial system that prevails in New York; but I do know, for example, that the difference between the prices charged in Fulton or Washington Market and those of the stores in the upper part of the city is great enough to be worthy of the consideration of the prudent housekeeper. It is true that the cost of delivery from the

market must be considered, but buying in judicious quantities will reduce that to a trifling percentage, and will give the purchaser the advantage of having the very freshest supplies that the town affords.

A club of four young men is sure to contain at least one with the genuine house-keeping instinct, and to him should be intrusted the duty of marketing. Another may keep the household accounts, a third, possessed, perhaps, of some artistic taste, may devote a little of his spare time to the embellishment of the home, or to the picking up of occasional bargains in rugs, or furniture, or even pictures, provided the finances of the association will permit it; while the fourth should contrive in some way to contribute to the common welfare of the association.

We may therefore set down the sum of forty one dollars a month as the cost of our young man's lodging, food, heat, light, and washing, to which may be added nine dollars a month for the luncheons which he will buy down town. For fifteen dollars a month he can clothe himself very well, provided he is willing to take advantage of the bargains in ready made clothing which are offered from time to time. This sum will permit him the luxury of evening dress, knickerbockers, and other seasonable and timely changes of raiment. Eight dollars a month should be added for small incidental expenses, and he should put aside at least fifteen more as the nucleus of his future fortune. I can assure him, and I know whereof I speak, that if he does not begin to save now on his income of a hundred a month, the chances are that middle life will find him without a dollar laid by. On the other hand, whosoever will save fifteen per cent of his income every year, and invest it safely, even if it draws only a small rate of interest, is pretty certain to find himself provided for in his declining years.

There now remains to our young man the sum of twelve dollars a month, part of which must be invested from time to time in furniture, as his contribution to the fitting up of the flat. The rest he can devote to amusement; and any one who has lived a year in New York at a total expenditure of four hundred dollars will be able to get a great deal of fun out of a very small amount of money. He will be able to go to the theater a few times during the winter, to enjoy a fortnight's vacation in the summer, to buy a few books, and to subscribe to one or two magazines. The allowance made for

the cost of maintaining the flat is sufficiently large to permit the occasional entertainment of a guest; and hospitality thus offered is likely to be returned in such a way as to extend the young man's circle of acquaintance and afford him a great deal of enjoyment.

THE VALUE OF A WIDE ACQUAINTANCE,

This brings us to an important point in the career of our young man, who has laid the foundation of prosperity by a year of hard work and rigid economy, has won for himself the means of enjoying the comforts of life and a few of its luxuries, and is now looking about him with a view to extending his sphere through an increased circle of acquaintance. Let him bear well in mind the fact that there is one respect, and one only, in which the metropolis is superior as a place of residence to every other American city or village—the number and variety of its inhabitants.

It is because the inhabitants of New York are counted by millions, instead of by thousands or dozens, that the metropolis takes rank as one of the most desirable places of residence on this continent. It is to these inhabitants, of whom a few are native to the soil, while the majority are gathered from the four quarters of the earth, that we owe everything that we prize as characteristic of city life. And one of the best things that this homogeneous mass offers to the young man who has come to dwell within these urban gates, is the opportunity for self education by associating on terms of equality with his fellow creatures.

There are in New York all sorts of persons who are well worth knowing, and not all of them are exploited in the society columns of the newspapers. Very few young men begin life with money; and to one who comes to New York poor and friendless, and finds it difficult to earn enough for his actual needs, the prospect of becoming rich, and having a part in the gay life which he has so often envied, seems a remote one indeed. It is hard for him to believe that he can ever accumulate a fortune when he has no money to start himself in business; but when he has begun to know the town and its people, he will appreciate the fact that a wide acquaintance is a capital in itself, and that he who possesses it can go into the market with it just as if he had money in his purse.

Let us suppose that our young man is the son of some one in humble circumstances—the shoemaker, for example, in

a town of ten thousand inhabitants. Now, if he were to pass his whole life within the limits of his native town, the chances are that he would reach the age of sixty without ever securing for himself the consideration that he may very possibly deserve. So long as there remained in that community garrulous old women who could "remember the time when his father cobbled shoes," so long would his standing in the public esteem remain an inferior one. That is a part of the provincialism which is content to occupy itself with trivial things; but New York cares very little whether a man's father cobbled shoes or not, and stands ready to accept him on his own merits.

A comprehension of this fact is likely to dawn on him before he has been in the city very long, if he will take the trouble to look into the history of the men whose families live in the finest houses in the town. He will discover that comparatively few of these millionaires are rich by inheritance, and that of those who have accumulated their own fortune, fully nine out of ten sprang from the most humble beginnings. It will be a great day for this young man when he learns that he can give the widest publicity to the fact that his father spent his life in mending shoes, and that people will think none the less of him on account of it.

Once more I must explain that I am referring only to those persons whose good opinion is worth having. The people who are clinging vainly to a society of false values will probably shudder at the thought of his ignoble origin, and the loafers will value him only on account of what he can do for them. The rest of the town, with the possible exception of a few worthy families of aristocratic feelings and secluded mode of life, will remain quite undismayed at the thought of his father's occupation.

If some kindly fairy were to take this young man by the hand on the day of his arrival in the city, point out to him the beautiful homes that fill countless blocks in the finest quarter of the town, and then tell him that almost any one of those doors might fly open to him within a very short time, he would probably believe it an idle dream. Nevertheless, a fairy, or any one else, for that matter, could say as much to him without departing in the slightest degree from the truth. There is an "open sesame" which will give him access to the best that New York has to offer, and even the poorest and humblest can acquire it if he will.

Moreover, it is only in this country that such a thing is possible, so let our young friend give thanks that his lot has been cast here instead of in London or some continental capital.

HOW MEN MAY RISE IN NEW YORK.

The average American can adapt himself without difficulty to existing circumstances, whereas it usually takes two or three generations of cultivation to fit an English family of humble birth for a more exalted station. It is surprising to see how quickly a raw young farmer's boy will acquire urban habits, and how particular he will become, the very instant that his means permit it, in regard to the fit of his clothes, the gloss on his silk hat, and similar externals. Our young man, I take it, is no exception to the rule that generally governs his class; and very soon after his installation in the flat with his three friends we may expect to see him walking up Fifth Avenue on a Sunday afternoon, wearing a silk hat and a long frock coat of the very latest fashion.

It may seem absurd to commend him for this harmless bit of vanity, and there are moralists who would shake the warning forefinger and declare that he was treading a path which would inevitably lead him down to death and destruction. For my own part, I cannot see that a desire to appear well in the eyes of the world is a reprehensible one. His high hat and frock coat will give him a certain degree of self confidence, and will undoubtedly tend to increase what is known variously as his "self respect," his "personal vanity," and his "good opinion of himself." He will find that he may appear just as well as the most respected and prosperous citizens in the town, and that feeling is bound to encourage him in the struggle in which he is engaged. For let us not lose sight of the fact that the struggle for a mere footing in New York life is a severe one.

There are various ways by which men have contrived to lift themselves socially in New York. Some seem almost farcical when described in cold print. I have known a man to make a place for himself by simply smiling amiably, and with a fine set of white teeth, on everybody that he met; while the men who have risen by means of such accessories as black broadcloth coats and white muslin neckties can be counted by the score. I have long understood and appreciated the great prestige that attaches to a fur overcoat and imposing whiskers, and the advantages that

are gained by appearing on the platform at public meetings. I cannot, however, in a serious article recommend any such methods as these, and my advice to the young man who wishes to get along is to look everybody straight in the eye, and to study the art of avoiding offense—not an easy one to master, by any means.

Everything must have a beginning in this world, and our young friend who comes to the city alone and friendless will have his beginning in the office in which he is employed. In less than six months his employer and fellow employees will find out whether he is sincere and honest or not; and if he be, they will readily overlook any uncouthness in manner or dress, and may now and then invite him to their homes for a good Sunday dinner in pleasant domestic surroundings.

His next acquaintances are likely to be in business houses having commercial relations with his own, or perhaps among his fellow lodgers. If he is possessed of the ability to make friends and a personality in any way attractive, the end of his first year will find him with a nucleus of his future fortune in his hands, though his pocket may be empty.

The friendships formed in these early days are likely to prove lasting and valuable. I have seen two grizzled old men, both of acknowledged power in the commercial world, sitting together in their corner in Delmonico's, chatting of the days when, as poor young clerks newly arrived in the city, they roomed together in a down town attic and began the intimacy which has lasted to the present day.

It may be fairly assumed that the beginning of the twelve hundred a year period of this young man's life is marked by an assumption of the *toga virilis*, or its modern equivalent—the suit of black broadcloth commonly reserved for evening wear. Arrayed in these garments of ceremony, with a shirt of immaculate linen on his breast and a high silk hat upon his head, the young man who is sure of an income of a hundred dollars a month may consider himself armed *cap-à-pie* for the social fray. Indeed, it would probably surprise him greatly to learn that some of the young men whose names appear constantly in the social chronicles of the day are worth no more than that.

The young man must choose for himself the people among whom he desires to cast his fortunes; and upon the judgment that he shows at this critical period of his career will depend to a very large extent his future standing in the community.

A Musical Interlude.

THE STORY OF A FRIENDSHIP THAT BEGAN IN PREHISTORIC TIME.

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

I.

"MADAM, this is a private room!"

Zoe looked up from her note book to see standing framed in the doorway, the width of the big room between them, a tall, fair young man clad in a long fur overcoat.

Behind the figure was a porter, bearing with great solemnity a great number and variety of pieces of luggage. The violin case, conspicuous among them, would have suggested a key to the apparition's identity, had not the shop windows and hoardings for some time removed all possibility of doubt.

Zoe smiled a little as her aunt went fussily forward with her effusive "Herr Kloemer, I think."

"Madam," returned the young man, ignoring her outstretched hand, "this is a private room," and, pushing past Miss Travis bruskiy, he paused to regard the piled note books on the table.

"*Du lieber Himmel!*" he snorted, glaring at the stack. "Autograph albums to burn! Think you I shall write in all of these? This is a private room."

He looked so exactly like a naughty child, standing scowling down at her, that Zoe's smile deepened into a laugh, which was not vocalized, but which overflowed her clear gray eyes as she gazed back at him.

"No, Herr Kloemer," she said, with a carefully preserved gravity, "you will not write in any of these; they are my note books."

"*Bitte*—" he began in protest; but Zoe interrupted him.

"We also were told that this was a private room—before you came and told us, I mean. That was our understanding when we took it; but it doesn't appear to be so very private, after all."

Two rare and unusual dimples supplemented the laugh in Zoe's eyes as she concluded. Herr Kloemer sat weakly down on a chair facing her. He gazed piteously from one to the other of the ladies.

"I truly bek your pardon, ladies," he began; "but you cannot know! They prosecute me so! I find albums and let-

ters under my plate at dinner; they send them by my valet, they invade my very dreams."

"It's no wonder you are savage," reassured Miss Travis. "Now let us find out whose room this really is, and then forget all about it."

A clerk here appeared at the doorway, anxious and explanatory. "Ladies, you were put in here by mistake," he said. "I'm very sorry. Your room is ninety two and this is twenty nine. It was a new man brought you up, and—I don't think he will stay very long."

Kloemer had been apologizing to Zoe in an eager aside. As he caught the purport of the clerk's concluding words, "I bek," he said urbanely, "that you do nothing unkind to that most clever of men. He has given me the pleasure of meeting these ladies, which I most highly appreciate."

He was looking at Zoe as he spoke, and Zoe was laughing as she gathered up her note books.

"Shall I leave some of them, *mein herr?*" she queried.

"You shall leaf all of them, and I shall write all over them, and serf me right for being a big Deutsch bear," he rejoined gallantly.

"Thank you," said Zoe, but gathered up her books all the same.

Once outside, the ladies gave rein to the amusement they had considerably restrained in the German's presence. Miss Travis was in raptures. She was a musical enthusiast, and had twice followed Kloemer from one city to another for the purpose of hearing more of his playing.

"To think," she said, "of actually seeing and talking to him face to face! We must hunt up that bell boy who made the mistake and give him a *douceur*."

Zoe, who was rather a thoughtful young woman with ideas of her own, replied nothing except, "Herr Kloemer has an extremely familiar manner, I think."

Miss Travis bristled indignantly. "Really, that is just like you, Zoe!" she said. "Always hunting for spots on the sun. He has an extremely charming

manner. Of course he was a little 'out of himself' from being so upset."

"If that is the way he usually receives admirers," commented Zoe, "I'm sure I wonder he has any at all."

"But he has," rejoined Miss Travis. "They tell me his valet burns bushel baskets of notes in the range fires at the hotels—Kloemer is too much of a gentleman to leave them lying about."

"Well," concluded Zoe philosophically, "there are all sorts of people in the world."

"There are," replied her aunt; "and some of them have no more enthusiasm than a raw turnip."

"That's me, of course," rejoined Zoe gaily and ungrammatically; "and by that same token, ninety two isn't half as nice as twenty nine. I thought we were getting an awful lot for our money."

II.

THE ladies had dined, the note books had been sorted and written up to date, when the bell boy came with a message, "Herr Kloemer was expecting some friends for whom he would play. Would the ladies join him?"

Miss Travis, in a mood almost religious, retired to her own room to prepare a toilet worthy of the occasion. When she came back and found her niece quietly finishing a letter, "Zoe!" she cried, in a shocked and horrified tone. "You are surely not going down just as you are!"

"I surely am," replied Zoe. "I wouldn't change my dress for the President of the United States; and I certainly shall not for an ill mannered Dutchman who plays the fiddle." With which rank heresy she led the way to twenty nine.

It is to be feared, however, that the consciousness of looking better in the gown she wore than in any other in her wardrobe had something to do with this outburst of American independence.

Kloemer received them, smiling, courteous, and most impressive in his faultless evening dress.

Miss Travis confided to her niece in a soft aside that he looked like a blush rose; and indeed his fair German face was alight with some emotion stronger than the occasion seemed to warrant.

Zoe shook her head decidedly at the whisper, and there was some desultory conversation till, "I think my friends are not coming," said Kloemer.

He met Zoe's laughing eye, and flushed guiltily. In some subtle fashion which she could not define, Zoe was aware that

there were no friends expected, that the fiction was simply put forward to gain the pleasure of an evening's interview with herself.

"Are we privileged to ask you to play, Herr Kloemer?" began Miss Travis.

"Are you kind enough to desire me to do so?" rejoined their host humbly.

His inquiry was to the older woman, but his eyes were on Zoe.

She smiled vaguely and noncommittally in reply to his glance. "I am not musical, Herr Kloemer," she said. "My aunt is your admirer."

"You are not musical," rejoined Kloemer, to whom her smile seemed to signify more than her words, "but," he added in a lower tone—a tone so low that Zoe scarcely caught his meaning—"you are music."

He turned smilingly to Miss Travis. "And you are my admirer—so says your niece—you have asked me to play, and I, ingrate that I am, shall play to her who is not musical!"

"Zoe is musical," returned Miss Travis seriously; "she is music itself."

And Kloemer flashed the younger woman a triumphant glance at this confirmation of his whispered words.

III.

HE tuned his violin and began a passionate Hungarian air, an arrangement of his own. Zoe had twice before heard him play it in public, yet as the song went on—it was a folk song, and these songs of the people hold in every vibration of their notes the heart throbs of native human emotion—she found that he was varying it, or it was varying itself. She could not say that he altered the notes, yet something in the shading, something in the color, conveyed to her that this was his voice—the voice of his soul speaking to her soul. She dropped her eyes to her slender clasped hands and sat listening.

It seemed to her at times that the voice of the violin was the speech of one she had known and loved always. She had a half formulated sensation of being able to understand and to answer each phrase of the music as though it were a phrase in words.

When the last note had died away Miss Travis complimented the performer suitably, but Zoe said never a word. She was afraid to trust her voice; a little shaken and angry, too, now that the spell of the music had loosened its hold on her and she felt just how far it had pushed her from her usual cool poise.

Miss Travis begged for an andante of Bach's, but Zoe suggested lightly, to shake off the unwelcome feeling of secret communication with the musician which had established itself within her and would not depart, that he should play a bit of rag time to cheer them.

When she uttered her request he smilingly shook his head. "Your lips ask for that," he said, "not your heart. Suppose, now, you play for me." His glance led hers towards the open piano.

"I am that hundredth young woman, Herr Kloemer," she said sweetly, "who does not play."

"Do not play!" he repeated in astonishment. "How, then, do you express the music which is in you?"

With a gesture at once courtly and familiar, he raised the hand which hung by Zoe's side.

"See," he appealed to Miss Travis over the long, fine fingers, "this is the hand of pure inspiration. She can compose, she can improvise music. And she will say to me that she does not play!"

"There, Zoe," exulted Miss Travis, "Herr Kloemer has found you out. Play something of your own—or sing for him. Zoe does compose the weirdest little things," she said, turning to Kloemer.

"And then she denies that she can speak to me in my own tongue!" cried their host reproachfully. And Miss Travis repeated, "Do play, Zoe."

A childish irritation took possession of poor beset Zoe. "How absurd it all is!" she said half angrily, "I simply cannot play, and have no voice. Why do you insist on my boring Herr Kloemer with my kindergarten musical efforts?" She seated herself at the instrument. Her hands were poised a moment over the keys. Then she played.

It was a curious, monotonous little air she chose, suggestive of running water, of whispering leaves—of any of the rhythmic iterations of nature. There was but one musical phrase in it, and that was repeated, little varied, till the piece closed with an odd, unsatisfied, upward turn that left you listening.

Kloemer heard it with an introspective air. As she ceased, "Now, see," he appealed to the aunt. "And she can haf the heart to say she is not musical!" Turning to Zoe, he said, "Your music gifs me pictures." Zoe's color deepened. "And you see pictures, too, when you listen to music—not so?" he added eagerly, watching her face. "Listen! It is a wide plain; the evening light is dying. There are birds flying. There is a

laguna, and reeds are rustling beside it." He paused a moment and added, "Why do you not sing the words?"

"There, now, Zoe," interjected Miss Travis, "I call that quite wonderful! How should the *herr* know that there were words to it? Sing it, dear."

"It's such a sentimental, nonsensical little thing," deprecated Zoe uneasily.

"Be frank with me," pursued Kloemer.

"Do not you see, when you play that air, that which I tell you I see when I listen to it?"

"Yes," answered Zoe in a voice so low as to be almost inaudible. These occult phenomena, dear to the aunt's soul, had always been held in a sort of dislike and discredit by her niece.

"Sing the words to me," he pleaded in German.

Zoe dreaded, with a new dread, her aunt's comments. The whole matter was foreign and unwelcome to Zoe's nature. More than all, she disliked the sensation creeping over her that she had indeed known Kloemer before; that all this was prearranged from the beginning.

"You will sing it?" he insisted.

She began in a voice which matched the melody, a low, rich, broken contralto—a voice with a flaw in it—one which scarcely could have filled an ordinary parlor, yet one so deeply musical as to be heart moving.

"So," murmured Kloemer as she concluded, "said I not right? What do you call your song?"

"I call it 'The Bird With a Broken Wing,'" rejoined Zoe briefly.

"No," said the German, "it is the cry of a soul for its mate. Wait! Listen!" He tucked his violin under his chin and stood brooding a moment. Then he drew the bow across the strings in a softly whispered plaint.

It was Zoe's own air—and its answer. "Wait for me," cried her little broken phrase. "I am waiting," answered the rich, satisfying chords of the answer.

He played long. The theme seemed to inspire him. The two voices of his melody talked together like unembodied souls. The notes of Zoe's song quested and sought. And the accompaniment which he added was like the everlasting arms of love beneath and about it.

Zoe was, without reason, hot with anger. There seemed to her an indelicacy about it all. It was as though he made love to her openly and in her aunt's presence.

She felt indignantly that he dared not whisper to her in words that which his

music loudly cried out. And then she caught herself, with a half humorous astonishment at her mood, and the reminder that she was listening to the greatest violin virtuoso of his day. What right had she to suppose that these utterances of immortal beauty were addressed to her?

She feared she knew not what, and as the German ceased playing she rose abruptly.

"Come, Aunt Emma," she said rather breathlessly. "It's late. We must be going. Good night, *mein herr*. Thank you; we've had a lovely evening."

Their host followed them to the door. His face was glowing, his eyes like stars. She felt as though he would embrace her.

"I will see you again, surely?" he murmured.

"Certainly," returned the somewhat bewildered Miss Travis. "We shall stay over for your concert, now that we have met you—shan't we, Zoe?"

Zoe nodded without a word. She had but one consuming anxiety: to make a sufficiently decent exit from the room. To have no scene, no demonstration, and no word said which she should blush to remember.

IV.

In the morning she took Miss Travis by storm. "I am going right on to Denver," she said. Miss Travis offered the feeble and transitory opposition which is all that the sweeping assertion of the self decided soul ever meets. Their trunks were packed in a whirlwind, and they were ready for departure when Miss Travis went down to breakfast. Zoe had declared she could eat nothing.

She was making the last survey of her packed possessions when Herr Kloemer's card was brought up. She stared at the bit of pasteboard helplessly. "Tell the gentleman," she said finally, "that the ladies have gone down to breakfast."

"He done see the old lady go down by herself befo' he sent up," returned the smiling bell boy. It was evident his interest, mercenary or otherwise, was with the caller.

"Very well," said Zoe shortly; "show the gentleman up."

Kloemer came into the room with both hands outstretched. "Were you running away from me?" he cried—but his eyes added "my darling."

"Certainly not," declared Zoe with as calm an air as she could assume. "We've simply changed our plans. That is all."

"And then," said he, smiling, "since you have 'changed your plans,' you little changeling, when am I to see you again?"

"To see me?" echoed Zoe with an affectation of polite surprise.

"Oh, you are determined I shall make a fool of myself. I should like to do as other men do, and leave all this till we knew each other well; till you realized the stability of my love for you as well as its strength."

He said "lofe" for "love," and Zoe found herself noting this, and the wonderful coloring of his fair North German face, with the fascinated attention a man going over the rapids might give to the ripples around his prow.

So she failed, sitting stunned and passive, to check him, and he went eagerly on. "Surely you know that we were born for each other. Must it not be so when your soul answers to my soul? Heart of my heart, we cannot be mistaken. Listen to thine own heart, *liebting*; it will plead for me."

He had come over to where Zoe sat, and knelt down beside her. He did not touch her, but his radiant looks embraced and caressed her with a fullness of love that another's more material caresses might have lacked.

"Herr Kloemer," said Zoe quietly, "do you know I am going to Denver to meet my husband? My two children are already there."

The color and brightness died slowly out of the fair, shining face.

"Why, how can that be?" he questioned huskily. "Miss Travis—I thought—surely—" His words trailed off brokenly.

"My aunt is Miss Travis," said she in a low voice. "I am Mrs. Travis."

V.

SHE never saw him again till last winter in Boston.

Zoe Travis' marriage was one of those marriages whose tragedy is that they are not good enough to be satisfactory and not bad enough to be broken.

When John Travis was drowned trying to ford Silver Creek at an unfordable point, his wife gathered her household, sold the ranch, and came east. She was abroad for a year, getting back to the happy poise and cheerful outlook upon life which had been hers in girlhood. Late in the month, after her return from abroad, she found herself in Boston, staying with a cousin's wife. Kloemer was there, playing in a series of concerts. The



AS THE LAST LITTLE WAIL OF THE PLEADING
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town was mad over his music. It was difficult to frame excuses to her relatives for not going to hear him.

She was with her cousin in a box that night. Under plea of a headache, and by insisting that the light hurt her eyes, she screened herself behind a man's broad shoulders, and still further concealed her countenance with a little feather fan as Kloemer came on.

Yet, so soon as their idol faced his audience, it seemed to her he divined her presence. Through every number, grave or gay, he addressed her. He looked older than when she had last seen him, and he had an air of poise and self control which then he had lacked.

At the opening of every number the German's beautiful eyes searched the house with less hope, and each close was informed with the dignity of patient resignation.

Responding to an encore for the last number of his program, he stood for

some time with bow poised, looking again, as she fancied, for her. When he began to play, it was the quaint little air, her own song, which he had called "The Cry of a Soul For Its Mate." There was something now infinitely desolate in his rendering of it. The little broken phrase of her song pleaded and pleaded; but the answering chords no longer responded to it. It was the voice of one in the desert, fainting for water; the plaintive, reiterant cry of a child who does not know why it is denied.

"Brr—" whispered her cousin. "Kloemer has been playing in magnificent form tonight. I never heard him play so well. But this thing is simply dreary. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," returned Zoe in a spent, toneless voice; "it is dreary." And as the last little wail of the pleading violin died away into silence, she rose blindly, hardly knowing what she did.

The movement drew sudden attention to their box. Kloemer was making his last bow; in another moment the curtain would begin to descend. But Zoe was conscious only of the glowing eyes fixed hungrily upon hers, aware merely that the soul behind those eyes spoke intelligibly

to her soul, and it was made clear to her in that moment that no one can be wiser than fate.

The curtain down, the panic seized Zoe which comes upon a woman when she knows the thing her soul has desired is about to be given her. "There," said Millicent, "the music has made your head worse."

When the carriage was being called and they stood impatiently waiting for it, Zoe became acutely conscious that—somewhere—Gustav Kloemer was coming towards her; so that when, a moment later, Millicent's brother Fred stood before them with the musician, she met the half defiant, half imploring glance Kloemer gave her with an arch composure which, to her lover's sensitive receptivity, told everything.

"Herr Kloemer and I are very old friends," she announced, putting out her hand. And the musician answered the outburst of inquiry which followed the avowal with the bold statement:

"Indeed, yes, the origin of our friendship is brehistic—lost somewhere in the history of brotobiasm. But," he added, in his lower voice to her, "it will last now into eternity."

OUR TRYST.

FIRST, I give thanks for flowers—for fairy flowers
Fashioned in unsown dust as if the hours,
Wistful and sweet, were from their graves to rise
Perfumed with past delight, in petal guise.
Here in the seeding grass all webs and dew
I give God thanks for flowers, and so for you,
Dear woman flower!

I give God thanks for stars. I love the night
Because it brings the stars. When all the light
Has been kiased dim by dark, I stand to see
The open heaven made a mystery
By quiet eyes that look from out the blue
Strange as your eyes. Then I give thanks for you,
Dear woman star!

I thank my God for wonder, for my days
Are mute with wonder and my lips with praise;
As when I hear a lark, or when my hand
Brushes your little sleeve, or when is fanned
My face by the last wind of dusk. God knew
I wist not how to find Him without you
To be our tryst!

Zona Gale.

The Moros in Peace and War.

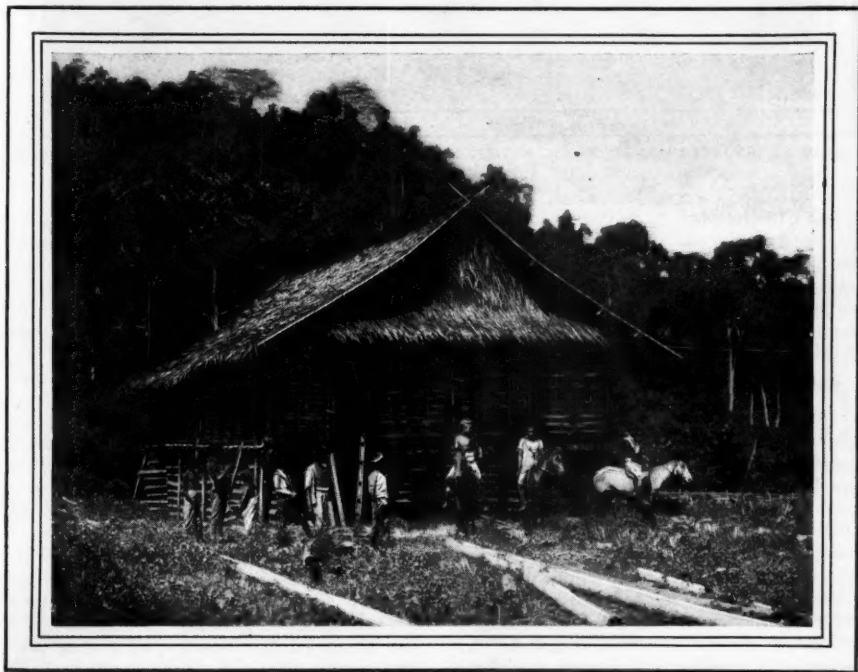
BY OSCAR K. DAVIS.

MR. DAVIS, FORMERLY THE NEW YORK SUN'S CORRESPONDENT IN THE PHILIPPINES, DESCRIBES THE MOST FORMIDABLE OF THE NATIVE TRIBES UNDER OUR FLAG, AND DISCUSSES THE POSSIBILITY OF A SERIOUS CONFLICT WITH THEM.

PROBABLY every officer of the American army or navy who has served in the Philippines, especially those who have had personal contact with the Moros of Mindanao and of the Sulus, has dreaded the time when armed conflict with those savage warriors should be a necessity, and yet has felt that that time was certain to come. In spite of the fact that the first relations between the Americans and the Moros were of such a friendly character, at least on the surface, it has seemed inevitable that when the occasion, *arose*, as it was bound to do in the ordinary course of events, for the extension,

however gradual, of our occupation throughout Mindanao, there would be trouble which might force us into a general conflict. The issue once joined, it is absolutely essential that American supremacy should be maintained.

The chance of peace lay in the hope that our conduct of affairs would be so diplomatic as to avoid joining issue. But it seems that at last the action of some of the Mindanao Moros was such that our commanders were compelled to make the direct threat of force, and then to back it up. At the time of writing, the first collision has taken place, with disastrous



MORO ARCHITECTURE—A TYPICAL NATIVE HOUSE.

From a photograph by E. C. Rott.



MOROS OF MINDANAO COMING IN FOR A CONFERENCE WITH THE AMERICANS—IN CROSSING A STREAM, THE NATIVES CARRY THEIR CLOTHES IN A BUNDLE ON THEIR HEADS.

results to the Moros, and not without loss to the Americans. Now it remains to be seen whether, as some of those on the spot profess to believe, the lesson will be sufficient for the Moros, or whether, as many fear, it will only serve to provoke a general and desperate resistance.

THE MOROS OF SULU AND OF MINDANAO.

With the Moros of the Sulu archipelago there seems to be no immediate danger of trouble. The Mindanao men are a different lot. In the Sulus there is one sultan, with whom from the first, thanks to the skill and ability of General John C. Bates, we have been on good terms. These Sulu Moros were the first with whom the Americans came in contact, when our Twenty Third Infantry relieved the Spanish garrison at Jolo, the Sulu capital. The Spaniards had always feared the Moros, and had treated them with great suspicion. Within a few hours after our men

landed at Jolo they were wandering about the country, unarmed and fearless, meeting the Moros man to man, and making friends wherever they went. It pleased the Moros immensely to be met thus frankly, and from that day to this there has been no trouble with them of any magnitude, or that menaced future amicable relations.

General Bates was able to establish similar relations with the Mindanao Moros whom he met, but in this island they owe allegiance to so many sultans and dattos, and are so widely scattered, that it was impossible to bring about conditions as satisfactory as those established in the Sulu archipelago. The general could not go far from the coast, and hence was prevented from gaining the friendship of the Moros of the interior, where the present trouble occurred. The friends he made at Zamboanga, Cottabatto, and Iligan have remained true, and the strong hope

that the recent fights will not lead to a general war lies in the continuance of the relations thus established by our first commander in the Moro country.

The center of Moro population in Mindanao is about Lake Lanao, commonly spoken of as being the center of the

being abandoned. The Americans have made no effort to go in force to this lake. In 1900 Captain Hagadorn, with a company of the Twenty Third, went up from the south, by Lake Dapao, or Tapao, a small lake which lies a short distance south of Lanao. This visit was perfectly



A YOUNG AMERICAN OFFICER EXAMINING A MORO CREESE, OR SHORT, CURVED SWORD.

From a photograph by E. C. Rost.

island. Here is a fine, rolling, upland country, where the Moros cultivate great fields of rice and *camotes* (sweet potatoes). The Spaniards fought their way to this lake from Iligan, on the north coast, in the face of tremendous resistance. They opened a road which they protected with numerous block houses, and up which they lugged three small gunboats, built in sections. The boats were put together at the lake and launched, but never saw much service, and were finally scuttled, the district

peaceful, and resulted in the establishment of a market for the sale of Moro goods to the Americans.

THE CAMPAIGN IN MINDANAO.

The present trouble was caused by what General Chaffee reports as the "unprovoked murder" of a soldier of the Twenty Seventh Infantry near Parang-parang, a town in the southern part of Mindanao, some thirty miles from Cottabatto. The headquarters of the regiment, under command of Colonel Frank D.



A STREET IN A MORO VILLAGE, OVERSHADOWED BY PALM TREES.

From a photograph by E. C. Rost.

Baldwin, a soldier with an excellent reputation, were there. The murderers of the soldier were known, and in accordance with the usual custom Colonel Bald-

win asked their datto to surrender them to him for punishment.

The datto refused. Baldwin reported to Chaffee, who went to Malabang, the



A GROUP OF MORO WARRIORS AND A NATIVE PONY.

From a photograph by E. C. Rost.

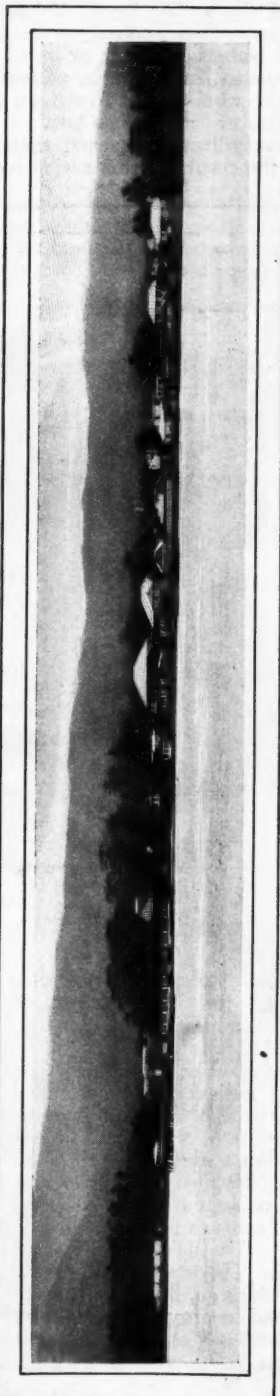
market town established by Captain Hagadorn, which was nearest the datto's village, and endeavored to confer with the Moro chiefs. They refused to come in to see Chaffee or to deliver up the murderers, or even to acknowledge the receipt of his request for a conference. General Chaffee thereupon wrote a letter to the dattos explaining the friendly intentions he held towards them, and saying that it was desired only to punish those who had been guilty of the murder. At the same time he issued a proclamation that the authority of the United States must be respected absolutely, and its sovereignty fully acknowledged. Then he started Colonel Baldwin forward, with twelve hundred men, to enforce his demands.

When General Chaffee's report of this reached Washington, the President, desiring to exhaust all possible means of arriving at a friendly settlement with the recalcitrant Moros before proceeding to use force, cabled to Chaffee to hold the expedition until further efforts to negotiate had been made. But Baldwin had already started, and the President recognized the fact that it would be inadvisable to bring him back, thereby giving the Moros ground for thinking they had driven him away—an impression which would be likely to provoke further trouble instead of promoting peace.

On May 3 Baldwin's force, which had had a little skirmishing to do before that, encountered the Moros in a very strong position in the fort of the Sultan Bayan, the man who had refused to negotiate with Chaffee, and who was protecting the murderers of the American soldier. Baldwin attacked. The Moros made a stubborn defense. They occupied four lines of trenches under the walls of their fort. Baldwin had four hundred and seventy men, with four mountain guns. Scaling ladders had been made to enable the men to get over the walls of the fort.

The Americans shelled the fort for a time, and then charged. The Moros fought with superb bravery, and for once the Americans went against a native force whose officers did not run away, as has happened so many times with the Filipinos. In desperate hand to hand fighting our men took the trenches and swarmed over the walls of the fort. They filled the ditches with Moro dead, and when the natives at last recognized that they were beaten, there were but eighty four of them left to surrender. Sultan Bayan himself was dead, and with him his brother, the Raja Muda, and Sultan Pandpatan and all the leading dattos. The Americans lost forty nine killed and wounded.

The next day the prisoners made a dash for liberty; and by getting between some unarmed Americans and their guard, so that the guard could not fire without danger of hitting some of their own men, about half of them succeeded in making their escape. Thirty five were killed and nine wounded. Later, ten were recaptured.



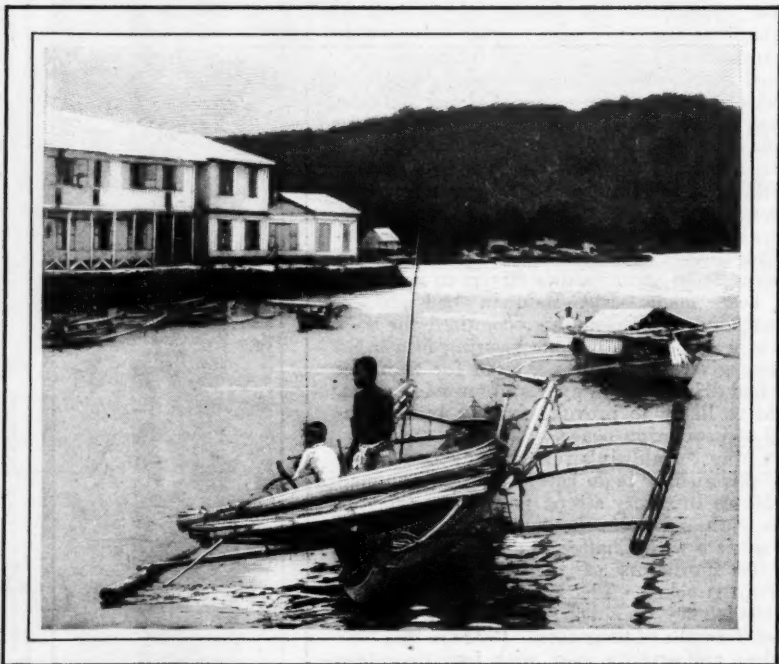
THE TOWN OF ZAMBOANGA, FROM THE SEA—ZAMBOANGA, AT THE SOUTHWESTERN EXTREMITY OF MINDANAO, IS ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL PORTS AND MILITARY STATIONS IN THE GREAT MORO ISLAND.

From a photograph by E. C. Reed.

General George W. Davis, Colonel Baldwin's immediate commander, reported that he had "never seen or heard of any performance exceeding in gallantry and grit" the work of the American soldiers in the capture of Bayan's fort.

General Chaffee reported that he believed the result of this action would be

The latest news from the Lake Lanao district at the time of writing was that after visiting the lake General Chaffee reported all the dattos friendly and submissive, with one exception. This recalcitrant chieftain, Datto Ruty, had stolen some cattle from the American troops, and declined to make restitution.



MORO BOATS—THE TYPICAL NATIVE CRAFT OF THE WATERS OF THE SOUTHERN PHILIPPINES IS A LIGHT CANOE, MADE SEAWORTHY BY DOUBLE OUTRIGGERS.

From a photograph by E. C. Rost.

to secure "respect for United States authority in the center of Moro savagery." Immediately following it, some of the dattos sent in delegations to make their unqualified submission. The Sultan Tarlac, however, who occupied a fort similar to that of Bayan, and in sight of it, was not represented among these delegations, and General Chaffee went down to Malabang to invite him to come in and make a friendly visit.

The Moros as fighters are very different to the Filipinos, as this little battle showed. They are indifferently armed, as far as rifles go, but they use with deadly skill and energy terrible knives which they make themselves, and with which they can easily cut a man's head from his shoulders by one blow.

At the worst, however, his resistance was not likely to be formidable, his headquarters being situated on a high and waterless hill, where he could be surrounded and forced into submission by a few days' siege. A favorable omen was the fact that the American telegraph line, running four or five miles along the shore of the lake, had not been cut or molested.

It is greatly to be hoped that General Chaffee's view of the situation will be borne out by the developments. A general war with the Moros would be a very serious affair. It would entail the sending of a large force to Mindanao. Resistance would be stubborn, and success would be had only at a great expenditure of men and money.

THE STAGE

NEW SEASON PLANS.

[I]t is with no very brilliant flourish of trumpets that the theatrical managers

enter upon the season of 1902-'03. The scarcity of good new plays, a condition that has been threatening for some time past, is a very present reminder that their



ELIZABETH TYREE, WHO IS TO HEAD A COMPANY PLAYING "GRETN GREEN."

From her latest photograph by Marceau, New York.



CECILIA LOFTUS, LEADING WOMAN WITH HENRY IRVING.

From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

calling should rightly come within the definition "extra hazardous." Those who look to London each summer for their next winter's supply are in especially poor

prefers to handle—comedy or society drama, inexpensive to mount and easily cast. Besides, there is much less risk in serving up to Americans a piece like



ADELAIDE THURSTON, STARRING IN THE COMEDY "AT COZY CORNERS."

From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

case, as during the past season in the English capital the percentage of failures in new works was appalling. Worse still, the failures were nearly all in just that stamp of play which the importer

those to which they have been accustomed than in giving them a poetical drama, such as Stephen Phillips' "Ulysses," even with superb settings and a West End hall-mark. Hence one may easily imagine



ROSALIE RICHARDS, APPEARING WITH JAMES K. HACKETT IN "THE CRISIS."

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.

Charles Frohman lamenting the missed fire of "The Princess' Nose" at the Duke of York's, of "The End of the Story" at Wyndham's, of "The President" at the Prince of Wales', and of "Mademoiselle Mars" at Mrs. Langtry's Imperial.

In presenting its usual list of possibilities for the coming eight months, this magazine would again remind its readers that they are *only* possibilities, and that the theatrical manager can double discount the woman of tradition in the speed and frequency with which he can change his mind, even if—as sometimes happens—the change involves a money forfeit. Taking the New York houses in alphabetical order, then, we start at the Academy of Music in August with a "greater" production of "Robin Hood" by those fathers and mothers in Israel of American light opera, the Bostonians. What methods will be adopted to expand the quavering accents of age to fill the great auditorium the announcements do not specify, but it is a step in the right direction to give this house of many musical memories a chance to echo sweet chords once more, instead of the melodrama to which it has of late years been relegated. In October the Academy is to be given over to "The Ninety and Nine," a play of Indiana life by Ramsay Morris, based on Sankey's famous hymn. The leading part is to be played by Edwin Arden, and the management mysteriously promises an absolutely novel sensational effect for the third act, which is expected to exercise such drawing power that no other production will be needed at the house for the remainder of the season. It is perhaps needless to state that Mr. Morris possesses other qualifications for the authorship of such a piece than the fact that he wrote "Madge Smith, Attorney," for May Irwin the season before last.

The Bijou's opening attraction will be "Hearts Aflame," the society play by Mrs. Haines, which was successfully tried for a week at the Garrick in May. The piece is especially well adapted to this house, where it may run until Amelia Bingham returns to town for her annual engagement in January.

A George W. Lederer musical comedy, book by Hobart, music by Englander, opens the Broadway, August 18. There is a strong probability that it will be followed by "The Suburban," another racing melodrama by the



IDA CONQUEST, FOR TWO SEASONS LEADING WOMAN
WITH JOHN DREW.

From her latest photograph by Saxony, New York.



ELSIE FERGUSON, THE BOSTON GIRL IN "THE LIBERTY BELLES."

From her latest photograph by Hall, New York.

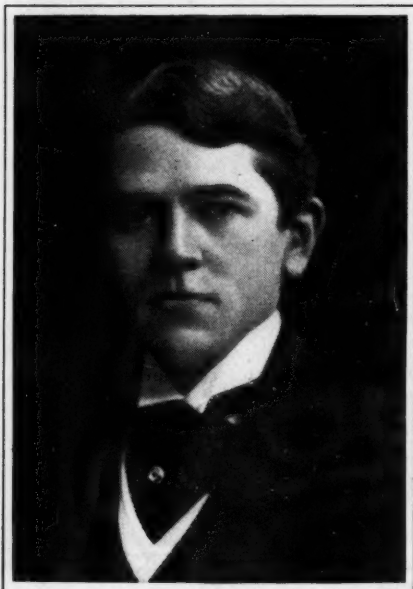


PAULINE CHASE, THE PINK PAJAMA GIRL IN "THE LIBERTY BELLES."

From a photograph by Hall, New York.

author of "In Old Kentucky," which struck luck at Mr. Litt's Chicago house in the spring. Later in the winter the Broadway would not be an unlikely spot to find "By Right of Sword," the spirited Rus-

sian story which appeared as a serial in THE ARGOSY three years ago, and brought its author, Arthur Marchmont, into the ken of two continents. Ralph Stuart began starring in the piece last spring.



DAVID WARFIELD, THE STAR IN "THE AUCTIONEER."

From his latest photograph by Marceau, New York.



WILLIAM COLLIER, TO APPEAR WITH WEBER & FIELDS.

From a photograph by Marceau, New York.



ELLEN BEACH YAW, THE AMERICAN SINGER WHO HAS LATELY BEEN APPEARING IN EUROPE.

From her latest photograph by Pepper, Colombes, France.

Fisher and Ryley, the "Florodora" millionaires, hold a reserve date at the Casino for "The Silver Slipper," the musical comedy written and composed by the "Florodora" authors, which did not by any means enjoy a "Florodora" vogue

across the water. One of the scenes is laid on the planet Venus, and there is abundant room for the introduction of specialties. Cyril Scott and Edna Wallace Hopper have been engaged for the principal rôles.

the sort of theatrical entertainment to be commended to "the young person," and although the leading rôle may afford Miss Harned rare opportunity for emotional work, it is a question whether the problem play has not seen its day as a good draw-



KATHERINE GREY, TO BE LEADING WOMAN IN "NINETY AND NINE."

From her latest photograph by Marceau, New York.

At the Criterion, after two weeks of "David Harum," the first new production will be Virginia Harned in A. W. Pinero's latest play, "Iris," imported from the London Garrick. It is not at all

ing card. After "Iris" has finished its run, the remainder of the season at the Criterion will be filled out by Julia Marlowe, opening in "Princess Fiametta." Barring a week at the Harlem Opera

House, Miss Marlowe was not seen in Manhattan at all last season.

Daly's in London and Daly's in New York are now run on precisely the same lines, both being given over to musical comedy, and beginning with September both houses will have the same name on the billboard before the door—"A Country Girl." This successor to those famous English hits, "The Geisha" and "San Toy," was put on in London about the middle of January, and although at first the book was voted a drawback, changes were soon made which whipped the piece into line with its sister "girls" bearing the George Edwardes brand. The music is said to be charming, and well it may be, as it is from the pen of Lionel Monckton, composer of many of the most tuneful numbers in the productions already named. To take the place of his "Oh, Listen to the Band" of "A Runaway Girl," Mr. Monckton has given his heroine *Nan* another martial piece, entitled "Soldiers," while her "Molly the Marchioness" has proved almost as popular as the patriotic song written for Hayden Coffin and entitled "In the King's Name, Stand." After "A Country Girl," Jerome Sykes will come forth at Daly's in the new comic opera, "The Money Burner." It has been prepared for him by Harry B. Smith as a successor to "Foxy Quiller," which lasted the comedian for two seasons. Daniel Frohmann's stock company is to be housed in the new Lyceum, now building.

"The Last of the Dandies," the Clyde Fitch play produced by Beerbohm Tree at Her Majesty's last fall, may possibly serve John Drew at the Empire. To be sure, it was no great winner in London, but in the present scarcity of material managers and stars cannot afford to be over particular. Or he may appear in a brand new comedy by Henry Arthur Jones. For the Empire stock, to be fitted out with a new vehicle in December, Charles Frohman is still on the hunt. He may finally fix on an American play by either Augustus Thomas or Clyde Fitch. The English supply is proving to be a broken reed.

E. H. Sothern has twice left the Garden Theater before his plays had in any degree lost their drawing power. He intends to return there the coming season and do both "If I Were King" and "Hamlet." This house may also see Mrs. Langtry and the fairy piece, "Bluebell in Fairyland," which has been a big card for more than six months at the London Vau-deville. William Faversham, in "The

Right of Way," is another possibility for the Garden. So also are Nat Goodwin and his wife, Maxine Elliott, in "The Altar of Friendship."

The Garrick will reopen in September with the Earl of Rosslyn in a new comedy by Robert Marshall, to be followed by Mary Mannering in the new society play that Clyde Fitch has written for her, and later Charles Hawtrey will return. Happily he will not be obliged to use "The President," which fell flat in London in the spring, having a clever light comedy, "The Man from Blankley's," still untried in America. This latter piece is by Anstey, the author of "Vice Versa," and was exploited at the Prince of Wales in the spring of 1901.

The Herald Square was expected to keep open all summer with "Dolly Varden," exchanging this in the autumn for another light opera, "The Emerald Isle," imported from the London Savoy. "The Emerald Isle" is the last work of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, who died before it was quite completed, and the leading comedy part over here is to fall into the clever hands of Jefferson de Angelis. The Herald Square's next attraction, about the middle of October, will be Martin Harvey's long delayed American appearance. In his repertoire he will have "The Children of the King"; the dramatization of the Crawford novel, "A Cigarette Maker's Romance"; and his great hit, "The Only Way." January will see Mansfield at this house in his magnificent production of "Julius Cæsar," in which he will be *Brutus*, to be followed by De Wolf Hopper in a new musical conceit founded on "The Pickwick Papers." Hopper will of course be *Pickwick*, Digby Bell the *Sam Weller*, and Grant Stewart the *Alfred Jingle*.

The Hudson, a new playhouse being built in West Forty Fourth Street, close to Broadway, will be ready for occupancy, it is hoped, in November. Henry B. Harris is the director of its fortunes, the youngest of our managers to have a house of his own. His father, William Harris, is of the well known amusement firm Rich & Harris. The son represented Amelia Bingham last year when she made her strike with "The Climbers," and put Robert Edeson forward in "Soldiers of Fortune." The new house will probably open with Mrs. Patrick Campbell or some other foreign star, to be followed possibly by Elizabeth Tyree, also under Mr. Harris' management, in "Gretchen Green." Future seasons will no doubt be filled entirely by the manager's own at-

tractions—Robert Edeson, Miss Tyree, and Percy Haswell, whom he is now sending out in "A Royal Family."

"The Rogers Brothers in Harvard" will start things at the Knickerbocker. Arguing from last year's hit, the theater need not provide a successor for many weeks; but Maude Adams is expected at this house in a production of "As You Like It," and William Gillette in "Hamlet." Ada Rehan, too, may come to the Knickerbocker with a dramatization of "Diana of the Crossways."

The old Lyceum, on Fourth Avenue, was pulled down during April, and the new Lyceum, in West Forty Fifth Street, also under the management of Daniel Frohman, and bearing a strong resemblance to the first house, is to be ready by November, when it will be opened by Annie Russell in "Mice and Men," the comedy by Madeleine Lucette Ryley in which Gertrude Elliott and her husband, Forbes Robertson, have made such a hit in London. This will probably have an extended run, affording Mr. Frohman ample time to decide on the piece with which his stock company shall inaugurate their occupancy of the new house.

At the Manhattan Mrs. Fiske will try a bold experiment. She is to appear as *Mary Magdala*, in a play based on Biblical characters, which she has held in reserve for some months now. But before that she will present a Revolutionary play, by George C. Hazleton, entitled "Captain Mally." In this Elizabeth Tyree will have the principal rôle. It is possible that Henrietta Crosman will play her next engagement at the Manhattan. She found a new play last spring which promises great things. It is a short piece entitled "Madeline," written by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, author of "Love Letters of a Worldly Woman." Miss Crosman has secured a new leading man in the person of Charles Cherry, a clever young actor whose misfortune it has been to do good work in plays that have failed.

The Madison Square will have Jameson Lee Finney and Jessie Busley featured in the English comedy "The New Clown." Charles Frohman still has awaiting production two pieces announced in years past for this house—"La Veine," from the French, for which people were engaged last winter, and then released, owing to its being such a poor season, and "The Noble Lord," an English piece.

The Grau season of grand opera at the Metropolitan will begin much earlier than usual—November 24—and continue

for seventeen weeks. Calvé has declared that she will never come to this country again on account of the climate, but Mr. Grau seems to think she does not mean it. Emma Eames will be with us, and possibly Melba. Jean de Reszke may also be expected, along with the reliable Edouard, and Alvarez will return, to sing for the first time in this country *Ernani* and *Lionel* in "Martha." Among the absentees will be Suzanne Adams, Mlle. Bréval, Sibyl Sanderson, and Ternina.

Klaw & Erlanger's new theater, in West Forty Second Street, the New Amsterdam, is scheduled to open in December with the latest Drury Lane extravaganza, "Blue Beard," which has been Americanized in the same way as "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast." Another practically new house will be the Princess, late the Comique and formerly the San Francisco Minstrels. The Gilsey estate has taken out the objectionable staircase, and the house has come under the management of the Shubert Brothers, of the Herald Square, who will open it in September with Weedon Grossmith and his London company in his own farce, "The Night of the Party," which had a long London run in the spring and summer of 1901. The "party" is given by the servants in the master's absence.

Still another transformed auditorium will be that of the Belasco Theater Republic, to be inaugurated under the new management, early in September, with Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Du Barry." She will be followed in December by another Belasco star, Blanche Bates, in a new piece by the playwright manager, the nature of which is being kept secret, even from those who are to perform in it. Robert T. Haines will be Miss Bates' leading man. The season is to be rounded out by the third member of the Belasco trinity, David Warfield, who will probably not need a new vehicle until a year hence at least.

The Savoy is to be reopened by Robert Edeson, with five weeks more of "Soldiers of Fortune." Then will come Ethel Barrymore in Clyde Fitch's adaptation of a French success, "La Petite Fonctionnaire," to be known here as "The Flirt." The heroine, a postmistress in a provincial town, is loved by a middle aged man of uncertain morals, but loves a young farmer, who engages himself to a widow. A later booking for the Savoy is Clara Bloodgood in a play—as might have been guessed—by Clyde Fitch. A dramatization of the "Mr. Dooley" stories is also in line for this house.

Hammerstein's Victoria will be severely classic in the fall with the presence of Mme. Duse, who comes to America under the auspices of Liebler & Company. This firm will also have the Victoria for the presentation of Viola Allen in her new vehicle, "The Eternal City," dramatized from his own novel by Hall Caine. Miss Allen plays *Roma* and will have Edward J. Morgan for her leading man again—at any rate, during the New York engagement. He is cast for *David Rossi*; E. M. Holland has been specially engaged for the *Pope*, while Frederic de Belleville will be *Baron Bonelli*. The Victoria may also be used for the return to the metropolis of James O'Neill in his new play, "The Christian King."

September 8 will be an interesting date at Wallack's. It marks the fiftieth anniversary of the theater of that name, the original house having been opened at Broadway and Broome Street on that day in 1852. The removal to Thirteenth Street was effected on September 25, 1861, and to the present house at Thirtieth Street on January 4, 1882. The name was changed to Palmer's some ten years later, but the old trademark was resumed December 7, 1896, with the advent of E. S. Willard in "The Rogue's Comedy."

The opening attraction at Wallack's is to be a new comedy of American life by Grace Livingstone Furniss, with Alice Fischer featured in the leading part. An October booking at Wallack's is James K. Hackett in "The Crisis," which he brought out during his Western tour. He was so disappointed about not getting "Richard Carvel" that he has taken particular pains to make his production of the sequel as complete as possible. His new leading woman is Charlotte Walker, who has risen very rapidly since her return to the stage was brought about by the loss of her belongings in the Galveston flood. Charles Frohman will undoubtedly use Wallack's, possibly for the promised dramatization of "Huckleberry Finn." In March Minnie Tittell Brune is to be there in "Unorna," founded on an incident in Crawford's "The Witch of Prague."

As the Weber & Fields extravaganza is never named until the last minute, in spite of the fact that the title never means anything, no more definite announcement for that house can be made than that Peter F. Dailey will return to the fold, and that among the new members will be William Collier, Charles Bigelow, and Mr. Collier's wife, Louise Allen. Lillian Russell will remain for

one more season before passing under the management of David Belasco. De Wolf Hopper and Sam Bernard will both be missing.

A CAREER OF SURPRISES.

"It may sound foolish to you, but my ambition, of which I constantly dream, is to become the greatest actress in the world."

This remark was made just three years ago to a newspaper man who had come to interview a music hall artist. Whether the ambition was a foolish one or not, the fact remains that the aspirant, who then was imitating others, is now leading woman with Henry Irving, having appeared at his London Lyceum last spring as *Margaret* in "Faust."

It was little wonder that Cissie Loftus began at the "halls," her mother, Marie Loftus, being regularly engaged in the variety business. In 1893 the daughter was at a convent school in England, whither she had been sent in the hope that the stage would not allure her. But heredity was not to be vanquished, and as soon as she was free she gave a trial performance in imitations of well known stars at the Oxford Music Hall, London. This was at a matinée on July 15, just nine years ago, and the test was so successful that she was engaged for an extended term at once. The English public went wild over her work, and one of her critics married her—Justin Huntley McCarthy, who later was to write "If I Were King."

She came to America the following season, and repeated her hit here, remaining longer than she had originally intended owing to a dread of the sea. She came again later on, and one day, in February, 1900, she astonished her public by announcing that she was going into comic opera. She appeared as the goose girl *Bettina* in "The Mascot," with the Castle Square Opera Company, and scored a failure. The very next month she paralyzed the amusement world again by coming forward as *Viola* in a matinée performance of "Twelfth Night," supported by Mme. Modjeska's company. She did better with this than with *Bettina*. She played other rôles with Mme. Modjeska, who conceived a great interest in the ambitious young woman. The following season Miss Loftus, now known as Cecilia, became a member of the Daniel Frohman stock company at Daly's. This meant much less money than she could earn by her imitations, but it was a step toward the goal of her ambitions.

Last autumn another step upward was

taken. She became leading woman for Mr. Sothern, and it was her acting in "If I Were King"—from whose author, by the way, she had been divorced—that moved Sir Henry to offer her the position in his London Lyceum troupe. An odd complication, an echo of her past success as a mimic, threatened to interfere with this engagement. It seems that when Miss Loftus last left London, she agreed with one of the big music halls that her next appearance in town should be on their stage. At that time, of course, she had little idea that she would come back as leading woman to the foremost actor in the kingdom, and it required some little diplomacy to convince the music hall people that the gap between *Margaret* in the legitimate and a series of imitations in vaudeville was sufficiently wide to abrogate a contract such as Miss Loftus had signed.

HOW WARFIELD ROSE.

David Warfield made his start very much in the same way that Cissie Loftus did—by imitating well known players. His first hits in this line were won by his burlesques of Bernhard's *Camille* and Salvini's *Otello* in a piece called "About Town." He comes from San Francisco, and reached New York in 1890. Without any reputation that was of value to him in the metropolis, he accepted the first engagement that offered, which happened to be for a concert hall in Eighth Avenue. He remained there only a week, as a Broadway manager saw his work and hired him on the spot.

In 1895 he went to the Casino, and had parts in the two Lederer reviews, "The Merry World" and "In Gay New York." In the first named he was *Fouché* in the "Madame Sans Gêne" travesty, and the *Laird* in the burlesque of "Trilby." In the other he was the *Duke of Mulligatwnney*, and caricatured Mrs. Leslie Carter and Henry Irving. Warfield's imitation of the East Side Hebrew, which has brought him fame, did not see the footlights until the last night of the New York run of "The Merry World." It came about in an odd way.

Warfield had been anxious for some time to introduce his Jew act into his performance, but his managers would not hear of it, imagining that the thing would not take with the public. In the last week of the season a baseball match had been arranged between the cast of "The Merry World" and that of "Thrilly," a "Trilby" burlesque being done at the Garrick. Warfield determined to take

advantage of the opportunity, and appeared at the game in the get up of a Hebrew peddler. He cracked a huge cake of ice into small bits and hawked these about among the spectators as souvenirs, the game being given in aid of an ice fund charity. The character made such a hit that Mr. Lederer permitted the actor to introduce the specialty into his part for the last night of the run.

Although after that the Hebrew skit was regarded as Mr. Warfield's long suit, his work at Weber & Fields' proved him to be a versatile artist of no mean order. As the Frenchman in "The Girl from Martin's," as the crazy lover in "Barbara Fidgety," and in his burlesque of W. J. Le Moyne's methods in "Catherine," he showed a keen sense of the humorous as well as a nice discrimination of the points of a successful travesty.

As will be apparent from his portrait, in making up he completely changes the contour of his face, converting a round visage into a long one.

FROTH AND FROLIC IN MUSICAL COMEDY.

The present summer is remarkable in the history of the New York stage for the number of shows seeking to run through the vacation period. "The Chaperons," after knocking vainly at metropolitan doors all winter, finally found a lodging place early in June at the New York. It is a formless affair, and its sponsors wisely refrain from attempting to classify it on the program; but of course, being a hot weather attraction, it is of the musical comedy type, and is well supplied with actors who enjoy taking the audience into their confidence over the footlights. Walter Jones and Harry Conner lead in the fun making, and there is a "single sextet" that discounts "Florodora's" famous double one in the number of encores given.

"The Chinese Honeymoon" at the Casino, being an importation from London, has more of a connected story to tell, and tells it against a pretty background of scenery and costumes, to the tune of some catchy airs. A newcomer from England, Katie Barry, as the slavey, walked into a big reputation on the opening night. Edwin Stevens stepped from the villainy of the Spanish prime minister in "A Royal Rival" to become a Chinese emperor who prefers to be known as a bill poster. "The Honeymoon" has been taken up by the public, and already there is talk of its staying at the Casino into the winter, in which event "The Silver Slipper" will go on at the Broadway.

John Burt.*

BY FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

LEFT an orphan when a mere baby, John Burt is brought up by his grandfather, Peter Burt, a retired sea captain, whose rather fanatical religious views cause him to be looked at askance by his New England neighbors, some of whom have dubbed him "Crazy Burt." When John is twenty one he returns to the old homestead to spend his vacation—he is studying at Harvard—and renews his acquaintance with the wealthy General Carden's young daughter, Jessie, whose life he was instrumental in saving during the previous summer. He soon learns to love Jessie, and he tells her so one day when they are out sailing. She does not say him nay, but bids him wait for his answer until she is older. When they land John is approached by a friend, who tells him that Arthur Morris, the dissolute son of a millionaire of the neighborhood, is in a near by hotel with a gang of his associates, all more or less under the influence of liquor, and that he has not only made insulting remarks about Jessie, upon whom he has unsuccessfully striven to force his attentions, but is threatening injury to John. Thoroughly angry, the latter seeks out Morris, hears him repeat such a remark, and strikes him. Morris promptly draws a revolver and fires, but John knocks up his arm, and before he can shoot again grapples with him. During the struggle which follows, the weapon is once more discharged, and Morris sinks to the floor.

X.

WRITHING bars of smoke—nitric, pungent, and sulphurous—floated over the heads of those whose eyes were fixed on the prostrate figure of Arthur Morris. The afterglow streamed through the western windows, tingeing the edges of the smoke wreaths, scintillating with dust sparks hurled up in the struggle. The glass strewn floor; the overturned chairs and tables; the blanched features of the revelers awed and sobered by the tragedy; the peering faces of country boys, wide eyed and open mouthed, clustered at door and window; the aged tavern keeper, wringing his hands at the sight of his wrecked belongings; the deadly silence, broken only by the long drawn and irregular gasps of the wounded man; the widening smear of red on the garment above his heart; the chill of the darkening shadow of death—such was the horror, unreal but actual, in which John Burt found himself the conspicuous figure.

He felt the touch of a hand on his shoulder, and, turning quickly, faced Sam Rounds.

"Fer God's sake, git outer here, John, as soon as ye can!" whispered Sam. John hung back defiantly. "Jessie's waitin' fer ye, John; she heard the shots, and is scared 'most ter death! Ye promised, John, that ye'd come right back! He's

a goner, an' it ain't no kinder use stayin' round here. Come on, John; Jessie's waitin' fer ye!"

At the sound of Jessie's name a wave of agony swept over John Burt. With a glance at the motionless form of Morris, he turned and followed Sam Rounds. No hand was raised to stop him. The witnesses of the tragedy, held in a spell, had eyes for naught but its victim.

"Tell ye what ye do, John," said Sam Rounds as they reached the open air, and faced the breeze from the sea. "Jump on my horse and git away from here like lightnin'. Don't let 'em catch ye, John! I'll drive her home—you git out!"

"I shall do nothing of the kind," replied John Burt, as they neared Jessie Carden. "Go after the carriage and meet us here. Be as lively as you can, Sam."

"There it is!" said Sam, pointing a few rods away. "I hitched 'em up while you was gone so's ter have 'em waiting fer ye. But you'd better take my horse and make a run fer it, John! I'll look after Miss Carden. They'll git ye, sure!"

John made no reply. Jessie ran forward to meet him, her face white with fear.

"Oh, what has happened, John? What has happened?" Her voice trembled and her lips parted with a vague terror. "Are you shot? Are you hurt, John? Oh, tell me, John!"

* Copyright, 1902, by Frederick Upham Adams.—This story began in the June number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

"I'm not hurt, darling," said John, looking into the uplifted eyes. "Something has happened, and we must leave at once. I will tell you about it on the way home."

A minute later they were speeding homeward through the gathering darkness. For some moments neither spoke. With appalling swiftness, a series of events—rearing like breakers in an angry sea—had swept over John Burt, and left him numbed for the moment. Was it a dream, a cruel phantasmagoria invoked by fiends to torment a slumbering brain? Why had fate thrust this cup to his lips? What sin had he committed? The fair fabric of his ambitions crumbled before his eyes.

He turned and looked at Jessie. In the evening light the pure profile of her face was drawn like a cameo against the fading sky. The soft folds of her hair, the tender brow, the penciled eyelashes, the tempting lips, the firm little chin, and the slender neck—it was not a dream.

By a stern effort John Burt mastered his emotions and calmly told Jessie what had happened. He said no word of the shameful insults in which her name had been bandied in a public drinking place. He explained that a quarrel had arisen, during which Morris had been shot with his own weapon. Jessie listened breathlessly. It had grown so dark that John could not see her face, but there was a tremor in her voice when she asked:

"Will he die, John?"

"I fear so," replied John.

It might have been imagination, but he thought that Jessie shuddered and drew away from him. They heard the rapid beat of hoofs behind them, and she clutched his arm.

"They are coming after you!" she exclaimed. "Jump and run, John. I can drive home alone. Please do, John! Do not let them take you!"

She grasped at the reins as if to stop the horses. John checked the team and calmly awaited his pursuers. There was that in Jessie's voice and in the touch of her hand which filled him with wild, unreasoning joy.

Out of the darkness a horse, madly ridden, dashed forward, and was pulled back on his haunches by the side of the carriage. A face peered in—the homely but welcome face of Sam Rounds.

"Drive ahead as fast as ye can, John," gasped Sam. "I've thrown 'em off the scent. I ran the Standish out inter the bay, set 'er tiller and let 'er go, and come back and told 'em you had given 'em the

slip that way. Pretty slick, eh? You bet none o' them dudes can get the best of Sam Rounds! Get up!"

Sam gave the horses a cut of the whip which sent them dashing down the road. A few minutes later they reached the Bishop farm house. Sam held the excited horses while John helped Jessie to alight.

"Jump on my horse and git!" said Sam in a whisper.

John drew Jessie to the shadow of a maple, and held her hands in his.

"Jessie, I am innocent, but the world will hold me responsible for the death of that blackguard. Sweetheart, I had dreamed of bridging the gulf between us. I had faith that some lucky star would smile on my ambitions; that my youth and health would one day make me worthy of the grandest gift God gives to man—the love of the woman he worships! That hope is not dead, but it has gone far from me. I must endure either imprisonment and disgrace at home or exile abroad. I can face either, Jessie, if I have the support of your friendship, and the knowledge that you hold me guiltless. Can you give me them, sweetheart?"

"Both, John," said Jessie softly. "I—I—shall pray for your success. Go now, John! Take Sam's advice and mine. Good by, dear!" There were tears in the sweet voice.

"Will you kiss me, Jessie?"

Two warm arms were clasped round his neck, and a face wet with tears nestled for a moment on his shoulder. The light from the parlor window glistened in her eyes as she raised them to his, and she kissed him twice, with the live kisses that come from the heart of a woman whose affection has passed the mysterious border that separates friendship from love.

"Good by, John; God bless you and guard you!"

"Good by, Jessie; good by!"

He watched her as she faded away from him and disappeared beyond the vines which shaded the veranda.

"Come on, John!" said Sam. "There's no time tew lose. Which way are ye goin'? Better take the Hingham road. Have ye got any money?" And Sam produced a roll of bills.

"Thank you, Sam, I don't need it." John's hand reached out to grasp that of his friend. "I'm going home. Grandfather will advise me what to do."

Sam told him to be careful, and with a hearty handshake bade him farewell.

"You can bet I'm allers yer friend,

John, first, last, and all the time," he said as the other vaulted into the saddle. "You'll win, John Burt, and don't ye fergit that Sam Rounds allers said so. Ye're clean strain and thoroughbred, and they can't down ye. Good by, John, and good luck tew ye!"

Under the arched maples where he had walked with Jessie so many times; over the old bridge where first he met her, and down the sandy road where they had loitered in days now gone forever, John Burt urged the horse along. In the western sky flashes of lightning heralded a coming storm. It was only two miles to Peter Burt's, and he soon reached the gloomy old house. A figure stood by the gate. No lights were burning, and the hour when Peter Burt habitually retired long since had passed. John rode forward and recognized his grandfather.

"You did well to come home, my boy," said the old man, whose deep, calm voice held an anxious note. "Something has happened, and my soul has been calling you since dusk. There is no time to lose, my lad. Ride to the graveyard and I'll follow you. It isn't safe to talk here."

In the far corner of the old graveyard John Burt hitched the horse and turned to meet his grandfather. The old man seated himself on the grave of the pioneer Burt who, two hundred years before, had dared the dangers of the wilderness. Though the lightning flickered in the west and north, the stars shone bright above, and their dim radiance revealed the giant figure of the patriarch.

Eighty three winters had marshaled their snows since Peter Burt opened his eyes in the old farm house. Yet his step was as springy, his eye as clear, and his voice as strong as on the day when John Burt's father was born. He was in his shirt sleeves, and the unbuttoned front showed a hairy chest, massive in its strength. The uprolled sleeves revealed the coiled muscles of his forearm, and the slender wrist peculiar to men of enormous strength.

"Now we can talk," he said. "Tell me what has happened."

Quickly John Burt related the incidents before the tragedy. He told of his love for Jessie, of his avowal in the boat, of Sam Rounds' information, and of the fight in the tavern. The old man made no sign during the recital, and was silent for minutes after John had ended.

"He deserved to die, and it was written he should perish by violence; but his blood is not on your head," began the old

man calmly. "You had the right to kill him, and no sin will be charged against you in the Book of Life; but the laws of men may hold you in part responsible. There is no law but God's law, and the laws of men are pitfalls for fools. They are the weapons of the strong against the weak. If we transgress one of God's laws he will exact the penalty, not only in this world but in the hereafter. Murder, in the sight of God, is in the heart—not in the hand. I—I am——"

Peter Burt's voice broke, and a shudder swept over him; but he controlled himself, and continued:

"My boy, will you take your grandfather's advice? Will you heed his earnest admonition to the one being on earth he loves, for whom his prayers ascend to heaven?"

"I will, grandfather—I will!" replied John firmly.

"It is written in God's word: 'If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small; for a just man falleth seven times and riseth up again.' God has willed that you shall be His instrument in great things. You are to go out into the world, and though you may know it not, God will guide your footsteps. Your ways may be dark, but the light will appear. It were folly to imagine that this unprovoked quarrel points to your undoing. It is the sign that you are to depart from fields you have outgrown, to take up your work in that broader sphere which is waiting you. The fool would remain and measure his innocence against the wealth and influence of those who devour widows' houses and who despoil the virtue of maidens. Something has whispered to me that you should go to California. Today's event is the sign that you should go now. It is plain as if written on parchment. You will start tonight, my boy, and God will be with you. Hush! I hear the hoofs of horses!"

In the silence of the night the muffled beat of galloping horses was heard at the base of the long hill. The old man jumped to his feet. He looked in the direction of Sam Rounds' horse.

"Officers are coming!" he said in a low voice. "I will meet them. Remain here till I return. Hold that horse by the nose lest he whinny."

As John sprang to the horse's head, the old man vanished in the darkness.

XI.

PETER BURT entered the rear door of his house, and was in his room when the

tramp of steps was heard, followed by loud knocking. The old man waited a while, as if dressing. He then lighted a lamp and stood in the hallway. The pounding had been repeated at intervals, and gruff voices were heard in impatient conversation.

"Who's there?" demanded the old man. "Open the door and be quick about it!" was the response, with a kick and a pull at the latch.

"At this hour of the night my door opens to none who refuse names and errands!" replied the old man. "Go about your business and do not disturb honest folk!"

A mumbled conference followed. Peter Burt placed the lamp on a table and waited. A light knock sounded on the door.

"Is this Peter Burt?"

"I am Peter Burt."

"We are officers of the law, Mr. Burt," a clearer voice declared. "We are after John Burt, your grandson, who has killed a man."

"He is not here," was the calm reply.

"We must search the house, Mr. Burt," said the officer. "I warn you not to resist the execution of the law."

"Have you a warrant for his arrest, or a search warrant?" demanded the old man. "Show me one at the window and I will open the door. If you have none, begone, and let me rest in peace."

Another conference followed, and the gruff voice rose in anger.

"Let us in, old man!" it thundered. "Warrant or no warrant, let us in, or by God we'll pound your door down and take you along with your murderin' grandson!"

"Open my door at your peril!" said Peter Burt sternly. "Show me your authority, and you can enter my house. I know the law and will defend my rights. This house is my castle, and no man enters it illegally except over my prostrate body!"

Growling threats, the men retired. In a minute they returned, armed with a log. Used as a battering ram, it was hurled against the heavy oaken door. For a time the stout frame resisted, but with a crash the jamb gave way and the door flew open. With an oath and a call to his companion, the larger of the two rushed in.

Peter Burt stood behind the splintered door in the dark hallway. As the man crossed the threshold, the patriarch's left arm flew out, and the corded fingers gripped the reckless intruder by the

throat. There was a gurgling cry as the fingers buried themselves in the flesh. The second man hit the old farmer a glancing blow with the butt end of a revolver. With a catlike movement, Peter Burt wrenched his opponent's forearm. With a cry of pain the man dropped the weapon to the floor. Before he could guard himself, Peter Burt dealt him a staggering blow on the face, and gripped him by the neck as he reeled against the wall.

Holding the two men at arm's length, Peter cracked their heads together, and then dragged them into the room, where the lamplight fell on their faces. The protruding tongue and the blood surged face of the one who had led the charge caused Peter Burt to relax his hold, and the man fell limp to the floor. A glance showed that his companion was senseless, and the old man stretched him out on the carpet.

He looked up. John Burt stood in the doorway. The noise of the battle had reached him, and, disobeying orders, he had run to his grandfather's assistance.

"Stay outside, John," said Peter Burt with a grim smile. "You must not resist an officer. I will be with you in a few minutes. Don't be alarmed; they're not badly hurt."

There came to John's mind, as he waited in the darkness, the legends of his grandsire's prowess in the days of his prime. He remembered hearing that Peter Burt had been waylaid by ten men, and that with his hands and fists he had stunned and maimed them, heaping them like cordwood by the side of the road. Yet to John he was tender as a woman, and in all their years in the old house his grandsire's hand had never been raised in anger against another.

Peter Burt produced a coil of rope from a closet, and with the dexterity of a sailor bound the senseless men. He searched their pockets for weapons, and then proceeded to revive them. A liberal application of cold water, followed by an inhalation of smelling salts, produced the desired effect, and the men struggled back to consciousness.

"I have not gagged you," said Peter Burt, as he stood over them, "for the reason that your cries would bring you no assistance, and for the second reason that you are men of sufficient intelligence not to speak again until you are spoken to. As soon as convenient, I will give you more comfortable quarters. Now that you are here, you may spend the night with me."

Seating himself at a desk, Peter Burt wrote two letters, and sealed them. He then opened a huge, iron bound chest, and for half an hour was busy with its contents. He was as calm as if casting up unimportant accounts. When his work was ended, he quitted the room without so much as a glance at the silent figures on the floor. John met him at the gateway.

"Here are your instructions, John," he said. "Go to your room and select such trifles as you can carry in your saddle-bags. You must make Plymouth before daybreak, and it will be a hard ride when the storm breaks. You know every foot of the way. Take the back road and keep away from the villages. This letter is addressed to a man in Plymouth. Here is a ring. Show him this ring with the letter. Stay in his house all day, and start for New Bedford about ten o'clock tomorrow night. You must arrive in New Bedford before daybreak, and go to the address on this second letter. When you find it show Captain Horton the letter and the ring. He will put you on board the *Segregansett*, which sails for the South Pacific in three days from now. This third package you will not examine until well at sea. Here is money. Enter the house and make no unnecessary noise. I will saddle your horse and wait at the back of the barn."

The sky was aflame with lightning as John stood once more by the old man's side. The rumble of thunder told of the near approach of the tempest.

"John," said Peter Burt as he tenderly grasped the boy's hand in his, "I feel no sorrow save the pain of a temporary parting. This was decreed by One wiser than ourselves. I shall see you again, my boy; I shall clasp your hand in the vigor of your manhood, when success has crowned your efforts, and when your happiness is complete. Though I have lived long past the allotted span, the scroll of my days is not yet numbered. Do not write to me nor attempt to communicate with me, or with any one, until you are rich and strong enough to meet your enemies on equal ground. You have the love of a woman I respect. She will wait for you. Do not let the impatience of your love imperil your chances. I speak with authority when I say these things to you. During these coming years, let money be your ambition. You live in an age when money is the god of the material world. Understanding has been granted to you, and when you apply yourself to the struggle the thrill of knowledge will pervade

you. 'A prudent man concealeth knowledge; the heart of fools proclaimeth foolishness,' says Solomon. Keep your own counsel, John, and 'buy truth and sell it not.' You have received a ken of this world's affairs, so that I can say to you in the language of Isaiah: 'I will give thee the treasures of darkness and the hidden riches of secret places.' Rest secure in that promise, have abiding faith in it, and hold no communication with those who love you until my prophecy has come to pass. Do you promise me, my boy?"

"I do, grandfather!" said John, who was deeply affected. "You have been so good——"

"Never mind, my boy; thank God, not me. Good by, John—God bless you!"

The first drops of the storm pattered on the dusty roadway as the old man raised his hands and gave John his blessing. Springing into the saddle, the boy caught one last glimpse of Peter Burt in a brilliant flash of lightning which glorified his heroic figure, his white hair shining as a halo above his brow. The trees guarding the old graveyard swayed in the first gust of the tempest. John put spurs to his horse and fared forward on the wings of the gale.

A strange exhilaration tingled in the young man's veins as he swept along in the swirling embrace of the storm. There stole over him an exaltation, a sense of buoyant freedom, and a thrill of power which was intoxicating. The crashing artillery of the heavens; the tangled skeins of lightning; the roar of the wind; the bending pines, dim through lines of rain in the fitful glare; the swift panorama as the horse leaped to the spur—such was the stage setting of which John Burt felt himself the central figure. The little New England district in which he had played so dull a part already faded beneath the horizon, and the greater world reared its heights, beckoning him to come and conquer. And of that new and grander world Jessie was the heroine—her bright smile encouraging him to victory.

It was four o'clock when he halted at a small house on the outskirts of Plymouth. Years before, with Peter Burt, he had visited the old sailor who was spending there his declining years in sight and sound of the ocean. After repeated knocking, the old man opened the door. John handed him the letter and showed him the ring. He read the letter laboriously, and heartily greeted his guest.

"Enough said, my boy!" he declared, as he burned the letter. "You'll be as

safe here as in God's pocket. Make yourself comfortable and I will stow away your horse."

When the old man returned he prepared a breakfast which John ate with relish, and then showed him to a bed which, though hard, seemed the most delightful place he had found in years. The sun was low when John woke. After supper—breakfast, to John—the old sailor spun yarns of the sea, though Peter Burt did not figure in any of these narratives. He did not betray the slightest curiosity concerning John's journey, and at ten o'clock his guest bade him farewell with sincere thanks for his hospitality.

The night ride to New Bedford was made without incident. It was three o'clock when John knocked at Captain Horton's door; and, much to his surprise, that gruff old mariner was up and dressed.

"Come in! I've been expectin' ye!" he said as he opened the door. "Glad to meet ye. Joe," he said, turning to a sleepy eyed boy, "take care of this lad's horse."

John secured the contents of the saddle bags, and an hour later stepped on board the Segregansett. Captain Horton showed him his quarters, and advised him to "turn in." He did so, and when he awoke the heaving and groaning of the old whaler told him that she was on the open sea.

John Burt lay in his bunk in that deliciously languid state which follows deep, refreshing sleep. Against the dull background of boyish years the events of recent hours stood vividly before him.

A light rap sounded on the door. He opened it, and was greeted by Captain Horton.

"Haow air ye, me boy?" exclaimed the broad shouldered skipper. "Dinner'll be ready in a jiffy; if ye've slept enough, throw on yer togs and have a bite!"

"Thank you, Captain Horton," said John. "I shall be ready in a minute, and promise to do justice to your dinner."

It was one o'clock when he came on deck. The day was clear and bright, and the Segregansett was running south with all canvas set in the twenty knot breeze. In the northeast the peaceful hills of Martha's Vineyard rolled blue on the horizon, while to the west the black cliffs of Block Island reared defiantly. On the ocean's edge, to the north, a dim bank showed dreaded Point Judith. John Burt gazed fondly at these stern sentinels of New England's coast, and wondered when he would see them again. Before dusk the last trace of land faded from sight.

Not until the Segregansett had left the Bermudas did John open the package which had been given to him by Peter Burt. It contained a long letter from the old man, describing a spot in the California mountains, of which a dying sailor had told him years before. The poor fellow declared that he had found a rich deposit of gold, and that he was working his way back to Boston, hoping to interest the necessary capital. In Peter's letter was inclosed a rough map which the sailor drew when he realized that death stood in the way of his dreams of wealth.

There was also a parcel with an outer covering of oilskin. John unwrapped it and disclosed a large, old fashioned wallet, which he recognized as having belonged to his grandfather. Years of use had worn its sides to a gloss which no art can imitate. In this wallet he found a layer of United States Treasury notes of large denominations. His fingers tingled as he handled the notes. Ten thousand dollars! He counted them again and again; not as a miser counts his gold, but with the eagerness of an ambitious man who gazes for the first time on the paper weapons of modern warfare. Jessie seemed much nearer as John looked at those bits of paper.

There was no memorandum in the wallet or in the letter in reference to this money. John knew that no such sum had been realized from his father's estate. He knew little of Peter Burt's wealth, but he was proud to think that he was deemed worthy to be intrusted with so large a sum.

The scenes and incidents of that eighteen thousand mile voyage around Cape Horn are worthy of extended recital, but are not an essential part of this narrative. One bright afternoon the Segregansett sailed into the harbor of Valparaiso, and a week later John Burt was a passenger on the steamer Reliance, bound for San Francisco.

A thousand leagues away, Jessie Carden treasured the secret of a sensation strangely akin to new born love. As the days sped away which meant safety to John Burt, her spirits rose. He had vanished out of her life, but her faith in his innocence, and in his success and triumphant return, was strong and abiding.

On the walls of her classroom was a large map, and she loved to look at it and wonder what spot of land or sea held John Burt. Something told her that he was on the ocean, and she found pleasure in following his possible course through the tropics, across the equator, past

stormy Cape Horn, and up the South American coast to California.

In the little college town there lived an old sea captain, who kept a small candy and stationery store; and Jessie became his regular customer. To the delight of this ancient mariner, she betrayed keen interest in tales of the sea. She asked many questions, which he answered, adding long narratives of experiences in "rounding the Horn," and of cruises in southern seas.

Thus, in fancy, Jessie accompanied John on his long journey, until a day came when she felt that he was in California, and that he had begun a struggle for his fortune—perhaps for her fortune. She smiled proudly when this thought came to her.

She pictured John Burt in the rugged wilds, and saw his handsome face and stalwart form against the background of snow-capped mountains. She saw him amid dangers; saw him suffering privations—and all for her. Every printed line concerning the land of gold was associated in some way with John Burt.

Cupid had stolen upon her in the night. He had fired an arrow and fled. She felt the delicious tingle of the wound in her heart, and wondered if it was love.

Perchance the great world into which John Burt had vanished held for him a destiny in which she bore no part. The dark veil which fate draws over the future yielded not to her small fingers. Love and hope ask a thousand questions which time alone can answer.

XII.

"Looks like more snow!"

At the sound of his master's voice a shepherd dog raised his head inquiringly, and followed the gaze of the speaker as he studied the leaden sky and the crests of snow-lad ridges and mountains. This habit of voicing thought develops in those who spend long periods in solitude, and James Blake—once a farmer boy in Hingham, and now a California gold miner and prospector—was no exception to the rule. Such recluses evolve a dual existence, personified by the voice and the brain; the former propounding questions and propositions; the latter weighing and deciding them if worthy of consideration.

"We are surely going to have another snowstorm, old dog," continued Blake, as he plunged his head into a basin of ice cold water dipped from a mountain brook which brawled noisily a few rods away. "Let 'er snow, eh, Dog! We were here

first, warn't we? It won't snow in the tunnel, will it, old fellow?" And he laughingly slapped the dog with the towel, and shoved him into a snow bank as he leaped towards him.

"Are you hungry, Dog? Ready for breakfast, eh? How about a chunk of deer meat? Have it cooked or raw? Raw, did you say? Speak up, Dog! Speak up for your breakfast!"

Thus appealed to, the big shepherd emitted a yelp of entreaty which echoed and re-echoed from hill to rock until the rarefied air resounded with a howling chorus. An encircling pack of wolves could not have raised a louder or more menacing din. Blake laughed and cuffed his canine friend, and then turned to his cabin, pausing to survey the valley which spread out two thousand feet below him.

At that moment the rising sun flashed through a rift in the clouds. Broad splashes of light flashed on the white peaks to the west, and a stray shaft burned through the mist into the valley. The winding river and the pine girt lake turned into gleaming silver. The trees, with their burdens of snow, glittered like diamonds. To the south the blue black shadow of Bear Peak wrapped all below in gloom.

But the brightness was transient. A gray curtain was slowly drawn over the distant range to the west—an advancing mantle of swirling snow. The light faded from the valley, and died on the beetling heights. As Blake watched, the gray fingers of the clouds blurred the farther rim of the valley, and the pines above his head sighed in the first breath of the nearing storm. A few large flakes fluttered softly down.

"Let's get breakfast, Dog," he said as he entered the cabin. "I told you it was going to snow."

Blake's cabin stood well back from the edge of a cliff half way up the slope of a valley in the Sierra Nevada of central California. In the late autumn he had hewn the logs and constructed his mountain home. A few yards away a mound of red dirt and fractured rocks marked the mouth of a tunnel, which represented his faith in that fickle fortune whom gold seekers worship. The edge of the cliff, for a mile or more, formed a natural trail which opened into the valley. Four or five thousand feet above the roof of the cabin rose a dome of perpetual snow, pierced by bare ledges of rock. The mountain torrent which tumbled past his door hurled itself over

the cliff and fell in mist and spray hundreds of feet below.

The interior of the cabin was of a type familiar to miners and mountaineers. The floor was of beaten clay, hard as brick. In one corner was a bed with a mattress of fir boughs, covered with blankets, and with a bear skin for a counterpane. The walls were decorated with skins and hides, the splendid pelt of a grizzly bear occupying the place of honor. A cooking stove and an assortment of skillets, tin plates, and pans filled the side of the hut opposite the bed, while in the center of the room stood a rude table with a raised log serving as a chair.

Scattered along the walls were mining tools, powder kegs, guns, fishing rods, and a miscellaneous assortment of lumber and firewood. A small but strongly constructed ell was used as a storeroom. Haunches of venison, the carcass of a brown bear, and long strings of mountain trout were here securely guarded against the depredations of wandering animals. Bags of flour and oatmeal, some potatoes, sides of bacon, and the remnants of a ham completed the more substantial portion of Blake's larder. He often surveyed his snug storeroom with much satisfaction. Nothing but a conflagration or a serious illness could disturb his labors during the long winter season. The brook gave him water; the forest supplied firewood; his work sharpened his appetite, and the dog was an appreciative guest and a loyal companion. And in the bowels of the earth, in the direction of that long black tunnel was gold, gold, gold—awaiting the impact of a pick swung by his brawny arms.

Breakfast ended, James Blake lit his pipe and started for the mouth of the tunnel. The dog followed him. This faithful animal had whined at the door of the cabin one stormy night, and the lonely miner had welcomed him. Blake gave him no name other than Dog, and he seemed proud of the title.

Though less than an hour had passed since Blake entered the cabin, the snow already had drifted across the path and blocked the door. Those whose knowledge of snowstorms is confined to localities where a foot or two of snow in forty eight hours is called a "blizzard," and esteemed a meteorological event, have no conception of a snowstorm in the Sierras. In Vermont, famous for snowfalls, an inch an hour constitutes a heavy storm. But when the warm vapor from the Pacific is driven inland, until the crests of

the snowy mountains stand as a cold barrier against its progress, the precipitation is many times greater. In summer, cloudbursts sweep solid rocks down the mountainsides; in winter, the swirling flakes smother the air. Near the timber line in the Sierra Nevadas there has been recorded a fall of fourteen feet of snow in as many consecutive hours—an inch every five minutes—a swirling, writhing, choking maelstrom of flakes, borne on the wings of a freezing gale.

It was such a storm that Blake faced when he opened the cabin door and plunged through the drifts into the tunnel.

"This is an old snifter, isn't it, Dog?" he exclaimed as he stood in the mouth of the shaft and shook the snow from his blouse. "No rabbits or chipmunks today, eh, Dog?"

Blake lit a lantern, and worked his way into the dismal hole. A few minutes later he was hard at work, pausing now and then to examine the rock with eager eyes. He had been toiling for three hours or more when the dog's sniffing attracted his notice. As he turned the animal raised his head, barked sharply, and growled in a peculiar manner.

"What's the matter, Dog?" said Blake, patting his friend. "What a cursed shame the creature can't talk! What's up, old boy? Seen a bear? Don't bother with him—let him alone. Go away, Dog, I'm busy," and Blake returned to his task.

Leaning back against the wall of the tunnel, with his paws hanging in a most doleful fashion, the dog sounded a long drawn wail, so pitiful in its intensity that Blake dropped his pick and gazed at the animal in amazement mixed with terror. The animal sprang forward and fastened his teeth in the leg of Blake's trousers, pulling gently but firmly, growling and whining.

"This is a new freak!" muttered Blake, grabbing the lantern. "Something has happened. Perhaps the hut's afire."

He moved quickly towards the mouth of the tunnel. The dog gave a joyful bark and lead the way. Blake reached the open air, and floundered through the drifts until the cabin was visible through the blinding snow. The dog went past it, and howled dismally when his master paused. Rushing into the hut, Blake secured a long rope, one end of which he tied to the leg of a bench near the door. Paying out the coil, he dashed sturdily forward. He had no difficulty in keeping up with the dog, who was half buried in his struggles.

Two hundred feet from the house the dog paused and sniffed the air. Then, with a yelp, he plunged to the right, made for a rock which showed dim through the snow, and burrowed frantically into a drift on its leeward side. In the white mass Blake saw a dark object, and as he reached the rock it moved. The next instant a bearded face appeared from the folds of a heavy fur overcoat, and a man struggled unsteadily to his feet.

"Can you walk?" shouted Blake as he grasped him by the arm. The man was dazed, but full of pluck.

"I think so," said the stranger, as he grasped the rope. "How far is it?"

"Not far," replied Blake encouragingly. "Pull on the rope. It will help you."

Once in the cabin, the stranger seated himself near the stove, while Blake produced a flask and heaped fuel on the fire.

"Keep your hands and feet away from the stove, if they are frozen," cautioned Blake. "Thawing them out in the snow is the best way."

"I'm not frost bitten," was the stranger's reply, as he clapped his hands vigorously and pinched his ears. "I was completely done for, and took shelter behind that rock, which was the only place I could find. If you hadn't found me when you did," he said with much feeling, as he extended his hand, "I should never have left there alive!"

At the sound of the man's voice James Blake started and gazed intently at him. When the bearded stranger raised his eyes and offered his hand the recognition was complete.

"John Burt, or I'm a ghost! Don't you know me, John?"

"Jim Blake!"

The New Englander is not demonstrative in his emotions or affections, but the joy which danced in the eyes of these reunited friends as they shook hands and slapped each other on the back was more eloquent than words. The dog yelped in sympathy, and the storm with a wilder shriek raged at the escape of its prey.

"This seems too good to be true, Jim!" exclaimed John, his hand on Jim's shoulder. "But for you, old chum, my California experience would have been ended. How small the world is, that we should meet here, of all places on earth!"

"Take off your clothes and get into bed, John," directed Blake, as he pushed John into a chair and tugged at his frozen boots. "Do as I tell you, and you'll be all right. When you are warm and rested, I'll give you a suit of dry clothes. In the mean time I'll cook you

a dinner that'll make you glad you are alive. I'm running this hotel, and guests do as they are told or get out!"

"I shall obey orders," said John as a blast shook the hut and a pine tree crashed to the rocks. "I'm all right, Jim, but dry clothes won't hurt me, and your bed looks inviting."

"You mustn't go to sleep; it's not safe, after exposure," cautioned Blake, as he wrapped the blankets around John Burt. "Take another pull at that flask, old man, and lie there and watch the best cook in the Sierra Nevadas prepare a dinner that will make your hair curl. Lie quiet and rest. Don't talk, but keep awake."

Several times, during the next two hours, John fell into a drowse, but by force of will he roused himself. The reaction after the awful struggle in the drifts was severe, but he mastered it and was himself again. Blake exhausted the resources of his larder in a dinner which John enjoyed as never before in his life, and Dog did not go hungry.

Then pipes were produced, and, seated near the red hot stove, the two friends recounted some of the events which had marked their lives during the preceding six years. It seemed ages to both of them. The striplings of seventeen were now stalwart men.

James Blake, at twenty two, was strikingly handsome. Manhood had generously developed the graces of face and figure which compel the admiration of a friend and entrance the eye of a woman. Wavy black hair clustered above a well shaped forehead. His eyes were large, dark, and magnetic; his nose bold, but perfectly formed; his chin square and powerfully molded. It was impossible to resist Blake's smile, and his laugh was wholesome and contagious. Clean limbed, broad shouldered, graceful, active, and muscular, he stood six feet tall and looked every inch a manly, generous, and chivalrous Apollo.

John Burt was lacking in that physical exactness which distinguished his boyhood companion, though he too would have been a commanding figure in any assemblage. But he possessed something that Blake lacked. When the other looked into John Burt's eyes and heard the calm, even accents of his voice, he felt himself in the presence of a dominating influence, and realized that the years had not torn the scepter of leadership from the hands of the boy he once loved to follow.

And Blake was glad to reaffirm his allegiance to John Burt. He tendered it

silently and without loss of self respect, and John Burt accepted it intuitively without a shade of arrogance.

Blake listened eagerly to his friend's recital of the events leading up to the quarrel with Arthur Morris. John told of his studies in the old farm house, and of his admission to Harvard. He spoke of meeting Miss Carden at the Bishops', but made no mention of the runaway accident that served to renew their childhood acquaintance. He told of escorting Jessie to the clambake, of Morris' condition and conduct when he arrived from the Voltaire, and of the sail with Jessie in John's catboat, the Standish.

John said nothing of his avowal of love on that occasion, but Blake was not slow to note the change in his voice and the expression of his eyes when he referred to Jessie Carden. Jim clinched his hands and leaned excitedly forward when John told of the struggle with Morris in the old tavern. John then described the interview with Peter Burt, the old man's advice, the night ride to New Bedford, and the long voyage of the Segregansett. Blake had listened breathlessly.

"I have sometimes thought," said John, "that I should have remained and faced the charge of murder which might have been made against me. That was my first impulse. I did not kill Morris, and it is only by chance that he did not kill me. The revolver was still in his hand when he fell, though I had bent his wrist so that he could not turn it against me. It was one of those new self cocking weapons and Morris shot himself. But I had no witnesses, and Grandfather Burt and—and others advised me to put myself beyond the reach of a prosecution in which all the money and influence would have been against me."

"Your granddad was right," asserted Blake with prompt fervor. "Your future would have been ruined had you stayed there and stacked up against those millionaires. California is full of men who really are murderers, and most of them seem to be getting rich. You are innocent, your conscience is clear, and you'll win out and go back if you want to. Then you can meet them as an equal. The old man's head is level. I remember him, John, and he always was a great man. But I can't place Miss Carden—Jessie, you said her name was. Did I ever see her, John?"

"I think not, Jim. You left before she visited with the Bishops. She was a child when you went away."

"Is she pretty, John?"

It may have been only a reflection from the ruddy flame that suddenly flared from the smoldering logs, but James Blake thought that John blushed when he asked the question.

"I should not call her pretty; I should describe her as beautiful," replied John, after a pause, as he looked into Jim's face.

"Then she's more than pretty," laughed Blake, grasping his friend's hand. "I congratulate you, old man, and wish you all kinds of success and joy. I only wish we had something here worthy to be drunk as a toast in her honor."

"I have no claim to congratulations," said John, releasing his friend's hand. "You have assumed too much from my narrative. But tell me of yourself, Jim. I have been doing all the talking, and have inspired you to most generous castle building in my behalf. Let me do as much for you. What have you done in California, and what has the Golden State done for you?"

XIII.

"It would take me a week, John, to tell my experiences of the last five years," said Jim Blake, tossing another log into the fire. "Most of them would not interest you, some might amuse you, and others would make you mad. I've been rich three times, John, and in love twice—no three times."

"How rich, and how badly in love?"

"My strokes of fortune and my love affairs are all jumbled together," explained Blake, laughing heartily. "You'll have a bad opinion of me, John, but I've reformed, and am going to lead a better life. I made my first strike on the Little Calaveras. Talk about luck! That was a funny thing. I broke my neck and discovered a gold mine and a sweetheart in doing it!"

"Broke your neck? Surely you're jesting!"

"It's a fact, just the same," asserted Blake, thoughtfully rubbing the back of his neck, which showed no signs of fracture. "I was a greenhorn then, and my prospecting expeditions were the joke of the old stagers. I bought a horse and a Mexican saddle, and prowled through all the mountains and foothills back of the Little Calaveras. One afternoon I was following a trail that skirted along the side of a mountain. It was near the upper edge of a slope about as steep as Doc Stevens' barn—you remember that barn, John. There's a lot of woodchucks

in those hills, and in burrowing around, one of them loosened a rock, which came rolling down in my direction. My horse saw and heard it, and shied off the trail. It was like stepping off the ridge pole of a barn. The slope was covered with loose slate, which looked for all the world like shingles. He slid about twenty feet and then stumbled; and as he fell my right foot tore through the stirrup. He rolled over me, and we started down that slope. Sometimes I was on top, and sometimes he was on top.

"You can bet I was doing some lively thinking about that time," continued Blake. "Four or five hundred feet below I saw a thin row of trees, and I knew they marked the edge of a cliff. For some reason there's 'most always a fringe of trees at these jumping off places. We were going like lightning. Just as we neared the edge the horse rolled over me again. As I came on top, I saw that we were going to pass between two small trees. A big rock slewed the horse around, and he went down head first. I grabbed at a tree, and by the merest chance threw my free leg around it. I held like grim death to a coon, and heard the leather snap as the horse went over the precipice. If it had been a first class saddle I wouldn't be here to tell the tale. I was hanging out over the cliff. It was eighteen hundred feet down to the first stopping place, and I saw that horse, all spraddled out, turn over and over in the air. I closed my eyes so as not to see him strike. Then I crawled back a few feet and sat down behind a rock. That's the last thing I remember until I woke up in bed. An old doctor, whose breath smelled of liquor, was bending over me, and near him was one of the prettiest girls I ever saw. She and her father were approaching me when I started to slide down the mountain. Her name was Jenny Rogers."

Jim sighed and paused.

"This is growing romantic, but how about the broken neck?" asked John.

"It was broken, or dislocated, which is about the same thing," continued Blake. "Jenny's father knew of an old Spanish doctor about forty miles away, and went for him. He was a wonder on bones. He was black as an Indian and uglier than sin. He felt around my neck, swore softly in Spanish, rolled me over on my face, climbed on my back, jabbed his knees into my shoulder blades, and grabbed me by the jaws. He gave my head a quick wrench. I saw a thousand skyrockets; something cracked, and I became senseless. When I awoke he had my neck in

splints, and was jabbering Spanish to Rogers. He said he was the only white man in the world who could set a broken neck, and I guess he was. He had learned the trick from an Indian medicine man. He charged me twenty five dollars and told me to lie quiet for a week. Jenny Rogers nursed me, and of course I fell in love with her. I was in their cabin, and near by Mr. Rogers had located some valuable claims.

"Here is the most remarkable part of this story," Blake went on. "When I was able to dress I picked up that cursed Mexican stirrup to see how the leather happened to break. It was a steel affair, and I noticed some bright yellow spots in the crevices. Blamed if it wasn't gold! I didn't say a word, but when I was strong enough I went back and climbed slowly down the place where my horse fell. It was easy to follow it. Near the edge of the cliff I found an outcropping of gold bearing ore, and the mark of where the metal part of my stirrup had scratched it. I staked out a claim and sold it to Jenny's father for a hundred and twenty five thousand dollars. He's made two millions out of it. I made love to Jenny, and I think she would have had me, but I went to San Francisco and dropped the hundred and twenty five thousand on the mining exchange. I went back and asked Jenny to wait until I made another fortune. She said she'd think about it. I guess she did. A year later she married a man who is now a United States Senator. So I broke my neck, lost my fortune and my sweetheart all in less than a year."

"And the second fortune?" questioned John, who joined Jim in a laugh over his multiplied misfortunes.

"Then I made a strike on the Mariposa River. Sold my interest to an English syndicate for ninety five thousand. I went to San Francisco and fell in love with Lucile Montrose. Did you ever see her, John? No? Well, you've heard of her, of course. She's an actress, or rather she was an actress. Ah, Lucile, Lucile! She was a dream, John. Such eyes, such pearly teeth and golden hair! And her voice was like—well, it was great. And I loved her and she loved me, and we were engaged to be married. I bought her diamond rings and sunbursts, and a carriage, and all kinds of things until my ninety five thousand had dwindled to fifty thousand. I argued with myself that no such sum of money was sufficient to enter upon a matrimonial career with Lucile, so I decided to double

it by making an investment in Golden Fleece mining stock. I lost the fifty thousand. With tears in her beautiful eyes, Lucile said she was sorry, and would wait for me to make another fortune. She did not say how long she would wait, and not hearing from me for three weeks while I was plugging away in the mountains, she married a one legged old millionaire, and wrote me a letter saying she would never cease to love me."

"You certainly have been in bad luck," said John. "How about the third fortune?"

"Grass Valley bequeathed me that," replied Blake. A shade of regret swept across his face as he spoke, but the humor of his disasters brought a smile to his lips. "I located some claims near Yuba City, and cleaned up forty thousand dollars in two months, selling out for two hundred thousand. Then I decided to invest my money where I couldn't lose it; so I built a hotel. It was a fine hotel, John. I will show it to you some day. For a year I was the most popular boniface in California. No hotel in the world was run on so liberal a plan. Guests could cash checks, borrow money, and settle their bills when they pleased. I suppose, John, that I'm the easiest mark that ever wore a diamond in a shirt front and stood back of a marble counter. To recoup my losses in this palatial hostelry—and it was a dandy, John, if I did build it—I took a flier with Katy D. You needn't look so solemn, John; Katy D. is a mining stock—or, rather, it was a mining stock. I've got sixty thousand shares of it yet, and I'm thinking of papering the walls of this cabin with it. After the hotel was sold, I had enough left to buy a set of mining tools and to grub stake myself."

"And the third sweetheart?" asked John.

"She was a young widow and rich," replied Blake. "She was the widow of old Colonel Worthington, and her first name was Pauline. They were guests in my hotel, and the colonel died there. He left her over a million, and we were discussing the wedding day when Katy D. wiped me out of financial existence. Pauline was true to me in spite of this disaster, and offered to take me as I was, but I don't want a woman to support me. So I bade her a tearful farewell, started out to make my fourth fortune, and here I am."

"And what have you now?"

"This mountain château," replied Blake with a lordly sweep of his arm,

"and a hole in the ground back of it. Then I have a fine view of the valley, a good appetite, a slumbering conscience, and—and Dog, here, who never upbraids me for being seven kinds of a fool."

"You needn't fear that I shall lecture you," said John Burt. "It's no crime to be liberal, and from your account your reverses were caused by too much generosity and not enough caution. But we're both young, Jim, and a few knock-downs won't hurt one who has health, vigor, and ambition. I want you to look at a map I have in my overcoat pocket."

John told the story of the dying sailor and his map, and read an extract from Peter Burt's letter. Then he produced the map, and they spread it out on the table and examined it by the light of the lantern. It was roughly drawn, but Blake soon got the lay of it, and placed it so as to conform to the points of the compass.

"I followed the trail all right," explained John, "until the storm set in, and then I had to feel my way. Before I lost my bearings I was about two miles from the point where this sailor claims to have found gold. I kept near the edge of the cliff until I could go no further, and then curled up behind that rock in the hope that the storm would cease."

Blake studied the map with growing interest and excitement. With a splinter from a log as a marker, he traced the trail.

"I know every foot of it!" he exclaimed, resting the point of the splinter on a round spot on the map. "Here is Fisher's Lake. Every one knows where that is. You came that far by stage. Here is the creek which you follow for seven miles until you come to the old Wormley trail. You take that to the cliffs, and go along the cliffs until you cross four brooks and come to the fifth one. You were within a hundred yards of that fifth stream, John. Now let's see the key to this thing."

John handed him the letter.

"From the east face of the square rock, on the north bank of the brook, at the edge of the cliff," read Blake. "I know the rock well. Let's see. 'Thence east along the bank of the brook in a straight line four hundred and twenty two feet, and then north at right angles, sixty seven feet to the base of the tallest pine in the neighborhood.'"

Blake rushed to the door, forgetful of the storm, to verify his suspicions. He pushed it open an inch, but a solid bank of snow blocked the way.

"Where do you suppose the base of that pine tree is?" he demanded. Without waiting for a reply, he found a hatchet and tapped the clay floor until he located a spot which gave a deadened sound. Then he chopped away a few inches of packed dirt and sank the blade into a solid substance.

"There's the base of the big pine tree described by your dead sailor, and I'll bet my life on it!" he shouted. "And here are sections of the tree," he continued, pointing to the logs which formed the foundation of the cabin. "I'm dead sure of it, John. It's about a hundred and forty yards from here to the edge of the cliff. I know, for I measured it. And it's about twenty yards to the brook. What is more conclusive, this was by far the largest tree anywhere around. That's why I located the cabin here. Let's see what comes next!" His eyes glistened with excitement.

The instructions were to measure three hundred and eighteen feet north from the base of the tree, and thence east to a carefully described rock, which Blake remembered. This was at the base of the incline. Within a hundred feet of this rock the key located three gold bearing quartz ledges.

"I've been past it a hundred times. I've struck a pick all around there, and never found ore," said Blake reflectively, "but that proves nothing. A thousand people walked over the Little Calaveras before I found the gilt. There's no use worrying about it; if it's there it will stay there, and we must wait until the storm is over before we can find it out. Wall, John," he concluded, relapsing to the familiar Yankee drawl, "'don't this beat time,' as Uncle Toby Haynes used to say?"

"It certainly is remarkable," said John Burt, folding the map. "How did you happen to select this particular spot, Jim?"

"Just happened to—that's all," was the laconic reply. "I've trailed up and down the river several times, and this ridge struck my notion, so I thought I'd try it. I took a little good quartz out of the mouth of my tunnel, but the lead disappeared, and I've been boring in for months trying to strike it again. I laid

out claims all along here, but this one seemed the most likely. As a matter of fact, I've depended on my luck, and so far it has never failed me."

"I suppose your claims cover the ground indicated on this map, don't they?" asked John Burt.

"It don't make a bit of difference whether they do or not," asserted Blake, with much vigor. "If you find ore, the claim is yours, John, and don't you forget it! If this old tunnel of mine failed, I should never have begun another one. So go ahead, and good luck to you! You can share my cabin and have anything I've got."

"Suppose we go partners in the Sailor Mine," suggested John. "I have a tidy sum of money that we can use if necessary, and I'll offset that and the map against your claim and experience. That strikes me as fair, old man. What do you say, Jim?"

"It's not fair to you, John, but I'll gladly accept, and here's my hand on it!"

Thus was formed the mining firm of Burton & Blake, John assuming the name of Burton for reasons apparent enough.

During the night the white flakes turned to sleet and rain, and cleared off with zero weather, leaving a heavy crust on the snow. After breakfast they set about locating the sailor's vein. In less than an hour Jim Blake sunk his pick into a quartz rock which showed free gold. John's knowledge of mineralogy was theoretical, but the subject was part of his course at Harvard, and he had studied his text books assiduously during the long sea voyage. While Jim was gloating over his find, John appeared from behind a ledge. He handed Blake a nugget which weighed fully ten pounds, and a glance—to say nothing of the weight—showed it to be almost solid gold. Blake grasped it, devoured its dull gloss with sparkling eyes, and hurled his hat high in the air.

"We are rich! We are rich!" he shouted until the rocks resounded. "*Monte Cristo* was a beggar compared with Burton & Blake! Hurrah for the Sailor Mine! Hurrah for the Sailor Mine and John Burt! You can't keep a good man down! Hurrah!"

(To be continued.)

THE MIRACLE.

ACROSS the meadow, dead and sear,
I saw the Rain Prince gently pass;
And at his touch each withered spear
Up sprang as living grass.

Edwin L. Sabin.

The Library and the Public.

BY FRANK WEITENKAMPF,

CURATOR OF THE DEPARTMENT OF PRINTS, NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY.

THE LIBRARIAN'S SIDE OF THE CASE—A REPLY TO THE CHARGES OF CARELESSNESS, MISMANAGEMENT, AND LACK OF COURTESY WHICH HAVE SO FREQUENTLY BEEN BROUGHT AGAINST THE OFFICIALS OF OUR PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

THAT one of the most useful of all public institutions is the storehouse for books is a fact sufficiently recognized in these days of great gifts to libraries. But it is probable that comparatively few realize to what extent existing conditions are due to the librarians, and to the work they have done during the last twenty five years to increase the usefulness of the establishments under their charge. The good that a library does is taken as a matter of course, and makes less stir than the occasional complaint—perhaps an entirely unjust one—against some detail of its management.

There are many points at which even a well administered library may cause offense or disappointment to its patrons. There may be shortsightedness in some special direction, want of judgment on the part of some individual librarian, tactlessness of an attendant, slowness on the part of a page. Librarians are only human. But the public is human as well, and there are readers who are unreasonable, readers who are nagging, readers who are—be it said frankly—ill mannered. And experience seems to show that these are usually to be found among the better educated and the well to do. The society woman who comes to the library with the mistaken idea that she will find a whole volume devoted to her grandfather, who was a drummer boy in 1776, may go away contentedly if she has learned through other sources of her eligibility to membership in the Daughters of the Revolution. But she has been known to inveigh loudly against the hapless attendant because he did not find what did not exist, or because he could not devote

his entire time to doing her work for her.

A reader who ought to know better will handle costly books with ruinous carelessness, and indignantly resent the most gentle plea for better treatment. A young woman who is passing her gloved hands over the clean margins and delicate surface of expensive engravings will cease to examine them rather than heed the attendant's polite request to remove her gloves. The gentleman who throws about fine photographs like bricks is enraged at any interference, and leaves, never to return.

These, be it emphasized, are only individual cases—rare ones, fortunately. Ill manners cause trouble, while ignorance can be enlightened and inexperience aided. There are certain types familiar in all libraries—*bêtes noires*, cranks, and people who demand more than their share of attention. One keeps the attendants busy by the rapidity with which he gets through great stacks of books. Another spreads dismay by invariably calling for some work which is in use, or at the binder's, or misplaced. There is the critic for the sake of criticism, and the bore who will insist upon standing at the desk to talk. It takes no small amount of tact and patience to deal with all these people; yet a librarian must be ready to meet every demand to the best of his ability.

THE TRIALS OF A LIBRARIAN.

The official who comes into direct contact with the public needs a ready wit and a wide knowledge of the sources of information. He will have to meet all sorts of questions. "How many toothpicks are exported annually

from this country?" "Where can I get a life of John L. Sullivan?" "Have you 'The Barkeeper's Friend'?" "What is the meaning of *balalaika*?" "I want a humorous essay on woman." "Let me have something on the relative development of woman's brain." "How can one join the Sons of the Revolution?" "What is the plan of Hades as laid down by Vergil?"

And then there are the personal questions: "Can you recommend me a good cook?" "I should like some information about the Harlem Women's Philharmonic." "Are meals served in the reading room?" "Can you help me find my son in the Philippines?"

Some librarians will take infinite pains to answer a reader's query, looking up references or making inquiries by mail, and sending a book to any distance. "The librarian," says S. S. Green, "should see that everybody who needs information gets it. If he does not have the needed book, he has to think where it can be had." Among the cases he cites are that of a boy who sought information about a school for instruction in tanning leather at Freiburg, in Germany; that of a man who wished to ascertain the standing of a society for which he had been urged to undertake some work; and a written request from across the continent for a translation of the report of a Dutch railroad commission on the best paint for preserving iron.

It will be seen that the applicant's quest is not necessarily a literary one, and that a library produces some evident and immediate practical results.

WHAT THE MODERN LIBRARY DOES.

The public library of the present time is a vastly different institution from that of other days, which had its books chained to their appointed places. Now we give the public all possible access to the books; nay, more—we send them out to seek readers. In New York and other States traveling libraries of fifty or a hundred selected volumes are sent for certain periods to localities which have no libraries, or only very small ones. The "home library," a yet smaller collection, which is sent directly to homes in the tenements, is also in oper-

ation, and the delivery of books by mail in the rural districts has been tried in the West.

There are many methods of bringing books to the notice of those who may need them. Lists of works on topics of current interest are published in the local papers and posted in the library. Picture bulletins draw the attention of young people to books likely to interest them. Special shelves, accessible to readers, are set apart for the newest publications. Direct contact with teachers and pupils is sought by bringing books to the school and introducing them, as it were, in short descriptive talks. Help is given to women's clubs, Bible classes, or any other associations whose objects include studies which the library can further.

In large reference libraries, such as the Congressional, or the public libraries of Boston, New York, and Chicago, provision is made for various special classes of readers. There are rooms or departments for those who wish to consult authorities on such subjects as patents, music, fine arts, maps, prints, or public documents. Exhibitions of rare books, fine bindings, manuscripts, and engravings help to bring the treasures of these great collections before the public.

The circulating department of a large library will dot its city with branches and delivery stations. At the latter there are no books, but orders for books left in the morning are filled during the day from the stock at the main library or a branch. New Yorkers will have a good object lesson in the working of such a system when the new building at Fifth Avenue and Forty Second Street is completed.

SPECIALIZATION IN LIBRARY WORK.

The special student, of course, must go to the largest reference libraries, and even then he may perhaps fail to get the book he needs. The system of inter library loans, by which a book may under certain conditions be sent from one library to another—across the continent it may be—is occasionally a help in such cases.

The spirit of specialization must increase in these days of printing activity. In a city like New York, for instance,

the public library should not duplicate the accessions of such special collections as those of the Bar Association, the Academy of Medicine, or the Society of Mechanical Engineers. Even with such restrictions in certain departments, a library can get only a comparatively small part of each year's literary output. And here lies the source of some of the complaints that one hears. The library has not this or that book—poor management! It may

have missed getting a book which lies within its scope, and ought to be on its shelves. If so, the reader's suggestion will surely be acted upon. In fact, libraries keep printed suggestion blanks for this very purpose.

One cannot satisfy everybody; but after all, the number of disappointed readers who have any real ground for complaint is extremely small when compared with the hosts of people to whom the library is an agent of use or pleasure.

An Interrupted Rest Cure.

HOW THE PRESIDENT OF THE CHILD STUDY CIRCLE PUT HER THEORIES TO A PRACTICAL TEST.

BY L. M. BURNS.

I.

YOUNG Mrs. Mansfield lay back in her invalid's chair, looking very pale and wan. The tired Irish servant, with her red arms still bare from the dish washing, was searching through the drawers for a missing article of the baby's wardrobe. The baby himself lay asleep in the white canopied cradle, with one chubby hand buried under his cheek. The mother's blue eyes turned alternately from him to the open telescope basket where his dainty clothes were being packed, and the tears ran down.

A slight frown of anxiety wrinkled the forehead of her visitor, but there was not an irresolute line from the straight part of the grayish hair under the handsome bonnet to the sole of the trig, stout boot. Mrs. Harding, it was plain to see, was a person of Napoleonic decision.

"The trouble with you is, Daisy, you are completely unnerved." Her voice was modulated and sympathetic. "Your trip was a hard one, but I'm glad you're here. The climate will soon set you up, I'm satisfied. What you want is rest and quiet, and freedom from worry of any kind. That is why I am taking the baby."

The tears continued to roll down Daisy's face, but they were not tears of rebellion. Mrs. Harding was as much honored for her kindness as for her intellect, and it was in pure kindness of heart she was acting now. She had never been other than kind to her adopted daughter.

"I am so glad you are at last where I can look after you. You can't think how

I have worried about you. I couldn't understand why you didn't pick up strength, but it's no wonder to me now. Why, even a well woman couldn't devote herself to her child, body and soul, as you have, without suffering for it. You should at least have allowed your servant to perform the most taxing duties."

Daisy smiled weakly. "Mamie has been so hard worked! And she did do the washing, and the ironing, too—most of it."

"You should have required her to do it all." Mrs. Harding spoke emphatically. "It would be as well, I think, to dismiss her. You should have a servant who would not only do all the ironing, but bathe the child, too."

"Why—why, you don't understand!" Daisy's voice was like a cry. "I *love* to do his ironing! I *love* to bathe him!"

"This, my dear, is a form of hysteria. Do you drink coffee or tea? Bran water is soothing to the nerves. I want you to take every care of yourself. I dare say that within two months, if you do, you will be able to resume entire charge of your child. And I suppose"—with a smile—"I shall be quite willing to allow you. The care of a year old baby is hard work even for a woman as strong as I am."

Daisy's tears began to flow again, and Mrs. Harding, who was really the most tender hearted of women, bit her lip at what she thought was the blundering ambiguity of her last remark.

"You know, dear," she hastened to explain, "I am glad to take the baby. Ever

since I have been identified with the Child Study Circle, I have longed for the opportunity to observe the development of consciousness for myself. Of course I have read much, and conducted experiments with older children; but having a baby in my own house, that I could study from day to day, will be a different thing. Many of the young mothers of the town have fallen into the habit of bringing their babies to me, however, for ordinary troubles of the nursery; for the reason, I suppose, that I have specialized on hygiene in its relation to the mind. I have always regretted," she added slowly, "that you did not postpone your marriage till you were older, and had received that scientific training which is beginning to be considered so indispensable for young home makers."

Daisy had ceased to listen. The baby wrinkled up his face and began to cry. Daisy bent over him. His crying increased in spirit. He kicked his legs, and brandished his arms threateningly above his head. His voice came in lusty howls.

"Let him cry," advised Mrs. Harding in slightly raised accents. "Crying is for babies what walking is for grown people—a natural, healthy, all round exercise. Observe how the muscles of his diaphragm——"

The young mother, with unconscious inattention, nestled the baby against her shoulder and patted his back, walking the while back and forth across the room. Presently he dropped his head against her cheek and cooed. Daisy sat down. She swung him back so that his head rested in the soft curve of her elbow. Her face, rapt and brooding, lowered over his, and his wide eyes fastened themselves on a loose tendril of her yellow hair.

Daisy's hair was the only unusual part of her. It was that waving, spun gold kind, often read of but seldom seem, which doubles in beauty with disorder. The baby thought it beautiful. His cooing lips parted in an ecstatic smile, and his eyes shone. He flourished his fat hands vaguely, and wiggled his feet. He grew excited. She dropped her head lower. He flung out his fingers, once, twice, three times, then clutched the lock and crowed in triumph.

"Goo-oo!"

Daisy's arms closed him against her heart.

"Mamma's own 'ittle darlin'," she murmured.

Mrs. Harding stirred. Across her intellectual face there passed the look of

courteous dissent it was wont to wear at times in the parlors of the Browning Club, and at other times in the parlors of the Ontological Society, and at still other times in the president's chair of her own Child Study Circle. But she was too well versed in the art of management to force matters. There would be time enough, she reflected, to impress it upon Daisy's mind by her own practices that walking the floor with infants and addressing them in anything short of perfect English was prohibited by the laws of the enlightened.

Meanwhile, Daisy, ignorant that she was violating the tenets of her mother's faith, called to Mamie, who appeared with a glass of milk and the baby's missing frock, fresh and immaculate.

"Oi found it wantin' the oiron," she announced. "So Oi prissed it out for him, the angel!"

She cast a yearning look at the angel, who refused the milk and was blissfully sucking his thumb, and an aggressive glance at Mrs. Harding. Then she took herself out of the room.

"You are fatiguing yourself with the child," said Mrs. Harding gently. "You had better let me take him now."

Daisy looked up with startled eyes, and released the tension of her arms. Mrs. Harding took the baby, and put on his hat and cloak. He waved his hands and uttered inarticulate noises of joy. Daisy leaned back in her chair and cried.

The anxiety returned to Mrs. Harding's face.

"You certainly have brought yourself to the very verge of prostration," she observed. "I can't help rejoicing, as I told you before, that you are at last where I can take care of you. You must submit to the judgment of your doctor and myself in everything, dear. It's nervousness, the whole trouble. I will bring the bran water in the morning. Of course I don't mean to interfere with Dr. Townsend, but I shall come every day to make sure that you have an atmosphere of rest."

"Will you bring baby?"

Mrs. Harding looked thoughtfully from the squirming infant to the mother's flushed face and feverish eyes, and shook her head.

"No," she said slowly. "I have noticed that he excites you, and what you need is rest. Does that sound cruel? Trust me, dear, it is for the best. Why, child, your fever has risen several degrees just since he woke up. No, I really can't bring him. But I mean to keep a record,

as exact and complete as possible, with a view to publication. That will serve quite as well as a visit, I hope, and won't be so exciting. You'd rather, wouldn't you, Daisy?" she concluded, almost pleadingly. "You want to get well, don't you?"

"I'd sacrifice anything to get well," sobbed the young mother.

"There, there, I knew you would. But all you'll have to do is to rest. Try not to cry, dear. Crying is weakening."

Daisy stopped crying.

"And those little restless movements of your hands—they are what we call, in the science of personal magnetism, 'nervous leakages.' Try to cultivate repose, dear."

Daisy's hands lay still.

The anxiety cleared from Mrs. Harding's brow.

"I haven't the least doubt, as I told you, that with the bracing climate, and Dr. Townsend's treatment, and—*rest*, that you'll soon be as strong again as you were when you were just my girl." She bent and rested her cheek affectionately against Daisy's yellow hair, and then straightened up. "There, kiss the baby, dear, and we'll go."

Daisy kissed the baby, and they went.

II.

THE next morning, when Mrs. Harding came, she set her pitcher of bran water down beside the glass of currant jelly, drew off her glove, and laid her hand professionally on Daisy's wrist. At first she was pleased. Daisy had no fever, certainly, and she seemed, yes, she seemed to be—resting. She was lying motionless in her chair beside the open window, wrapped in her white wool shawl, with a tray of untouched food and a half emptied medicine vial on the stand near by. There was no sign of tears in the half lidded blue eyes, and the white hands on her shawl were quiet enough—no 'nervous leakage,' truly, from those listless finger tips. But Mrs. Harding grew unsatisfied.

Mamie brought a glass of water, poured in a little from the vial, and gave it to Daisy. She drank it submissively, and lay down again. Mamie darted a glance full of fury at the unsuspecting Mrs. Harding, and carried out the tray.

Mrs. Harding was puzzled. Fresh air, medical treatment, and rest—why was she not improving? Why this dullness and languor instead of the healthfulness of repose?

She looked about her—sunshine, a

cheery room, quiet. On the stand was a little leather covered book. She picked it up aimlessly. Her eye was caught by a line etched in with burnt work upon the cover—"Our Darling's Day Book."

"Why, Daisy, I didn't know you kept records, too!"

Daisy's eyes brightened.

"Didn't you? I've been reading it all morning!"

She took it and opened it lovingly. A flush came into her cheeks, and she sat upright for a moment and spoke excitedly.

"Harold and I kept it together. I did the writing and he made the pictures. Aren't they lovely? See! There's the day baby put his toe into his mouth. He was eight months and three days old. And see, there's when he crowed! It was election day, and Harold didn't know till afterwards that he had voted the losing ticket, but baby just put his hands to his side and crowed—so! It was the most wonderful thing!"

Mrs. Harding looked through the little book and sighed. It was dainty, feminine, illogical. The script was a thing of beauty, and half the dates were omitted. Usually the entries were headed with "Sunday," or "Monday," or "Friday." The pictures were clever little pencil sketches touched up with water colors—she had done the coloring. The text recorded only the astonishing things the baby had done, and abounded in "ohs" and "ahs" and adjectives in the superlative degree. If there had been any scientific problem concerning the lovingness of a mother's heart, the book would assuredly have had its value.

"I love to read it over," Daisy murmured, pressing it against her cheek. "You didn't forget yours, did you?" The tone was wistful.

"No."

Mrs. Harding produced a businesslike brown note book with a pencil holder, and then glanced at Daisy doubtfully.

"I'm afraid you won't find it so—so charming as yours, dear. But it may suggest certain ways of improving your own, or, I should say, making it more scientifically exact. For instance, I date in the margin thus—'three hundred and forty first day,' not by days of the week or months even, since they are of unequal length. And I record not only the phenomena observed, but the laws which govern them, if possible. Thus:

"Law of adduction and abduction. Child discovered playing patacake. Experienced no difficulty in adducting hands, but sometimes failed for

as long as ten seconds in his efforts to abduct them. Expressed pleasure at success."

Mrs. Harding glanced up. Daisy was listening blankly.

"I had forgotten," she apologized, "that you were probably unfamiliar with the scientific terms. But I explained them in the preface. You may keep the book tonight if you wish. Shall I read on?"

"Yes."

"Law of flexion and extension. Child attempted to throw a kiss."

"Did he?" broke in the mother eagerly.

Mrs. Harding nodded and read on:

"Drew in hand readily and imprinted kiss. Then, instead of throwing, let it drop. Seemed dissatisfied, and repeated, with like result. Probably attracted by yellow hair and white apron of maid——"

"He thought it was I!" cried Daisy.

Mrs. Harding laid down the book and looked at her daughter speculatively.

"Do you know, Daisy, you have probably hit the truth? I couldn't explain why he should throw kisses to this maid and not to myself, for instance, although I retreated exactly as she had done, several times. He always manifested interest when he saw her, if she didn't come too close—he's fond of yellow, I find—and he always uttered a peculiar sound."

"What did he say?" demanded the child's mother feverishly.

"As near as I can remember," returned Mrs. Harding, with a faint red showing through her pallor of mentality, "he said, 'Dah-ma-ma-ma-ma!' so, in the descending scale."

"That's his name for me," whispered Daisy, sinking back among her pillows. "He was calling me!"

Mrs. Harding did not continue the reading of the records. She recognized with regret that her daughter cared nothing for the scientific mechanism of her baby's kisses, and she also recognized, vaguely, that she cared a very great deal for the kisses themselves. The problem perplexed her. Her knowledge of the vagaries of young mothers gained during her presidency of the Child Study Circle was not inconsiderable, but never had she experienced the sense of helplessness which now embarrassed her. She understood in a way the mother feeling. She had dealt out too many bottles of sterilized milk to anxious young matrons not to understand that. But she did not understand the paradox of an irrational woman voluntarily separating herself from her child for rational reasons. For an instant the suspicion that the separa-

tion was not voluntary flickered through her mind. True, Daisy had not opposed, but still——

"Daisy," she said, "do you want me to bring the baby back?" And then with the prudent reaction which always followed her acts of impulse: "You know why I took him, dear, so that you could get well."

"I want to get well," said Daisy, so intensely that Mrs. Harding caught her breath. But the next instant Daisy was lying listless again, with half lidded eyes and languid hands—resting.

III.

As Mrs. Harding walked home the frown of anxiety did not leave her high, arched forehead. On the contrary, it multiplied itself into a hundred wavy little lines and wrinkles that fought with each other in miniature battle, and seemed almost to dispute the sovereignty of the straight line above them, reigning serene and decisive between the two folds of grayish hair. In truth, she was deeply worried. The fret did not leave her when she opened her own front door. She had meant to put the baby through a series of experiments that morning, to determine if possible whether the case of defective coördination of muscular movement which she had noticed when he was at his play was due to arrested development or to a diseased brain. But instead she sat down beside him and rocked him absently. And when he cried, she picked him up—and began to walk the floor! This back-sliding from an accepted creed on the part of Mrs. Harding was indicative of a degree of agitation which was perhaps unprecedented in all her forty nine years of rational living.

By the time the baby had fallen asleep she had settled upon her plan of action. She would go to consult Dr. Townsend. She laid the baby down and went out into the street, putting on her gloves as she walked. Two blocks down she met the doctor himself.

"Why, doctor," she said, "I was just coming to see you."

"And I," replied the doctor, "was just coming to see you."

He was a slow, kindly Southerner who spoke with a drawl, and what he did not know about the needs of sick people, his patients thought, was not worth knowing. He looked at Mrs. Harding in a way that was disconcerting, and stroked his whiskers softly. If the idea had not been so manifestly absurd, she would have

thought he was amused at her. He was not counted a humorist, but there were times, his intimates averred, when his fits of silent laughter were fearful to behold.

"I was coming, doctor, to consult with you about Mrs. Mansfield."

"And I," murmured the doctor, "was coming to consult with *you* about Mrs. Mansfield."

"I am extremely anxious about her." Mrs. Harding recovered poise as she found herself taking the initiative, and unconsciously adopted her presidential tone, low, cultured, but emphatic. "She has been here more than a week now, and I fail to see the improvement I had hoped for. At first, naturally, she was mortally fatigued, and aside from her recovery from that—she did recover with remarkable rapidity, considering her handicaps—aside from that, as I said, she has not improved. Today she seems to be actually worse. I have studied the case as it appealed to me from my standpoint; and it appeared to me that with the mountain air, and your treatment, and—rest, she would gain strength steadily. She has them all, but, oh, doctor!"—the presidential tone broke down—"she is not improving. Can we cure her?"

"Madam," said the doctor, "we can."

Mrs. Harding uttered an incoherent little cry of relief, and clasped her hands.

"I think I can say," resumed the doctor in his Southern drawl, "without hesitation, that she will get well—and speedily—with the air, and medicine, and—rest, as you say—if we will only consent to give her—what she needs."

"Oh, doctor, anything in my power! She's my daughter, you know, and with my income—anything, doctor! Only tell me what she needs!"

The hand that was caressing the fine growth of whiskers slipped up for a moment and covered the doctor's mouth. Then he cleared his throat and looked at Mrs. Harding in the same disconcerting way, as if somewhere, away down deep in his lazy, human, wise, disrespectful, good humored nature, a laugh were bubbling that would out after a while.

"Madam," he said gravely, "I think she needs her baby."

IV.

MRS. HARDING wheeled the baby home. Her garden boy followed with the telescope basket containing his wardrobe in all its dainty completeness. The baby was asleep.

Mrs. Harding laid him down in the cradle—Daisy had had it moved out of her sight, she could not bear to see it empty, dear heart!—and then went to break the news to Daisy. She was lying as she had left her in the morning, with dull eyes and lax, nerveless fingers, except that it was her dinner tray that was standing untouched beside her. Mrs. Harding's heart smote her, and she fell on her knees as if to sue for pardon.

"Daisy," she said contritely, "I've been on the wrong treatment, and I've brought you—something the doctor prescribed."

Daisy turned her blue, half lidded, uninterested eyes to the pitcher of bran water on the stand.

"I'm sure it didn't hurt me," she answered simply.

"Oh, Daisy, I don't mean that. I mean—Daisy, don't you want to know what I've brought?"

A soft, gurgling coo came from the hidden cradle.

Daisy sat up. A light flashed into her eyes and a color into her cheeks. She listened fearfully a moment, as if it might be a dream. The low note sounded again—the soft, contented, bird-like coo of a child who wakes up happy in his cradle, and Daisy sprang up.

"Did you—have you—baby?"

"Daisy, wait!"

Daisy did not wait. She ran to the cradle and lifted him up. She kissed him and fondled him and caressed him. She addressed him in English that was far from perfect. She buried her face in his fat little bosom, so that he laughed with glee and seized whole handfuls of her yellow hair, and her laugh rang out with his. And Mrs. Harding sat and watched them, with tears—yes, actual tears of joy—running down her intellectual countenance.

A presence pervaded the room with an odor of soapsuds. "Mamie was standing before her with bare arms and dripping eyes, in the attitude of a penitent sinner."

"Indade an' I did ye injustice," she exclaimed, "a thinkin' ye had no sinse at all, at all, let alone a brain! But it's Mamie McCaig that ain't afraid to speak out whin she's wrong. It's a saint ye are, mum, to bring the angel back, and blessin's be upon ye!"

She extended her damp hands devoutly, and touched the straight part of Mrs. Harding's hair, just where it joined the high, arched forehead. And that lady whose powers of intellect had received tributes before, rose up and thanked her humbly.

LITERARY CHAT

A BALLADE OF HAPPINESS.

Some men there are—indeed, a lot—
Who with my notions disagree;
My point of view, they claim, is not
Correct so far as they can see;
But since Fate gives to each a key
To fit the lock of life, it looks
As if 'twere meant to grant my plea:
Give me the fellowship of books!

One glories in his stable—what
Unstable glory that must be!
Another's joy is in his yacht—
Perhaps an idiot, still he
Is satisfied; while number three
Is all intent on what the cooks
Prepare for breakfast, dinner, tea:
Give me the fellowship of books!

One likes above all else a spot
Where game abounds in field and tree;
One tries to spend the wealth he's got;
One takes his pleasure in a spree;
One haunts the mountain streams in glee
To tempt the trout with flies and hooks;
I carp at him—carp is his fee:
Give me the fellowship of books!

ENVOY.

Friends, *suum cuique*! Life is free;
I choose to keep in quiet nooks.
For each his own, and so, for me,
Give me the fellowship of books!

LITERARY PERIODICALS—The exceeding kindness of their reviewers, and the probable reason therefor.

One of the "literary periodicals," selected haphazard from the sheaf of them that each month brings forth, contains reviews of fifty three books. In only one case is the criticism at all unfavorable, and even then the volume is said to be "bright and entertaining in portions." The other fifty two receive practically nothing but warm praise. To give a few samples:

No. 1 is a "striking novel" with a "fascinating and original plot." The author's style "evinces a clarity, strength, and dignity as well as a polish that can be attributed to few modern American writers of fiction." This, it may be observed, is Mrs. Atherton's "The

Conqueror." "Original" is a peculiar epithet for a plot taken directly from history.

No. 2 is a "simple and beautiful romance, full of nobility and of all the finer emotions." Its plot is "cleverly invented, with interest sustained throughout"; its style is "musical, graceful, and polished."

No. 3 is "a book that one thoroughly enjoys reading."

He who reads No. 5 "can hardly help being amused and delighted."

No. 8 is a book "of genuine merit and exceedingly interesting." The story is "strong," and the love element is "an exquisite piece of work."

No. 9 is "thoroughly enjoyable and diverting." It shows "clever invention of plot" and "skilful character pictures."

No. 10 is a "quaint and beautiful story." Its plot is "logically constructed, skilfully designed and handled"; its characters are "strong and realistic"; and its style is fairly smothered with complimentary epithets—"dashing, vigorous, tender, majestic, charmingly simple and sweet." The author of this literary prodigy is a Miss Liljencrantz, whom we confess we do not know.

No. 11, Mr. Brady's "Hohenzollern," is described as "a pleasant little tale." The author may perhaps consider this praise a little faint, but the critic makes at least partial amends by adding that "the style is quaint and perforce attractive, giving that old fashioned atmosphere that always possesses a fascination and a charm."

No. 12 is an "enlightening work," and "its excellent literary finish and all pervading charm render it a story well worthy of perusal and of appreciation."

No. 13 is "a story deep in interest and thrilling in action."

And so on, and so on, *ad nauseam*. Can any intelligent person believe that this is a reasonable estimate of the month's literary output, and that of fifty three books selected for review, fifty two can really deserve such enthusiastic commendation? How many of the fifty three will be read twenty, ten, or even five years hence? Not more than two or three, in all probability. To belard them with adjectives that would be strong if

applied to the famous masters of fiction is utterly ridiculous. It is also highly characteristic of the "literary monthly."

There is a commercial reason for all this. Most of the periodicals in question are issued by makers and sellers of books, who cannot be expected to decry their own wares, or those of other publishers who, according to the custom of the trade, exchange "space" with them. The rest are largely dependent for their very existence upon advertisements of books; and it would be dark ingratitude, if not financial suicide, to condemn where they can find the smallest excuse for praise.

In strict honesty to the reader, nearly everything in the "literary monthlies" should bear the warning sign of "*Adv.*"

BOOKS OF SHORT STORIES—It is not at all strange that they are becoming rarer.

According to a "literary periodical," the number of volumes of short stories is annually diminishing, and a New York publisher is said to have declared that he would rather publish a book of poems than one of short fiction.

The statement is quite credible, though we doubt if the condition is a new one. Great as is the over supply of the work of minor poets, there is always a certain demand for volumes of verse. If they have attractive titles and pretty bindings, they serve admirably for sentimental presents. On the other hand, why should a generation proverbial for its keen sense of the value of money pay from a dollar to a dollar and a half for a book of short stories when it can buy reading matter of similar quantity and quality for ten cents in the shape of a magazine?

THE GAELIC REVIVAL—The new born literary interest in the ancient Irish tongue.

It is a remarkable fact that a little volume called "Simple Lessons in Irish," by the Rev. Eugene O'Growney, has passed its hundred and twentieth thousand. The wide sale of the book shows the popular view of the learned controversy which rages in Ireland and elsewhere as to whether a revival of Gaelic is worth while. Trinity College in Dublin is an opponent of the movement, but other institutions of learning in Ireland, and some in other places, favor it.

The Gaelic League, which exists to promote the study of the Gaelic language and

literature, has a very large membership, and one of the striking features of that membership is its general composition. It includes not only scholars and doctinaires, but also clerks, shopmen, servants, and especially the government employees, who in Ireland are debarred from joining any political organization.

Whether in the ancient folk lore and poetry of Ireland there are riches enough to justify a general study of Gaelic; whether its revival may add to the literary wealth of the country, as the revival of Provençal has added to that of France, are questions which may not be settled offhand. But the subjective value of any movement so wide spread, so idyllically non utilitarian, and so gracefully quixotic, cannot be doubted.

PUBLISHERS AS CRITICS—Some reflections induced by the advertisement of "The Misdemeanors of Nancy."

When publishers cannot restrain their exuberant fancy in the description of the books they publish, they sometimes do their authors a real wrong. It is as if the confectioner proclaimed upon the cover of a box of excellent peppermint creams that within the purchaser would find a rare assortment of marrons glacés, or as if the jeweler stated upon the lid of a casket containing corals that pigeon blood rubies were within, thereby creating a prejudice against harmless and attractive peppermints and corals.

These reflections are the result of the advertisement of "The Misdemeanors of Nancy" which the publishers of that sprightly chronicle have placed upon the paper wrapping of the book. "*Nancy*," they declare, "is as typically American as the keen witted *Beatrice* or *Katherine* is typically Shaksperian." That sentence, so far as it means anything, assumes a great deal for an unpretentiously attractive young woman. *Nancy* is a girl with far too keen a humor and far too much common sense to fail to be amused, or perhaps irritated, at the unwise height upon which she is set thus dizzily. And if she truly reflects her author, Miss Eleanor Hoyt, the Shaksperian comparison will fail to please even her creator.

Nancy is past mistress in the art of flirting—and a pretty art it is in her experienced hands. Men fall before her in the way in which men should fall before every girl at one time or another. French cooks, English lords, hot blooded

Southerners, Northern judges, and even minor poets, whom *Nancy* meets in the mock Bohemia of New York—which, be it said to her credit, fails to impress her as anything but an elaborate and yet tawdry jest—all go down before her. She wears fascinating clothes and she has a mind and a complexion. Most important of all in the outfit of a flirt, she had a Kentucky belle for a mother. Having also had a New Hampshire gentleman for a father, she manages to keep her head in the midst of her triumphs and to lose her heart to the proper person.

A study of her methods would repay any young woman about to embark upon a career as a fascinator.

GEORGE ELIOT — Leslie Stephen's review of the famous novelist's life and work.

The latest volume in that useful series, "English Men of Letters," is "George Eliot," by Leslie Stephen. Mr. Stephen gives it as his opinion that his author's works "have not at the present day quite so high a position as was assigned to them by contemporary enthusiasm." Most people, probably, will agree with him; yet George Eliot is in no danger of losing her place in nineteenth century literature. The famous series of novels that began in 1858 with "Scenes of Clerical Life" and ended with "Daniel Deronda" in 1876 will undoubtedly rank as classics when many later successes are forgotten.

George Eliot lived so completely in her literary work that her biographer has little to record beyond the dates of her books. It is singular that the one outstanding incident in the uneventful life of this gentle, retiring, and essentially feminine woman should have been so bold a defiance of convention as her irregular union with George Henry Lewes. Her tastes were the orthodox tastes of the cultured mind, with none of the eccentricities of genius. Says Mr. Stephen:

With all her knowledge, she attended to the ordinary feminine duties. She was proud of her good housekeeping, and her early training and love of order had given her a thorough knowledge of how such matters should be done.

Truly the influence of Lewes—a magnetic personality, by all accounts, though Douglas Jerrold called him "the ugliest man in London"—must have been strong to have induced her, when well past her first youth, to disregard the fact that he already had a living wife.

The union was successful as few mar-

riages are. It lasted with unbroken mutual devotion till it was ended by Lewes' death in 1878, and his wife—as she always called herself—found in it both happiness and inspiration. While it involved a breach with many of her earlier associates, it did not debar her from the best intellectual society in England. Herbert Spencer, who first introduced the two, remained on intimate terms with them, and among other friends were Tennyson, Trollope, Froude, Dickens, Frederic Harrison, and Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle. Mr. Stephen records a journey to Oxford, where the Leweses stayed with two heads of colleges—Jowett and Mark Pattison. When they went to Germany for what can scarcely be called a wedding tour, they met Liebig, Liszt, the sculptor Rauch, and other distinguished people.

On page 91 of Mr. Stephen's book we read the following as a quotation from "The Mill on the Floss":

The essential *ti megethos* who was present in the passion was wanting in the action.

By changing George Eliot's "which" into "who" the printer, for of course he is to blame, has made nonsense of the sentence.

ALGER'S DEFENSE — The former Secretary of War makes a vigorous reply to his critics.

"The Spanish-American War," by General Russell A. Alger, throws but little new light upon the history of the memorable campaign of 1898. At the same time, it is an interesting book. It is a spirited defense of its author's record as head of the War Department. Like most newspaper agitations, the outcry that forced Secretary Alger out of President McKinley's cabinet was a very unfair one, and at many points he is able to make an effective answer to his critics.

Acting on the well known military principle that the best defense is a brisk offensive, the former secretary deals shrewd blows at some of his adversaries. To General Miles and the somewhat erratic suggestions made by that able officer during the war he devotes several decidedly caustic pages, from which this is an extract:

Many of the general's proposals were obviously impracticable, and not infrequently absolutely impossible. He recommended the shipment of twelve thousand men to Key West, where all drinking water would have to be brought in tank ships. He insisted on sending to Cuba, for use with infantry operating in a tropical jungle and over a country impassable to vehicles, his "portable" shields, each

weighing one thousand pounds, and each occupying as much room on a transport as a hospital ambulance. He recommended the abandonment of Santiago, after Cervera's fleet had been destroyed, without reaping the fruits of victory then practically in our hands.

And with what glee Secretary Alger records the general's recommendation—by cable from Porto Rico—that the manufacture of forty five caliber Springfields should be discontinued, and his crushing reply that it had been abandoned five years before!

Another episode on which the secretary has a decided opinion is that of the famous "round robin" written by Shafter's generals at Santiago. "It would be impossible," he says, "to exaggerate the mischievous and wicked effects" of the document. Nevertheless, many will continue to think that it saved the American army from probable destruction by disease. General Alger declares that the authorities at Washington were fully alive to the peril of the situation; but the fact remains that that morning (August 3, 1898) Shafter had received instructions to move his command further inland—an order which, if it had been possible of execution, would almost undoubtedly have sealed the doom of most of the victorious but fever ridden troops. Few who know the facts of the case will have blame instead of praise for the officers who, at the risk of being charged with a spirit of insubordination, signed the declaration that the army must either be taken from Cuba without delay or perish there.

THE GUN IN LITERATURE—Books in which modern Nimrods glorify their chosen sport.

The nature books continue to multiply. Some of them are written by people who think it wicked to take the life of a living creature; others by men who consider that killing—in moderation, of course—is a harmless sport. Edwin Sandys, author of "Upland Game Birds," and a New York journalist by profession, belongs to the latter class. He tells us of "brilliant kills," and "clean doubles," and in chronicling a "day over dogs" gleefully relates how he "rattled in both barrels, and three birds fell." He even praises the English pheasant battue, and declares that it is absurd to call it a mere massacre.

Another book in which a great many guns go off is "The Deer Family," which has the rare distinction—rare, that is, for

a new book—of bearing on its title page the name of the President of the United States. Everybody knows that Mr. Roosevelt is not afraid of the sound of firearms, either his own or the enemy's. His monograph on the American *cervidae* is enlivened by descriptions of the big game hunting that he did in the days of his Dakota ranch life. It is easy to guess that his narratives are interesting and well told, nor is it altogether surprising to find them full of the first personal pronoun—for instance, there are sixteen "I's" on page 91 and as many as nineteen on page 125.

"True sportsmen, worthy of the name," says President Roosevelt, "men who shoot only in season and in moderation, do no harm whatever to game"—excepting, presumably, to the animals they kill.

Some of the "nature writers" assure us not only that it is nobler to hunt wild creatures with the camera than with the rifle, but that it is becoming a more popular diversion. It would appear that they are unduly optimistic.

LEGREE REDIVIVUS—The Rev. Thomas Dixon's ingenious idea in controversial fiction.

The Rev. Thomas Dixon, who has had a somewhat variegated career as a lawyer, a lecturer, an author, a member of the North Carolina Assembly, and a preacher in Boston and New York, is displaying his talents in a new field. He has written a novel called "The Leopard's Spots," and the work, which is of an original and decidedly controversial character, is figuring in some of those modern rolls of honor, the lists of "best selling books."

Mr. Dixon, who proclaims himself a "McKinley Democrat," has hit upon an ingenious way of enforcing his political ideas. He revives *Legree*, the brutal slave driver of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and makes him a prominent member of the opposing party. This is an idea capable of much usefulness. There are many villains of history or fiction who might be pressed into service. An anti imperialist, for instance, might write a novel about the Philippines and bring General Weyler from Spain to act as head of the American régime in the islands. An opponent of trusts might picture *Nero*, *Shylock*, and *Uriah Heep*—never mind the anachronism, for are not all things possible in fiction?—as combining to monopolize the world's supply of beef, toothpicks, or ping pong balls. A novelist of strong

sectarian opinions might represent *Bill Sykes* and *Mr. Pecksniff* as pillars of some church of which he disapproved.

Milton took his Satanic majesty as the hero of an epic, but Mr. Dixon's idea is quite as original and more practical.

WATSON'S "NAPOLEON"—The Middle of the Road view of the great Corsican and his career.

Thomas E. Watson, who may be remembered as a Populist Congressman from Georgia, and as an unsuccessful candidate for the Vice Presidency, has followed up his "Story of France" with a life of Napoleon. At least, the book is primarily a biography of the great Corsican; incidentally, it is also a tolerably complete exposition of the personal opinions of Thomas E. Watson. For instance, Mr. Watson thinks that municipalities are corrupt:

Napoleon published a manifesto, hotly declaring that the whole town government of Ajaccio was rotten and should have been overthrown. Unless Ajaccio differed radically from most towns, then and now, the indictment was well founded.

He is a little cynical in his judgment of people in general:

Napoleon never ceased to believe that each man was governed by his interest—an opinion which is near the truth but is not the truth.

The orthodox churches he describes as "civilized, complacent, watch-me-and-do-as-I-do Christians." He has no respect for dogmatic theology:

Napoleon reminded his soldiers that the Roman legions had respected all religions. He did not remind them that Roman rulers had considered all religions as equally useful for purposes of government, nor that Roman philosophers had regarded them as equally sons and daughters of that primeval pair, Fear and Fraud—fear of the unknown and the fraud which practises upon it.

He disapproves of "imperialism" in China and the Philippines:

In the name of "advancing civilization" the warm corpse of the Chinaman or the Filipino is rifled.

Mr. Watson has an intense admiration for Napoleon, whom he regards as the personification of "liberal ideas"—a rather one sided view of the iron handed ruler who shot or exiled political opponents and seized books and suppressed newspapers at will. Even when he flees post haste from Russia, leaving his unfortunate soldiers to struggle as best they could out of the hideous trap into which he had led them, we hear of "the grandeur of his attitude." At St. Helena, using all the resources of his Corsican vocabulary

to pour vulgar abuse on Lowe, who at least had dignity enough to refrain from answering in kind, Mr. Watson still regards him as "imperial in his pose."

Of Mr. Watson's accuracy and impartiality this may be taken as a sample:

The English had (1806), by an "order in council," declared the entire coast of France in a state of blockade. By way of retaliation, Napoleon, in the Berlin Decree, declared Great Britain to be in a state of blockade.

Other historians have represented the "orders in council" to be a retaliation for the Berlin Decree. Neither view gives the whole truth, but Mr. Watson's is positively false, for the "entire coast of France" was not declared blockaded until about two months after the date of the Berlin Decree. The full chronology of the matter was briefly this:

In February, 1806, at Napoleon's order, the Prussian government closed the neutral North German ports to British goods.

On May 16, 1806, the British government replied by declaring the coast between Brest and the Elbe in a state of blockade. In September the order was modified by an exemption of the ports between the Ems and the Elbe. It does not appear that Napoleon regarded this as an outrageous proceeding. He was negotiating with London on other matters at the time, and he made no protest.

On November 21, 1806, however, he issued the Berlin Decree, putting into action his long contemplated plan of ruining England by destroying her commerce. It declared all British ports blockaded, and ordered the seizure of British goods and British subjects wherever found by French or allied troops.

On January 7, 1807, the British government retaliated with an "order in council" declaring a blockade on all ports observing the Berlin Decree; and the issue was joined which was decided only with Napoleon's overthrow.

EUGENE FIELD—As he appeared to his friend and associate, Slason Thompson.

Few books are so full of amusing stories as the intimate biography of Eugene Field compiled by Slason Thompson, who was a close friend and associate of the Western poet. The picture that Mr. Thompson presents is drawn with the impartiality of the historian, and with a minuteness of detail for which a historian would scarcely find time. He describes Field's fondness for practical jokes, his

disregard of all sorts of conventions, his incurable lack of ready money. He reproduces many of his letters and manuscripts, which are almost always interesting, even when they are manifestly unimportant.

He tells how one night, in Denver, Field hired a broken down cart from an aged negro, induced a fellow reveler to harness himself in the shafts, and then, after a noisy progress through the center of the city, ran away and left the amateur steed to the tender mercies of the police. Another victim was a prominent Denver politician, who was cultivating the negro vote for reasons not wholly unselfish. One day there appeared in Field's paper, the *Tribune*, the following advertisement:

WANTED!!

EVERY COLORED MAN IN THE CITY
TO CALL AT WOLFE LONDONER'S STORE.
A CARGO OF GEORGIA WATERMELONS JUST RECEIVED
FOR A SPECIAL DISTRIBUTION
AMONG HIS COLORED FRIENDS.
CALL EARLY AND GET YOUR MELON!!

That morning Mr. Londoner entertained a large and enthusiastic surprise party.

One of Field's practical jokes was played on Mme. Modjeska, whose signature he appended to that really exquisite little ballad, "The Wanderer," which went all over the country as the work of the Polish actress, bringing her countless requests for autograph copies. The poem, one of Field's best known productions, appears in "A Little Book of Western Verse."

This is how Field applied to Mr. Shackelford, the cashier of the *Chicago News*, for an advance on account of salary:

Sweet Shekelsford, the week is near its end,

And, as my custom is, I come to thee;

There is no other who has pelf to lend,

At least no pelf to lend to hapless me;

Nay, gentle Shekelsford, turn not away—

I must have wealth, for this is Saturday.

Ah, now thou smil'st a soft relenting smile—

Thy previous frown was but a passing joke;

I knew thy heart would melt with pity while

Thou heardest me pleading I was very broke.

Nay, ask me not if I've a note from Stone,

When I approach thee, O thou best of men!

I bring no notes, but boldly and alone,

I woo sweet hope and strike thee for a ten.

No doubt the cashier, who was one of Field's admirers, considered the poem as more than an equivalent for the modest sum requested.

As a specimen of Field's whimsicality Mr. Thompson reproduces a version of the

famous ballad that tells the fate of *Johnny Jones* and his sister *Sue*, written in Greek characters, to which the biographer adds an English equivalent. It is strange that neither he nor his publishers—the Scribners—seem to be fully acquainted with Greek characters; for the rough breathing is translated into an apostrophe, instead of the letter "h," which is, of course, its true equivalent.

"UNCLE SAM, TRUSTEE"—Our relations with Cuba, as described by John Kendrick Bangs.

It is a little difficult to take the author of "Coffee and Repartee" quite seriously as a historian, but in "Uncle Sam, Trustee," Mr. Bangs evidently wishes us to do so. We are reminded of the late Tom Corwin, of Ohio, who used to say that he might have been President of the United States if he hadn't been a famous humorist.

The intent of the book is to show what the United States has done for Cuba. It is a glowing tribute—but no more glowing, doubtless, than they deserve—to the work of the American officers who within the last three years have done so much to regenerate the unfortunate island. By way of contrast, the conditions that obtained under Spanish rule are shown in the darkest colors. Any one who likes to read glorifications of the noble, unselfish Uncle Sam, and denunciations of the cruel and treacherous Dons, will find his taste gratified to the full in Mr. Bangs' sketch of Cuban history.

Much of the narrative is quoted from John Fiske, Senator Lodge, and others. When Mr. Bangs himself is the historian, he is scarcely as accurate as a historian should be. For instance, he speaks of the "American victory of July 4, 1898." He probably means July 3; there was no fighting at Santiago on July 4. Earlier in the book, we find:

Three times after its discovery Columbus returned to Cuba.

After his first expedition the discoverer visited Cuba only twice—on his second and fourth voyages.

On page 7 Mr. Bangs states that the settlement of Cuba began in 1511; on page 19 he gives the date as 1512. The former is correct.

On pages 22 and 23 he speaks of Arrango as an exception to the usual character of the captain generals of Cuba. Arrango—Varona and others spell it "Arrango"—was a Cuban deputy to the

Spanish Cortes, but he never held the office of captain general.

Again, in the story of the episode of the *Virginus*, on page 91:

Fifty of her officers and crew, American citizens, were shot.

The exact number of the *Virginus* victims was fifty three, but not all of them were American citizens; several were Cubans, and some were British subjects.

Mr. Bangs ascribes our failure to declare war against Spain at that time to the fact that "Master Dollar cracked his whip and said 'No!'" Nonsense! A far more potent reason was our utter lack of ships wherewith to fight a maritime campaign.

On page 107 the loss in the Maine disaster is given as two hundred and sixty six men killed. It was two hundred and sixty.

On the following page Mr. Bangs says that Spain declared the Maine to have been destroyed by an internal accident "without any investigation of the causes of the explosion." As a matter of fact, the Spanish authorities ordered an official inquiry on the night of the disaster; the court sat from February 15 to March 22, watching the work of the divers and taking testimony; its report was rendered on March 28, was handed to Secretary Sherman by the Spanish minister on April 2, and was translated and published as a Congressional document, filling seventy seven pages. Its value may be a matter of opinion, but to deny its existence is a typical instance of the unfortunate carelessness of most American historians of the Cuban controversy.

In this, and possibly in some other things, the Spaniards were not quite so black as Mr. Bangs and others have painted them.

FICTION IN LIBRARIES—The movement to limit its circulation or to debar it until three years old.

Are we coming back to the opinions of an earlier generation, which held that novels were "trash" and described them all, with magnificent impartiality, as "yellow covered"? Mr. Carnegie seems to be assailed with doubts as to the wisdom of endowing libraries which may spend his hard earned wealth in providing mere literary recreation. He is inclined to think that those who follow his example would do well to make it a condition of their gifts that fiction less than three years old should be barred.

Herbert Putnam, the librarian of Congress, holds a modified edition of this opinion. He would bar from the stately shelves of a public library all novels less than a year old. Mr. Foster, of the Providence Public Library, would restrict the purchase of fiction each year to fifteen or at the most twenty volumes.

But perhaps the blow would not fall upon the writers of the "fifty thousand this month" brigade. For the five hundred readers who now patiently await their turns for "the greatest novel since 'David Copperfield'" at the library would probably, if the term of their waiting were increased to twelve months, buy it at once. And there would be joy among the publishers.

ROSEBERY'S NOVEL—And the rare good sense he has shown in hiding it from the critical eye of the public.

If it is true that Lord Rosebery has written a novel and has locked it up, he is a wise man. Of course the public would like to read it; and as for his enemies, they would swoop down on it with the hope of finding a new weapon against him. Think of the fun the Irish members of Parliament might have with it! Even if it were a good novel, it would doubtless possess qualities that could be turned into ridicule by clever critics.

If other men of distinction had possessed Lord Rosebery's self restraint, they might have saved themselves a good deal of disappointment and chagrin. For nearly every literary man, whatever his line of achievement may be, wishes at some period in his career to write a novel. When the wish is achieved, the temptation to publish becomes almost irresistible, for the novel is sure to contain the writer's most cherished theories about life.

Not many years ago the late James Anthony Froude, after a long and brilliant career as a historian, made so complete a failure as a novelist that he never dabbled in fiction again. But his failure, and other failures as notable—as, for instance, that of Dr. Holmes with "Elsie Venner"—cannot deter other successful men from following the same course.

Even so serious a writer as Professor Josiah Royce, of Harvard, after winning enthusiastic praise for his studies in philosophy, published a novel of California life—a subject with which he was thoroughly familiar. Its dullness caused it quickly to pass from public notice. More

recently, Charles Waldstein, the American archæologist, who for many years has been a lecturer at the English university of Cambridge, published a collection of short stories, whose weakness contrasted strangely with the writer's strong scientific writing. And there are those who regret that another American scholar of professorial rank—Brander Matthews—continues to intersperse his really excellent critical work with fiction which is at best of doubtful value.

THE AUTOGRAPH FIEND—Edgar Allan Poe's remarkable civility to a collector.

In a recent volume on autograph collecting the following brief letter is reproduced:

DR. SIR—It gives me great pleasure to comply with your very flattering request for an autograph.
Respy., Yr. Mo. Ob. St.,
EDGAR A. POE.

Poe was either very easily flattered or exceedingly polite. Most famous authors regard the autograph fiend much less kindly. Some otherwise moral men have been known to admit that they delight in confiscating the stamps he incloses in his letters.

But it is probable that the author of "The Raven" received much less of this troublesome attention than falls to the lot of the literary favorites of today. His books never sold by the hundreds of thousands.

LITERARY DETECTIVES—The prodigy of the Sherlock Holmes school, and Trollope's realistic sleuth.

The resuscitation of *Sherlock Holmes*, even though he does not display quite his old time acumen in discovering that a big dog painted with phosphorus is the ally of crime, must revive bitterness in the hearts of district attorneys and other lawyers. They have to depend upon material so different from the detectives which Dr. Conan Doyle, Anna Katharine Green, and Émile Gaboriau have created with the greatest ease. Even the "old sleuths" of the messenger boys' affection are so much more clever, more honest, and more adaptable than the gentlemen who try to unravel crime for them.

In the fiction of today, the detective is a man who has a passion for exercising his mind upon mystery. No base need of money drives him into the profession. He has the noblest motives, the most un-

erring intuitions, manners that would grace any drawingroom, learning that would be of advantage to any college faculty, and a skill in impersonation which would make his fortune on any stage.

If it were the present fashion to read Anthony Trollope, the habitués and officers of courts would find in one of his books a detective more familiar to their experience than the *Sherlock Holmes* brotherhood. That was one *Bozzle*, employed to shadow the wife of the man who "knew he was right."

Bozzle does his shadowing in such a way that all the village, including the man suspected of being the lady's admirer, is aware of it. Believing that a detective's first duty is to detect, he proceeds to see crime where it is not, and obstinately to maintain that he has seen it. For if he doesn't, what grounds can he have for making charges and sending in bills? So *Bozzle* goes about on expensive and unnecessary journeys, and makes elaborate reports of his opinions. He is odious, familiar, vulgar, and deceitful. And if it were the fashion to read Anthony Trollope nowadays, there are judges, lawyers, complainants, and defendants who would exclaim with joy at finding so familiar a figure in a chronicle of nearly half a century ago.

FROM THE AUTHOR—A typical product of the too prevalent system of publishing books at the expense of their writers.

Mr. J. W. De Vore, of Edgefield, South Carolina, sends us a volume which he has had printed by a publishing concern that makes a business of issuing books at the expense of their authors—a system productive of much melancholy waste of printer's ink and good white paper. "If you cannot say anything good about it," writes Mr. De Vore, "then give it hell."

Now this, though culpably profane, is much less offensive than the ridiculously bombastic puffs which some publishers who should have better taste send out with their books. We like the South Carolina author's frankness; but we cannot say as much for his attempt at literature, which bears the rather silly title, "Something of a Liar Myself." It does not appear to merit further notice, either honeyed or sulphurous.

Mr. De Vore's letter indicates that he is a lawyer. The law is a grand profession, well worthy of his undivided attention.